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SKETCHES

OF

EMINENT STATESMEN AND WRITERS,

WITH OTHER ESSAYS.

[*Reprinted, from the "Quarterly Review," with Additions and Corrections.*]

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THIERS.[1]

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BACON bequeathed his name and memory to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages. By few, if any, who have earned a place in history, could the example of Bacon have been more appropriately followed than by Thiers. It was and is impossible for his countrymen, hardly possible for his contemporaries, to do him justice. The living generation must pass away: the battle between republican and monarchical institutions must be fought out: the French people must arrive at something like a definite conclusion touching Imperialism: passion and prejudice must fade away, or take a new direction, before anything like an impartial estimate can be formed of the

[1] 1. *Études historiques sur la Vie privée, politique et littéraire de M. A. Thiers* (Histoire de quinze ans, 1830–1846). Par M. Alexandre Laya, Avocat à la Cour royale, ancien chef au Cabinet du Ministre de l'Intérieur. Paris, deux volumes, Oct. 1846.

2. *Histoire populaire de M. A. Thiers.* Par Alexandre Laya, etc. etc. Troisième édition. Paris, 1872.

3. *Francis Franck. Vie de M. Thiers.* Cinquième édition. Paris, 1877.

4. *Histoire complète de M. A. Thiers.* Illustrée, etc. Paris, 1878.

5. *Conversations with M. Thiers, M. Guizot, and other distinguished Persons during the Second Empire.* By the late Nassau William Senior, Master in Chancery, etc. etc. Edited by his daughter, Mrs. M. C. M. Simpson. In 2 volumes. London, 1878.

6. *Le Gouvernement de M. Thiers.* 8 Février 1871—24 Mai 1873. Par Jules Simon. Deux volumes. Paris, 1878.

career and character of one who was by turns the champion of contrasted forms of government, whose destiny it was at one period or another of his life to be engaged in bitter conflict with each of the great parties that still divide and have so frequently convulsed France.

Whilst one of them is comparing him for pure enlightened patriotism to Washington, another will allow him neither patriotism nor statesmanship. Fortunately they are tolerably well agreed upon the facts: *i.e.* that he followed certain lines of policy, that he did or said certain things at given periods. The grand difference regards the manner in which these are to be interpreted. Can his alleged inconsistencies be referred to any broad comprehensive principle? Can the child, as he was proud to call himself, of the Revolution of 1789 be reconciled with the historian of the Consulate and the Empire? the promoter of insurrection in 1830 with the suppressor of insurrection in 1832 and 1835? the youthful democrat with the matured conservative, or the professed Orleanism of his best years, of his prime, with the republicanism in which he died? We shall endeavour to place our readers in a position to answer these questions for themselves, by rapidly recapitulating the leading events of his life, which will be found more than ordinarily replete with the kind of interest that attaches to political and literary biography.

Thiers (Louis Adolphe) was born at Marseilles on the 15th of April, 1797. In the register of his birth he is entered as the son of Pierre-Louise-Marie Thiers, *propriétaire:* but one of his biographers describes the father as a workman, another as a tradesman, and he himself told Senior, "By birth I belong to the people; my family were humble merchants in Marseilles; they

had a small trade with the Levant in cloth, which was ruined by the Revolution. By education I am a Bonapartist; I was born when Napoleon was at the summit of his glory."[1] According to another account, his father held the post of subarchivist in Marseilles. By the mother, he was related to André and Marie-Joseph Chenier; and it would seem that the principal, if not sole, charge of him during infancy devolved upon her:

"What a mother," exclaims M. Franck, "was this cousin of André Chenier! How devoted, foreseeing, attentive to develop in her son the happy natural gifts which nature had bestowed upon him! She spared neither time nor trouble. She was his master, his professor, his Egeria. Left almost without fortune, on the death of her husband, she was obliged to accept for her son an exhibition (*bourse*) at the Lyceum of Marseilles just founded by an imperial decree."

This exhibition was one of many founded by Napoleon, with the view of consolidating the imperial régime by imbuing the rising generation with its principles. The education being military, mathematics, geography, and history formed an essential part of it, and in these Thiers so rapidly distanced his competitors as to raise a general belief, handed down by tradition, that he was destined for something great. He carried off prize after prize, and acquired at the same time, as much by his high spirits and gay joyous temperament as by his intellectual superiority, an extraordinary influence over his fellow-students. A brilliant prospect was opening on him when the Empire came down with a crash, and there was

[redacted]Conversations," vol. i. p. 137. The notes of most of the con[redacted]ons with Thiers appear to have been read over and translated to

an end to all the hopes and aspirations of those youthful spirits who were stimulating each other by repeating that every French soldier carried a marshal's bâton in his knapsack and that every road out of Paris led to a European capital.

Thiers' marked predilection for military subjects, and his peculiar aptitude for dealing with them, leave little doubt that arms would have been the profession of his choice, had it not been thus suddenly closed against him. The imperial *élève* had no alternative but to adopt a calling unconnected with Government, and Thiers, now in his nineteenth year, at once elected for the bar, and started for Aix to take the required degrees in law. Then and there began his lifelong friendship with Mignet: a rare instance of two gifted men aiming at and attaining the highest distinction in the same walk of literature, whose mutual sentiments of admiration, confiding intimacy and esteem, were never ruffled or clouded for an hour by a breeze or cloud of jealousy. It is true that there was one wide arena—the political—from which Mignet held aloof, whilst Thiers was winning his way to the highest honours of the popular Assembly and the first employments in the State.

They were in the habit of sharpening their intellects by constant discussion, and their joint speculations on the existence of a God are said to have been made the foundation of a treatise on philosophy more than half completed by Thiers. Besides "Cujas" and "Bartholle," the "Institutes of Justinian," and the "Code Napoléon," which formed a regular part of their course of jurisprudence, "all philosophy—Plato, Kant, Descartes, Bacon, all the literary and artistic mar[redacted] of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, [redacted] studied, commented, analysed, with an inexo[redacted]

conscience by the two neophytes; laying up treasure for a future for which they felt themselves predestined." Thiers especially was at no pains to conceal his ambition or his consciousness of superiority, and he has been credited with one of those numerous boasts which, when once or twice in a century they are wholly or partially realised, are accepted as prophetic: like Nelson's saying that one day or another he would have a gazette to himself, and Lord Beaconsfield's boast to the House of Commons. Parties ran high in the law-school at Aix; and Thiers, who had become a leader on the ultra-liberal side, was wont to exclaim when the practicability of their doctrines was disputed, "Well, well, wait till we are ministers." He told Senior, "By habits and associations I am an aristocrat. I have no sympathy with the bourgeoisie, or with any system in which they are to rule." This is in accordance with his early life at Aix, when under the patronage of Madame Reybaud—described as his protectress, his adopted mother—he frequented the most aristocratic salons:

"He liked to impregnate himself with the air of other times that was breathed in them. The luxury of these old mansions, of many generations' standing, which the proprietors had taken pride in adorning with all the riches of art, could not fail to influence his artistic tastes. It is there, perhaps, that he learnt to compare and to criticise. It is there, perhaps, in the noble salons of the Coriolis and the Albertas, before some panel painted by Boucher or Fragonard, or some precious portraits, that he penetrated the secrets of painting to the point of becoming himself a very skilful miniature painter."

It was a marked tribute to his personal qualities at this time, that he was made free of a society whose political tendencies were so antagonistic to

his own, in which many shook their heads and said of him, "Il écrit bien: mais il pense mal." In fact, so strong was the prejudice excited by the freedom and democratic colour of his opinions, that an attempt was made to deprive him of the fairly-won honours of his pen.

In 1819 the subject of the prize essay at the Academy of Aix was the "Eloge de Vauvenargues." On the earnest recommendation and encouragement of his principal supporter, M. d'Arletan de Lauris, a magistrate and member of the academic board, Thiers entered the lists and produced an essay which would probably have been crowned by acclamation, had the authorship been kept secret. It unluckily transpired through the indiscretion of M. de Lauris, and the board, mostly composed of royalists, unwilling to concede a triumph to an adversary, but afraid to stultify themselves, postponed the adjudication for a year, during which the competition was to remain open. Before the expiration of the assigned period, an essay arrived from Paris which elicited a chorus of approbation, swelled by the voices of those who saw in it the defeat and mortification of Thiers; but when the sealed papers containing the names of the respective essayists were opened, the belauded and triumphant Parisian was found to be no other than the presuming and provoking young democrat of Aix.

The second (the prize) essay, which has been reprinted, comprises a review of the leading French moralists and writers of maxims, Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, and Vauvenargues. The general conclusion is:

"It follows that Montaigne is an amiable dreamer: La Rochefoucauld, a melancholy philosopher: La Bruyère, an admirable painter. Vauvenargues alone seems to me to have given a complete doctrine on man, his nature, and his distinction."

Thiers was received advocate (called to the bar) in 1820, and sprang at once into reputation by a speech, or rather by a *mot*. An advocate of Aix had run away with the daughter of a colleague, hardly sixteen years old, the Lothario being past fifty. He was arrested, and brought before the tribunal of Aix. Thiers, who was retained for the prosecution, enlivened the ordinary routine of professional pleading by an apostrophe, "You are not a seducer; you are only a corrupter." This *mot*, we are assured, did more for his reputation than the *Eloge* of Vauvenargues. "The whole of the South, whose attention had been concentrated on the case, resounded with his name." But the whole South, with its capital, no longer afforded breathing-room for the nascent statesman and historian, who had become conscious of his powers. He felt cabined, cribbed, confined in a provincial although applauding public. Mignet, similarly impelled, had already (July, 1821) left Aix for Paris, when (September, 1821), only a few months after his forensic triumph, Thiers arrived in the metropolis to share the humble apartment (Passage Montesquieu *au quatrième*) of his friend.

The embryo celebrity commonly brings with him to the metropolis (as Johnson brought "Irene") the manuscript of a work which is to take the town by storm. Neither Mignet nor Thiers came armed or provided in this fashion. Their primary reliance was journalism, then a well-ascertained stepping-stone to fame and fortune. Mignet had found ready admittance to the staff of the "Courrier Français," under the auspices of Châtelain. Thiers brought letters of recommendation to Manuel, who introduced him to Etienne, one of the chief conductors of the "Constitutionnel," an opposition journal of constitutional principles

which was vigilantly enforcing the strict observance of the *Charte*. His value as a contributor was recognised from the first, and in March, 1822, he wrote an article which is mentioned as having formed an epoch in his career. The subject was the celebrated work of Montlosier on "La Monarchie Française." Thiers' versatility and variety were no less remarkable than his vigour, energy, and dash. In the same year he wrote a series of articles on the "Salon" (annual exhibition), followed by "Impressions of Travel during a Tour of the Pyrenees." The articles on the "Salon" were collected and republished in a volume, with a preface, in which he traces the progress of the arts of design, and describes their actual state in France. It is a coincidence worth noting, that in this preface he handles the precise range of topics to which M. Cousin subsequently devoted a book, "Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien."

"The true, the beautiful, the good, form an end to which all tend, towards which some advance, at which very few arrive: it is a long march, and this is as it should be: if man had been thrown here below with the truth found, the beautiful known, the good realised, there would have been nothing more to do, nothing to seek: there would have been neither action, nor life, nor universe."

This train of speculation, without reference to its justness or originality, may help to illustrate the formation of a mind which eventually became more conversant with the hard, positive, and material aspect of men and things, than with the true, the beautiful, the good.

His writings on art of this period included criticisms on all the leading painters and sculptors, and these, we are assured, hazarded more than fifty years ago, have been fully ratified; there

being not an artist for whom he prophesied distinction who has not attained more or less of it. Amongst them were David, Gérard, Delaroche, Horace Vernet, Fragonard, and Dubuffe. As if to show that he could turn his hand (or pen) to anything, he wrote a notice of Mrs. Bellamy, the actress, which has been republished by way of introduction to the French edition of her "Memoirs."

The rate of remuneration for his articles was sufficient to enable him to live comfortably, to travel at intervals, and settle a pension on his mother; but whether out of gratitude, or a sense of justice, or with the view of making sure of his continued collaboration, the proprietors of the journal proposed to him to become a shareholder and thereby acquire an influential voice in the management. He eagerly closed with the offer, and the purchase-money was advanced to him, not, as commonly asserted, by Lafitte, but by Cotta, the German publisher, who entertained what is termed an almost fantastic regard for him, and confidently predicted his rise to the highest pinnacle of fame. He was already a personage, and a welcome guest at the houses of the opposition leaders. His appearance at Lafitte's is thus described by an acute and caustic observer, whose portrait obviously borders on the caricature:

"Here he soon made himself remarkable by his conversation, spirit, and the vivacity of his southern imagination; the littleness of his figure—the ordinary expression of his features, half hidden under a vast pair of spectacles—the singular cadence of his accents, which made a sort of psalmody of his conversation of a quite novel effect—the continual fidgety motion in which he indulged—a total want of the habits of society, remarkable even in the mixed cohort which encumbered the salons of M. Lafitte, all contributed to make of M. Thiers a man apart, who attracted attention from the first. Once granted, M. Thiers knew

well how to keep it: for nothing appeared new to him, neither finance, nor war, nor administration; and he discussed all these matters in a manner sufficiently specious and clever to seduce the bankers, the ancient functionaries of the empire, and the generals, all of whom he addressed without ceremony. Thus a few months after his arrival in Paris, M. Thiers had become the assiduous guest of M. Lafitte, and had his regular place at the table of Baron Louis." [1]

Amongst those most favourably impressed by him were the Duc de Rochefoucauld, Liancourt, M. de Flahaut, M. de Ternaux, and Talleyrand, who is said to have uttered his well-known *mot* on the appearance of the article on Montlosier. "Ce n'est pas un *parvenu*, c'est une *arrivé*," and in M. Franck's version he is made to add, "qui ira plus loin que nous tous." But the most important of the friendships, next to Mignet's, which he formed at starting, was that of Charles de Remusat, to whom at their first or second meeting, he exclaimed, "We are the young guard." In co-operation with Mignet and de Remusat, he contributed (1823) to the "Tablettes Historiques." In the same year he wrote for the "Tablettes Universelles" a political summary (*bulletin*), which had the effect of inducing the Government to silence the journal by purchasing it. He was also an occasional writer in the "Globe," the doctrinaire organ, founded in 1824. It was in the midst of these multifarious and distracting occupations that he planned and composed his "History of the French Revolution," which, indeed, he could hardly have composed at all without the materials and opportunities which his every-day life threw in his way. His chief

[1] "Revue des deux Mondes," 4me série, vol. iv. 1835. The article was by M. Loëve-Veimar.

authorities, his main sources of information, were more oral than written: the actors in the drama, the eye-witnesses of the events, the survivors of the internecine conflicts, the statesmen, generals, and public functionaries of the Convention, the Directory, and the Empire. He dwells, in his preface, on the advantage of "having heard and observed those old men, who, all full of their recollections, all agitated by their impressions, reveal to us the spirit and character of parties, and help us to understand them."

"No one enters here," exclaims the great publisher to Balzac's "Grand Homme de Province," "but with a made reputation. Become famous, and you will find streams of gold. I am not here to be the stepping-stone of glories to come, but to gain money and give money to celebrated men." It would seem that Thiers was similarly addressed. His name was not known enough to attract a publisher, and he was obliged to enter into partnership with M. Félix Bodin, a writer in the "Constitutionnel" and author of some long-forgotten works. Their names figure as joint authors on the title-page of the two first volumes, published in the autumn of 1823. But there is no reason for supposing that Bodin did more than lend his name, which was dropped in the continuation and the complete editions. The continuation was admitted on all hands to be a marked improvement on the commencement, and when (1827) the tenth and concluding volume appeared, Thiers' reputation as an historian was firmly established; not, indeed, for impartiality or judicial calmness of tone: the history hardly pretended to be impartial, except in so far as it assumed to be true, being avowedly aimed at the detractors of the Revolution and composed to

stem the reactionary current. "It was a courageous protest, a first revindication of the Rights of History and Truth. This was a sufficient ground of success. From this day M. Thiers could say: *Exegi monumentum.* From this moment he was popular; he became a marked man. Paris took an interest in his words and deeds."

"You wish to rise: make enemies," was Talleyrand's advice to him, and he followed it fearlessly to the letter. Few public men have made more; and there are few whose private lives have been more unscrupulously ransacked for topics of depreciation. One story told with that view is rather creditable to him; at all events, as a proof of his personal courage, which has been unjustly doubted or denied. Some time in 1827, an Aix friend, named Bonnafoux, came to Paris for the express purpose of calling on him to fulfil a promise of marriage given to a near relative. Thiers denied the promise; and alleged that there was never anything serious in the affair meant or understood on either side. A hostile meeting became inevitable, and was arranged to take place at Montmartre. Thiers' seconds were Mignet and Rabbe, a devoted admirer of antiquity, who would willingly have made them fight with javelins.

"The morning was cold, a penetrating fog covered the heights of Paris. Thiers arrived on the ground calm and resolute. Mignet was very pale. Bonnafoux, with arms crossed and a threatening frown, had assumed the attitude of Talma in tragical situations. Rabbe loaded the pistols. They drew lots for the choice of ground and the first shot—Bonnafoux won both. The adversaries were placed twenty-five paces apart. Thiers received the fire of Bonnafoux without flinching, and fired in his turn a little at haphazard. 'Let us recommence!' exclaimed Bonnafoux. 'Let us recommence!' said Thiers. Rabbe reloaded the

pistols, and the balls whistled a second time without producing a result. Rabbe, who was perishing with cold, walked up to Bonnafoux. 'The young man,' he said, 'has paid his debt of honour. He owes himself to his country, and not to an *intérêt bourgeois*. Old Lutetia wants men from the countries of the Sun—Mirabeau, Barbaroux, Manuel, have proved it. This writer, who has confronted your murderous weapon, was not destined to succumb to your fire. Offer him, then, a generous hand, and leave him to the celebrity which awaits him.' Bonnafoux, softened, embraced his adversary."

The narrative stops here, but the end of the story was that the deceived or disappointed damsel married two years afterwards, and when Thiers attained power, one of his first acts was to give her husband, as well as her champion Bonnafoux, a place.

Instances abound in which a great career has hung upon an accident. Lord Eldon was within an ace of retiring from the bar upon a curacy, and the Duke of Wellington of leaving the army for a commissionerslip of customs. It rests upon respectable, if not quite unimpeachable, authority, that Cromwell, Hampden, and Arthur Hazelrigg, were on the point of weighing anchor to join the Pilgrim Fathers, when a royal embargo was laid upon the ship. In the summer of 1829, Thiers was certainly on the point of accompanying Captain Laplace on his voyage of circumnavigation round the world, although the precise motive and intention are left in doubt. All the biographers are agreed that what decided him to stay was the formation of the Polignac ministry, August 5, 1829, which was regarded as a declaration of war against the liberal party. "The friends of Thiers turned to him and said: 'You must remain, for we shall have to fight.' He remained." He not only remained: he gave his voice for open war—

war to the knife; and when the conductors of the "Constitutionnel" drew back, startled by the boldness of his programme, he joined with Mignet and Armand Carrel in founding the "National," the first number of which appeared on January 1, 1830. He was the life and soul of the enterprise, and almost all the articles which fixed public attention were by him. "Let us confine them in the Charter, like Ugolino in his dungeon," was the rallying cry of the opposition; and the Charter accordingly was the main topic, the most formidable weapon, the sword and shield of Thiers. Standing firm behind it, or flaming it in the faces of the ministerialists, he soon left them no alternative but to go further, to go to extremes or go back. He was at no pains to moderate his language:

"Let the ministry reason, let it entreat, let it threaten: no attention will be paid to it. In vain will it imitate an august voice and say, 'I am the king, listen to me!' It will be answered, 'No, you are not the king: you are M. de Polignac, the headstrong, the incapable: you are M. de Peyronnet, the deplorable: M. de Bourmont, the deserter: M. de Montbel, the humble dupe: M. de Chantelauze, the Jesuit,' &c. &c."

He thus repelled, by accepting, the imputation of Jacobinism:

"We are Jacobins, and we do not wish to be anything else; we are men of the people and Jacobins with Mirabeau, with Barnave, with Vergniaud, Sieyès, Hoche, Desaix, and Napoleon; it is also on our side that are found the Jacobins who died like Bailly, and who all suffered their captivity as the patriot Lafayette suffered at Olmutz. In your eyes the Jacobins of the revolutionary party are all the men who from 1789 to 1830 have outlived a profession of liberty. Well, we are proud to be of the party of this

revolution. We owe to it all we are, and not merely we who uphold it, but our adversaries who defame and calumniate it."

To discredit the Government, he assailed their foreign policy without discrimination or reserve. Later in life we shall find him expatiating on the value of the English alliance. But when Polignac inclined towards it he exclaimed:

"The world is tired of all despotisms. From the summits of Gibraltar, of Malta, of the Cape of Good Hope, an immense tyranny extends over the seas—there must be an end of it. . . . The Mediterranean is and ought to be a French lake."

When the party in power, complaining of the strained interpretation put upon the Charter, cried out: "Legality is killing us," Thiers retorted: "We will kill you with legality."

The most celebrated of his phrases, one which has passed into a doctrine and become a principle, was: "*Le Roi règne et ne gouverne pas*" (the king reigns and does not govern). This appeared in the "National," and was fully developed in an article concluding thus: "The king does not administer. To reign, then, is not to govern: it is the truest, the highest, the most respected image of the country. The king is the country made man." The phrase has not been accepted without a cavil. Alphonse Karr paraphrased it by: "The king reigns like a cornice round a room." But it is the best definition of the status of a constitutional sovereign that has yet been hit upon.

Lamartine's impression of Thiers at this time is recorded in "Souvenirs et Portraits":

"One day, it was some months before the Revolution of 1830, one of my friends, Auguste Bernard, said to me,

'I should like to bring together for once the two men for whom I have hoped much in my life, you and Thiers. He writes for the "National," and you serve the cause of the Bourbons; but we will not take a tablecloth for a flag, and we will leave politics under the table. It is not two opinions, but two natures, that I wish to bring together.' I had a predilection for M. Thiers, as one has preferences in the camp of the enemy. I accepted.

"We dined, we three, in a neutral salon of the restaurateur Vérey, in the Palais Royal. I saw a little man, strongly built, nimble, set on all his limbs as if he had been always ready for action, the head well balanced on the neck, the forehead kneaded by various aptitudes, the eyes soft, the mouth firm, the smile full of meaning. Ordinary men would have been capable of mistaking this physiognomy for ugliness. But I was not deceived for a moment. It was intellectual beauty triumphing over features, and compelling a rebel body to express a splendour of mind (*esprit*)."

After a description of Thiers' manner of conversation, to which we shall have occasion to revert, Lamartine continues:

"It was in vain that we had agreed to exclude the subject of politics: it entered through the open window with the air. He let himself flow with the current. He judged without hate, but with a severity tempered only by consideration for me, the situation of Charles X. and that of the Duke of Orleans, to whose windows he pointed on the other side of the garden. One could see that, whilst striking the old trunk, he already held a dynastic monarchy in reserve in this palace of revolutions."

* * * * * * *

"I had not a momentary doubt of his fortunes: there are men who foretell themselves at the first look: it is the evidence of superiority. Never was it written for me in more readable and (I frankly add) more seducing traits, for courage and frankness are the first of seductions for me.

"All went down with a crash, and I found, on returning to Paris some months afterwards, Thiers struggling in the midst of ruins and reconstructions."

It has been asked what became of Thiers when the crisis he had provoked and anticipated had arisen, when life and fortune were to be risked in open direct conflict with authority. M. Loëve-Veimar, who asks this question in the most invidious manner, says that he could answer it in a way little favourable to the object of the insinuation if he thought fit. From all that is now known from authentic sources, we should say that Thiers acted throughout with judgment, spirit, and decision; and that his temporary withdrawal to avoid arrest was no more a sign of cowardice than the similar withdrawal of the five members of the Long Parliament, whom the Martyr-King made his ill-advised attempt to seize.

The Ordinances, signed on the 25th July, appeared in the "Moniteur" on the morning of the 26th. A meeting was held at the office of the "National," where the proprietors and contributors were speedily joined by the majority of the leading writers of the Opposition. A protest was drawn up by Thiers, who proposed that, instead of its being published as the act of the "National," it should be adopted as the protest of the collective journalists. This proposition was under discussion, when de Remusat, representing the "Globe," came in, and on the question being abruptly put to him by Thiers, whether he was prepared to affix his signature, answered without hesitation in the affirmative.[1] This was enough. Thiers signed first, de Remusat second, and they were followed by all present, making altogether forty-three. The day following, the 27th, this protest, with the signatures, appeared in all the Opposition journals. On the evening of the 28th, Thiers, who had been

[1] M. de Remusat was the writer of the article in the "Globe," beginning "Le crime est consommé," which produced an immense effect.

actively organising an armed resistance, received an intimation from Royer-Collard that royal warrants were out against Armand Carrel, Mignet, and himself. A hasty consultation was held with their friends: it was agreed on all hands that their arrest would have a depressing effect on the movement; and it was with the general approval that they retired to a place of security in the suburbs of St. Denis. The battle began in right earnest on the 29th, and so soon as news was brought to Thiers and Mignet that the insurrection was gaining ground, they left their retreat, and by a circuitous route, after having been exposed to numberless dangers, they succeeded in regaining the office of the "National," which, from being the focus of the intellectual and constitutional movement, had now become the head-quarters of the military one.[1]

There was a current anecdote to the effect, that, one day during the Polignac ministry, Cousin, meeting Thiers, Mignet, and Carrel, laughingly inquired: "Well, when you have upset the legitimist monarchy, what will you put in its place?" Carrel replied: "Bah! my dear Cousin, we will put in its place the administrative monarchy." Carrel probably spoke ironically, but he spoke the sentiments of Thiers, who persuaded Lafitte to force the hand of the Duke of Orleans and name him for the vacant crown without personally committing by consulting him. It was Thiers who drew up the Orleanist proclamation, which was circulated by way of feeler on the evening of the 29th.

Nor was this all. Whilst the intentions of the future King of the French were still unknown, Thiers, at the suggestion of General Sebastiani

[1] Laya, "Histoire Populaire," p. 32.

and Lafitte, started on horseback for Neuilly, where he arrived after being stopped at the barrier and chased by the people, and was introduced by M. Oudart into the cabinet of the prince. The Duchess Amelie (afterwards Queen) was the first to come to him, and on being made acquainted with his proposal, she expressed the strongest reluctance to it. The Duke was absent, at all events did not appear, and Thiers' communications were limited to the rest of the royal family, amongst whom, Madame Adelaide, the Duke's sister, took the lead by promising her brother's assent and even authorising the official announcement of it. On being asked whether she had any objection to confer personally with members of the Chambers, she replied: "I will go, my dear M. Thiers; certainly, I will go: they will not distrust a woman, and it is so natural for a sister to risk her life for her brother." It was agreed that Sebastiani should come for her. Thiers then returned to Paris, where the Duke arrived on the evening of the 30th. Thiers' first interview with his royal master that was to be, a formal one, took place on the morning of the 31st, and he then rejoined his friends of the "National," whom he succeeded in convincing that the Republic must wait.

If Thiers really exercised the influence on the course of events at this period which the biographers concur in assigning to him, it seems strange that no place, not even a subordinate one, was found for him in the new arrangements. It was not until the 17th August, 1830, that he was nominated member of a commission appointed by M. Guizot, Minister of the Interior, to prepare a project of electoral reform. Soon afterwards Baron Louis, Minister of Finance, sent for him

and said: "I can still retain the direction, but I am too old to do more; come, then, to my aid." After serving a short time as State Councillor, a place revived for him in this department, he was made Secretary-General of Finance. Baron Louis found him so apt a pupil and effective an assistant, that on resigning in August, 1831, he recommended him for the vacant portfolio. The first words addressed to the astonished Secretary-General by the King, when, in obedience to the royal mandate, he attended at the Palais Royal, were: "Are you ambitious, Monsieur Thiers?" We may well suppose that the soft impeachment was not denied, but his ambition was not of that vaulting kind that o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side. He could bide his time, and he felt instinctively that he had not yet either position or experience enough for such a post. He acted as Lord Palmerston acted when offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer by Mr. Perceval, and his refusal was couched in terms which impressed the King more favourably than the readiest and most grateful acceptance would have done.

He did not become a Deputy till the year following, when he was chosen by the electoral college of Aix, a proof that his name stood high where his earliest intellectual distinctions had been won. But organs of the Government were privileged to address the Chambers without being members, and it was as royal commissary, December 10, 1830, in the discussion of the law relating to the indemnities of emigrants, that he made his *début*.[1] It was not a success. Lamartine

[1] Franck, p. 44. "Histoire complète," p. 22. But it rests upon authority that Thiers' first speech in a legislative assembly was his speech on the budget delivered on the 23rd November, 1830. "Discours Parlementaires de M. Thiers." Publiés par M. Calmon, Senateur,

was engaged to dine with him the same evening at his own house, and the assembled guests were talking of what had just occurred when he appeared:

"He took off his coat in the ante-chamber on account of the double heat of the tribune and the day, and threw it on a billiard table. 'I have been beaten,' were his words with his little lively voice, smiling and shaking hands with his friends; 'but, never mind, I am not cast down, I am making my first essay in arms. Beaten to-day, beaten to-morrow; it is the fate of the soldier and the orator. In the tribune, as under fire, a defeat is as useful as a victory: we begin again. Let us never think of the blows we have received, but of those that we shall strike. The essential thing is to be in the right. In any case let us go to dinner and drink freely.'"

In another place, Lamartine says of him:

"He tried the tribune: his first essays did not inspire hope. Nature had not given him a voice, but a will which dispenses with nature. It was necessary for him to be an orator: he became one."

His success as a parliamentary orator or debater dates from his speech in support of an hereditary peerage, which is thus described in the satirical sketch already cited:

"M. Thiers' speech had been announced eight days beforehand. He arrived at an early hour, contrary to his wont, which led to an expectation that his speech would be long. His toilette was *recherchée*, and he wore gloves. He ascended the steps of the tribune with an air of affected carelessness, as if about to do the easiest thing in the world, and remained silent for a time, as if to impose silence by his attitude; but this was only obtained by the interposition of his friends. At length he began, and it was seen at

Member de l'Institut—Première Partie, 1830-1836. *Paris*, 1879. Three volumes. M. Laya also mentions the speech of November 23, as the first.

once that he was attempting a new description of oratory, for instead of the classical and formal style in which he had failed to attract attention, he was now all nature, ease, pertness, frankness, familiarity, colloquialism. By way of conciliating the favour of the Chamber towards the experiment, he took occasion at the outset to remark, that, in the case of the assembly he was addressing, the forum of the ancients had been changed into a room of honest men; and he endeavoured to keep up their attention during a four hours' display by the introduction of anecdotes."

To illustrate the hereditary quality of greatness, he told a story of the younger Pitt's being placed on a table, when only six years old, to recite speeches;[1] but according to the malicious narrator, he himself, with his little figure and thin voice, so strongly recalled the image of the youthful statesman, that the effect fast bordered on the ludicrous. The speech, however, made a sensation, and he was now frequently employed to make speeches for the ministry, although (if we may trust Timon) his lack of discretion prevented them from recognising him as their spokesman; and when Mauguin alluded to him as the organ of the Government, Casimir Perier contemptuously exclaimed: "Ça un organe du Gouvernement! M. Mauguin se moque de vous."

It is difficult to reconcile this story with the duty entrusted to Thiers by Casimir Perier on a trying occasion, when the character and stability of his ministry were at stake. Under an impression that they had ample time before them, they had omitted to prepare their financial statement when (January 22, 1832) the Chamber suddenly came

[1] "A douze ans on le faisait monter sur une table, où il traduisait, en présence d'un cercle nombreux, de l'anglais en latin et du latin en anglais. A quinze ans, il allait tous les jours au Parlement, il analysait les discours des meilleurs orateurs. Son vieux père le tenait soigneusement dans ces bonnes dispositions."—Thiers.

to a resolution to have the budget brought forward and considered at the next sitting:

"Nothing was ready. In twenty-four hours the Secretary-General has collected his figures, studied all the heads and prepared the very comprehensive report exacted by the annual law of finance. The day following he ascends the tribune, and, guided solely by a few notes hastily dotted down, he lays before the Assembly, in a speech of several hours, a clear, rapid, complete account of the financial situation, explaining the receipts, justifying the expenditure, demonstrating in a condensed, logical, brilliant argumentation the necessity of the acquired credits. He gained a striking victory. People stood confounded at such versatility and pliability, such prodigious facility of work. From this day his eloquence had undergone a radical transformation. Up to this time he had followed the traditional habits of the tribune, making the period, the amplification, his objects, and, despite his talent, not always avoiding affectation and emphasis. He had now discovered his true style of speaking, a style entirely personal and thoroughly original, which he has ever since retained, and to which he has been indebted for his finest triumphs."[1]

This form or style of speaking was thus described by Timon, writing in 1839, when it may be supposed to have been definitively fixed:

"It is not oratory, it is talk, but talk lively, brilliant, light, animated, mingled with historical traits, anecdotes, and refined reflections; and all this is said, broken off, cut short, tied, untied, sewn together again, with a dexterity of language absolutely incomparable. Thought springs up so quick in that head of his, so quick, that one would say it was born before it had been conceived. The vast lungs of a giant would not suffice to expectorate the words of that clever dwarf. Nature, ever watchful and considerate in her compensations, seemed to have aimed at concentrating in him all the powers of virility in the frail organs of the larynx.

1 "Histoire complète," p. 26.

"His phrase flies like the wing of the humming-bird, and pierces you so rapidly that you feel yourself wounded without knowing whence the arrow comes. He envelops you in the labyrinth of his argumentation, where a thousand lines cross and re-cross, of which he alone holds the thread. He resumes, on a side that has escaped notice, the question which seems exhausted and revives it by such ingenious reasons. You will never find him at default in anything: as fertile, as rapid, in the defence as in the attack, in the reply as in the exposition. I know not if his answer is always the most conclusive, but I know that it is always the most specious."[1]

Lamartine's more fanciful description is substantially to the same effect:

"He did not strike great blows, but he struck a multitude of little blows, with which he broke to pieces ministries, majorities, and thrones. He had not the great gestures of soul of Mirabeau, but he had the force in detail: he took the club of Mirabeau into the tribune and made arrows of it. He shot these right and left at the Assembly: on the one was inscribed, reasoning; on the other, sarcasm; on this, grace; on that, passion. It was a flight of them, from which there was no escape. As to me, who often combated the politician, it was impossible for me not to admire the supreme artist."

Sainte-Beuve dwells more on the effects of his speaking:

"He is the man who has displayed the most skill in bringing his hearers insensibly to his ends, in moving and conducting great assemblies. It is not by elevation and authority like other great orators. He persuaded and insinuated; he won his way by the clearness of his expositions, by the abundance and accumulated and limpid stream of his deductions; he carried with him even those who did not believe themselves of his group and his army,

[1] "Études sur les Orateurs Parlementaires." Par Timon (le Vicomte de Cormenin). 8me édition, Paris, 1839. This book attracted great attention, and was reviewed in the "Quarterly Review" for October, 1839.

to conclude like him, to act and vote like him, and in a sense in which most of them would not have thought of being conducted when he began."

The late Earl Russell is a somewhat similar example of what may be done by perseverance, self-confidence, cultivation, and intellectual power, to cover or supply physical defects. But Earl Russell, although a master of debate on great occasions, never acquired the ease, readiness, and fluency of Thiers, who was quite perfect in the familiar colloquial style, in which we know nobody to compare with him, except perhaps Tierney in the House of Commons and Scarlett at the bar.[1]

Casimir Perier died of cholera, May 16, 1832. The state in which he left France may well have laid the foundation for a remark subsequently attributed to Thiers: "Providence must have abundant confidence in me, for every time when I arrive at power she seems to reserve the most embarrassing affairs for me." He had gone to Italy for his health, but was immediately hurried back, like Sir Robert Peel in 1834; and in the Soult Cabinet of October 11, 1832, he was made Minister of the Interior. This post he exchanged in the following December for the Department of Commerce and Public Works, in which he remained till April 4, 1834, without, it would seem, confining himself to its duties, or evading those which were of a nature to provoke censure and invite calumny. During his ministry of Public Works, the Panthéon, the Triumphal Arch, and the Madeleine were completed, and the column of the Place Vendôme inaugurated with the con-

[1] Speaking of M. Guizot, M. Loëve Veimar says: "Lord John Russell, so little, so pale, and so feeble, that it was necessary to stretch him on a sofa in the lobby after his speech on Parliamentary Reform, may give you an idea of this person."—"Revue des deux Mondes." This is an overcharged picture as regards both.

ventional Napoleon at the top. He was elected a member of the Academy in the place of Andrieux, and he delivered his "Discours de Réception" on the 13th of December, 1834. The reply by M. Viennet, was in the highest tone of compliment:

"It is not the eminent post to which your talents have elevated you that has caused you to be distinguished by the Academy. Who thinks now of flattering power? Who is the man who would dare to knock at our door if he had nothing to offer us besides his political power or the transitory *éclat* of his honours . . . We have seen in you only the conscientious historian, the elegant writer, the enlightened publicist, the eloquent orator; and it would be sufficient for your eulogium that public opinion has ratified the choice of which you have been the object, although it has fallen upon a minister."

Sévir sévèrement (to be hard and harsh) was the device of the Cabinet, and Thiers was foremost in proposing and applying prompt measures of repression. In April, 1833, he wrote to M. Gasparin, Prefect of Lyons: "Strongly as I recommended you in February to avoid all collision, as strongly do I now recommend energy, if the sanctuary of justice is violated." Whilst he was speaking in the Chamber of the Law of Association as bearing on the disturbances at Lyons, a member of the Left exclaimed, "It will always be impotent." "Well then," retorted Thiers, "violate this law which you declare to be impotent, which seems to you incapable of execution, and I, I who stand here, undertake to have it executed." On another occasion, in reference to the same subject, he said: "People are striving hard to dishonour the civil war, to blame the effusion of French blood. They are right, assuredly; but they blame it bitterly in the defenders of public order, and very gently in the assailants." He took

an active personal share in the suppression of the Paris insurrection which followed that of Lyons.

"He started with General Bugeaud from the Hôtel de Ville, and for the first time a minister, surrounded by his staff of civil functionaries, was seen united with the military staff to take the direction of the public forces. The minister and the general repaired to the very centre of the revolt. When they arrived in the Rue Sainte-Avoye, two shots were aimed at Thiers, whose small stature facilitated his recognition by the insurgents. He was not hit; but, close to him, M. Armand de Vareilles, auditor of the Council of State, and Captain Rey were hit, and round him the balls of the insurgents made more than twenty victims. The courage and coolness of the minister never failed him for a single instant."

As a matter of course, he was violently assailed by a portion of the press, which accused him of tergiversation and apostasy: charges which were reproduced in the Chamber, where he was challenged to deny that he, the champion of order, had professed the most revolutionary doctrines and done honour to the most violent demagogues in his "History." He accepted the challenge:

"I am perhaps the sole writer become a member of the Government who has consented to four reprints of a book, written when he was in opposition, without permitting the alteration of a line."

In the affair of the Duchess of Berry, the management of which, in the first instance, devolved upon him, he displayed his usual boldness and sagacity. His instructions to his agents were to secure the person of the princess, but on no account to use violence. To avoid accidents, they were not to carry firearms. "In a word, we wish to take the Duc d'Enghien, but we do not wish to shoot him." It was known that the Duchess

was at Nantes, but her place of concealment was a mystery, and the police were completely at fault, when Thiers received an anonymous letter, offering to supply the required information, if he would meet the writer at nine in the evening, in the Allée des Veuves, Champs-Elysées, making it a condition that he should come alone, fairly and honestly alone, to the rendezvous. He determined to run the risk. It was raining in torrents when he left his carriage, a hundred paces from the Allée, where he was met by a man in a cloak, who turned out to be Deutz, a Jewish renegade, who had been employed in confidential missions by the Carlists. Their colloquy was brief, and the result may be collected from the words with which it was terminated by Thiers: "Agreed. You have my word of honour."

A few days afterwards (Nov. 6) the Duchess was arrested, under circumstances on which it is needless to dwell, with the exception of a single incident. When she came from the passage behind the chimney, in which she had been nearly smothered, she addressed General Dermancourt: "General, I throw myself on your loyalty." "Madame," he replied, "you are under the safeguard of French honour." She was *enceinte*, and one would have thought that French honour, at all events the honour of the royal family of France (including the branch upon the throne) was involved in saving her from the open avowal of her situation. But no alternative was left her but to declare a secret (generally thought non-existing) marriage with the Comte de Lucchesi-Palli, whom no one believed to be the father of her child; and then, being no longer an object of chivalrous enthusiasm, with her place amongst the royal ladies of Europe forfeited or tarnished, she was

set free. In point of policy, nothing could be more adroit: in point of delicacy or generosity, nothing less commendable. But the blame, if blame there be, must fall more on the Sovereign than the Minister, who may plead that he had nothing to do with delicacy when the fate of dynasties, haply the public welfare, was at stake.[1]

Just after this affair, Thiers sought an interview with Berryer, who had recently been tried for an overt act of rebellion or conspiracy. It took place at the private residence of the Minister, who, after a cold and hasty dinner, thus addressed the legitimist orator:

"You are too considerable a man, my dear colleague, for me not to make a point of giving you an explanation of my conduct. There are not words of censure or vociferations enough in your party *à propos* of what I have just been doing. Well then, see here;" and he took from the pocket of his overcoat a portfolio crammed with papers, "I have in this portfolio proofs enough to condemn to death all the chiefs of the legitimist party who have risen in 'La Vendée.' If it was to be war, I had the means of making it decisive and victorious for us. To strike the chiefs, to strike home, was in my power. Their condemnation is there, signed by their own hands. Another mode presented itself, less tragic, less cruel: to aim at a woman instead of causing thirty or forty heads to fall. I have not hesitated, and, to save these men, I have made this woman my mark. History will give me credit for it, and I hope that you, you yourself, will hardly blame me for so doing."

In narrating this incident, Berryer depicted the resolute paleness and the firm clear accent of Thiers, portfolio in hand stuffed with death-war-

[1] The measures for making the exposure complete during the confinement at Blaye, were the joint work of the King and the Cabinet, when Thiers had ceased to be Minister of the Interior, having changed places with M. d'Argout. M. Louis Blanc has devoted a long chapter to these measures, "Histoire de Dix Ans," vol. iv. ch. i.

rants, and was wont to say that he could not help trembling for his friends and admiring the magnanimity of the statesman. "The finishing touch of the whole," he was wont to add, half in earnest, "would have been, that the famous portfolio contained nothing whatever, no compromising paper, and that Thiers showed it to me to afflict and soften me. He had wit enough for that."

If ever extreme measures were justified by circumstances, it was during the early years of Thiers' tenure of high office, and we must give him credit for believing that the very existence of society was at stake when he brought in the famous laws of September which have been so perseveringly reproduced as an enduring blot upon his fair fame. They are open to pretty nearly the same sort of objection and defence as the equally memorable Six Acts (1819) in England. There were three. The first authorised the Government to form as many courts of assize as should be deemed necessary. It empowered the courts, as represented by the President, to remove by force any prisoners or accused persons who should interrupt the proceedings, and try them in their absence. This provision was imperatively called for by the outrageous language and demeanour of the Lyons and Paris insurgents before the Court of Peers. The second, relating to the jury, reduced the number of voices required for a verdict of guilty from eight to seven, and made the punishment of transportation more severe. The third, relating to the press, was the most severe and, coming from an ex-journalist who (as we have seen) had not minced his language, the least defensible. Nestor Roqueplan, an old ally turned enemy, states that Thiers had given special attention to

this law, and said, in the course of his instructions to M. Persil, the functionary employed in preparing it, "Give me the whole of it; I have learnt in opposition what can be done with the journals. I am going to kill them all for you at a blow."

The bitter taunts and reproaches levelled against Thiers for his participation in these and other measures, conceived in the same spirit, were epitomised by Timon:

"Since then (1830) M. Thiers has changed his party; he has become monarchist, aristocrat, maintainer of privileges, giver and executer of pitiless commands; he has attached his name to the *état de siége* of Paris, to the *mitraillades* of Lyons, to the magnificent achievements of the Rue Transnonain, to the deportations of Mont St. Michel, to the laws regarding combinations, public criers, the courts of assize, and the newspapers, to all that has fettered liberty, to all that has degraded the press, to all that has corrupted the jury, to all that has decimated the patriots, to all that has dissolved the national guards, to all that has demoralised the nation, to all that has dragged the noble and *pure* Revolution of July through the mud. . . ."

Thiers might have replied that the Revolution was dragged through the mud by those who used it as a precedent for a normal state of insurrection and defiance of the law. "These laws of September," remarks a biographer, "are in some sort the formulary of that policy of pitiless repression, of which M. Thiers by necessity, and M. Guizot by taste, had made themselves the promoters or (more accurately speaking) the directors." They had already acted together in refusing an amnesty to political offenders, and on one notable occasion Thiers came gallantly to the rescue of his rival. A deputy, M. Charamande, professed to have dis-

covered in a little work of M. Guizot, published twenty years before, doctrines which the author had repudiated, and inferred from it "the gravity of the situation." Thiers pointedly remarked, "If you misunderstand a book, the situation is not the more grave on that account." He volunteered an avowal of his leanings in favour of authority, saying, "I am not liberal, but I am national."

Almost from the moment when they began to take the lead, these two remarkable men became rivals, naturally and necessarily; being both inspired with the same eagerness for supremacy, both the architects of their own fortune, both the creation of the Revolution of July, of literature, and the press. It was not upon the cards that they should co-operate cordially, and early in 1836 they came to an open disagreement regarding the policy to be pursued towards Spain. Thiers was for intervention: Guizot against. The King took a middle course, partially favourable to Queen Christine. This did not satisfy Thiers, who wished once for all to crush Carlism; and he was not sorry for, if he did not suggest or provoke, the incident which broke up the Cabinet. This was a proposition for the reduction of the *rentes*, carried against the Government, which resigned *en masse*. But the only available materials for the formation of a new Ministry were the divided members of the old. The King's choice lay between Thiers and M. Guizot. The one represented the Right Centre, the other the Left. The Left was the strongest. It was therefore Thiers who was entrusted with the arrangements, and, along with the Presidency of the Council, he took for himself the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. From this epoch dates not precisely the antagonism of

Thiers and M. Guizot, but their open, vehement, unrestrained struggle for ascendency:

"During all the monarchy the great and interesting question for France was this: Shall we be governed by M. Thiers or by M. Guizot? Then was seen a renewal of the grand struggles of Marius and Sylla, of Cæsar and Pompey, of Hannibal and Scipio. During the reign of Louis Philippe, M. Thiers has overthrown or dissolved, in his own personal interests, more than one ministry, but after having conquered power, he has never known how to keep it more than a very short time."

The same writer goes on to allege as the reason that, to retain power under a parliamentary régime, one must know how to get and, above all, keep a majority:

"Say what you will, a majority is only to be swayed by principles; a faithful majority is only to be made sure by associating oneself with its spirit, its sentiments, its thoughts, I may also say its bad or good passions."

Considering the division of parties during the period in question, we should say that the reins of power could only be long retained by one who contrived to get and keep the King upon his side; and this was impossible for Thiers, whose device was that the King was not to govern but to reign. The truth, constantly overlooked, is that real parliamentary government has never been recognised in France. No head of the State or chief magistrate, whether Emperor, King, or President (unless we are to except Marshal MacMahon) has ever consented to be bound by a majority like a constitutional Sovereign; nor has any majority, which happened to get the upper hand, been ever known to respect the rights of the minority.

Thiers' first ministry, which lasted only five months, was brought to an untimely end, not by

an adverse vote of the Chamber, but by the positive refusal of the King to permit an active intervention in Spain. This ministry had been discredited by what was called the affair *Conseil :* a demand addressed to the Swiss Government for the expulsion of a so-called refugee, who turned out to be an agent or spy of the French; and M. Laya refers to it as the "cause of the resignation of M. Thiers, who, already an object of suspicion to the doctrinaire camarilla organised by M. Guizot, did not receive the most important communications from the King and retired, letting fly a *mot* like an arrow, 'Je n'ai pas tout su' (I did not know all)." He resigned on the 25th August, 1836, and was succeeded in the presidency of the Council by Count Molé. Early in September he started for Rome, and returned *viâ* Florence in November. It was about this time that he is supposed to have formed the resolution of continuing his History, pressed upon him by friends and encouraged by Talleyrand, who, referring to his "History of the Revolution," remarked, "Thiers would probably be still more at home if he tried his hand at the Empire." But he had not yet given up the hope of a speedy return to power: his heart was still in the exciting conflicts of the Chamber, and soon after his return he had to encounter and repel a formidable attack directed against the policy which caused his downfall.

M. Guizot, who had accepted the office of Minister of Public Instruction under Count Molé, separated from him in April, 1837, and forthwith proceeded to organise a coalition for his overthrow. Royer-Collard broke with him on this account, and the "Journal des Débats" wrote: "You will perhaps one day or another have our support—our esteem, never." But the biographers describe

Thiers as the soul, the spirit, if not the founder, of this coalition; and in June, 1838, after another visit to Italy, he writes to Véron, the conductor of the "Constitutionnel":

"You praise M. Molé too much. I know that M. Molé has more talent than his colleagues, but he is incapable of making up for them: he has not talent enough for that: their weakness which crushes them, crushes him too. One does not shine alongside of colleagues more feeble than oneself, except when one makes up for them. But M. Molé only knows how to do one thing, to elude: but one may elude difficulties for a moment, never long. M. Molé, therefore, remains weak by the weakness of his people and his own. I have always liking enough for him, I should not wish him to be ill-treated, but neither should I wish him to be made believe that we are of one mind with him."

In the debate (Jan. 7, 1839) on the address, M. Guizot, who led the attack, got a slap in the face which seriously disconcerted him. He had applied insultingly to the Cabinet and the Chief the sentence of Tacitus: "Omnia serviliter pro dominatione" (Everything servilely for power). "It was not of courtiers or place-*holders* that Tacitus was speaking," retorted Molé, "but of place-*hunters*." Thiers was more fortunate or more adroit, and delivered a damaging speech, amplifying his letter to Véron, to which there was no effective reply. After resorting to a dissolution, Molé resigned, and was succeeded by Soult, who made every effort to induce Thiers to join him; and Thiers was willing enough upon condition that he should have the department of Foreign Affairs: that the intervention policy should be carried out in Spain; and that Odilon-Barrot should be President of the Chamber. The arrangements fell through in consequence of the refusal of the King to consent to these terms. Soult then called on Thiers, and, after a cordial

interchange of views, took leave of him, saying that he would go and entreat the King to entrust the formation of the Cabinet to him (Thiers); a step against which he strongly protested, on the ground that it could only be regarded as a manœuvre and a snare. Further negotiations were cut short by a popular movement or insurrection (May 12, 1839), which demanded the instant attention of an executive; and the Soult-Passy government was formed, leaving out both Guizot and Thiers, and consequently foredoomed to a short life from its birth. The biographers, however, represent Thiers as reckoning on an interval of quiet, and connect with his not altogether voluntary relinquishment of the cares of office, the announcement which appeared in the "Journal des Débats" of June 9, 1839:

"M. Thiers has just concluded with the publisher Pauline a bargain for the publication of a 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' in continuation of his 'History of the French Revolution.' M. Pauline has acquired the property in perpetuity of M. Thiers' manuscript at the price of 500,000 francs. M. Thiers will receive 400,000 francs on the day of the delivery of the manuscript, and 100,000 francs a year afterwards. We are in a condition to affirm that these figures are rigorously exact."

The Soult-Passy Cabinet resigned on the rejection by the Chamber of a proposal to grant an annuity to the Duc de Nemours; and Thiers was "sent for" at once. He showed no unseemly eagerness to undertake the task: and offered to co-operate in any combination which would render the change less sudden or be more agreeable to the King, such as leaving the Presidency of the Council with Soult or reconstructing a former cabinet. The one thing for which he stipulated was the department of Foreign Affairs, and when

subsequently attacked on this ground, he replied:

"It is not a puerile vanity; it is not a personal taste; I should not dare, in the face of my country, allege as reasons my vanity or my taste. It has been said—and I demand permission to explain myself with all possible freedom in this respect—it has been said that foreign diplomacy repudiated me. I do not believe it. I believe that they respect our Government too much to express either preferences or repugnances; I believe our Government respects itself too much to listen to them. But for the very reason that the objection had been raised, I regarded it as a patriotic duty on my part to give it a marked contradiction, by accepting no other portfolio than that of Foreign Affairs."

The Spanish, Belgian, and Roman questions were settled, or so far in a quiescent state that the old differences concerning them were not likely to revive. The rock ahead was the Eastern Question, and on this there was every reason to suppose that he would encounter no difficulty at home; as he had recently developed the view he took of it in a speech regarded as a bid for office, and called the *Discours Ministre.* It was also a significant fact that, when so much turned on this question, M. Guizot retained the vitally important post of Ambassador to England. Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling) was Secretary of Embassy and acting minister at Paris during the greater part of 1840; and one of the most interesting passages of his "Life of Lord Palmerston" is his account of the diplomatic duel between Thiers and Lord Palmerston: the point at issue between them being whether France or England should take the lead in the East. Thiers was quietly and (he thought) secretly getting the upper hand, when timely warning of his manœuvre led to the Treaty

of London, July 15, 1840, between the Sultan and the Four Powers (Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Russia) whom he intended to circumvent. "The mine, in short, by which M. Thiers meant to blow up Lord Palmerston was met by a countermine which blew up M. Thiers." On July 21, 1840, Lord Palmerston writes:

"My dear Bulwer,

"I am curious to know how Thiers has taken our convention. No doubt it has made him very angry. It is a great blow to France; but she has brought it on herself by her own obstinacy in refusing to accede to any reasonable terms. I am inclined to think that Thiers has been misled by Ellice and Guizot, and has acted upon the belief that the English Cabinet would never venture to take such a step; and that, if France would only hold out firmly, the rest of Europe would yield to her will. . . . You say Thiers is a warm friend, but a dangerous enemy; it may be so; but we are too strong to be swayed by such considerations. I doubt, however, that Thiers is much to be relied upon as a friend; and, knowing myself to be in the right, I do not fear him as an enemy. The way to take anything he may say is to consider the matter as a *fait accompli*, as an irrevocable decision, and a step taken that cannot be retraced."[1]

Thiers was very angry, and did attempt to bluster, but his roar was as subdued as that of Bottom's lion, and he took good care that it

[1] "Life of Lord Palmerston," vol. ii. p. 315. The whole of Lord Palmerston's correspondence contained in the Life has appeared in a French dress: "Lord Palmerston, sa Correspondance intime, pour servir à l'histoire diplomatique de l'Europe de 1830 à 1865. Traduite de l'anglais, précédée d'une introduction et suivie d'un appendice, par Augustus Craven." Paris, 1878. This publication may help to clear up much foreign misapprehension touching the general policy of Lord Palmerston. Mr. Craven has added in an appendix the correspondence between M. Guizot, the King of the French, and M. Bresson, containing ample proof of M. Guizot's duplicity in the affair of the Spanish marriages.

should not be heard across the Channel. This is illustrated by Bulwer:

"I had ridden down to see him at a beautiful château which he then occupied at Auteuil (Sept. 18). I found him walking up and down in a long room or gallery, and I joined him in his perambulations. After a turn or two he stopped and said: 'I have despatches from Walewski' (the Count Walewski had been sent to Egypt on a special mission to Mehemet Ali). 'He has terminated his negotiations with the Pasha;' and he then stated to me the conditions, in some abatement of his original demands, which the Pasha, through Walewski's mediation, was willing to accept. 'Well,' he continued, 'France thinks these conditions reasonable and just. If your Government will act with us in persuading the Sultan and the other Powers to accept them, there is once more a *cordiale entente* between us. If not, after the concessions obtained through our influence from Mehemet Ali, we are bound to support him.' With these words, he fixed his eyes on my countenance, and added gravely, '*Vous comprenez, mon cher, la gravité de ce que je viens de dire!*' 'Perfectly,' I said, with an intentional air of imperturbability. 'You wish me to understand, that if we accept the arrangement made through Walewski, you and we are the best friends in the world; if not, you mean to declare for the Pasha and go to war with us in his favour.' We resumed our perambulations. 'You know what I have been saying to you,' M. Thiers resumed, 'is said as M. Thiers, not as President of the Council. I have to consult my colleagues, the King also. But I wished you to understand clearly the tendency of my own personal opinions.'

"'I am much obliged to you,' I replied, 'for this distinction; but the fact is, you are President of the Council, and you think, no doubt, that whatever your opinions are, they will prevail. You will see, therefore, that my position is a very difficult one. If I say more or less than you mean, I may do incalculable mischief; so, if you please, I will ride back to Paris, and recount in a despatch our conversation, and you shall read it and correct it just as you think proper.'"

Bulwer rode to Paris, wrote his despatch, and brought it back. He began by stating that Lord Palmerston need not have the slightest apprehension as to the King's refusal of Thiers' programme, and that, if Thiers' resignation were tendered on that account, it would be accepted without a moment's hesitation :

"I then went on to relate as accurately as I could our interview of the morning. I put this despatch, just as I had written it, into M. Thiers' hands; he read it, and then said to me,—'*Mon cher Bulwer, comment pouvez-vous vous tromper ainsi? Vous gâtez une belle carrière; le roi est bien plus belliqueux que moi.* But do not let us compromise the future more than we can help. Don't send this despatch. Let Lord Palmerston know what you think of our conversation. Events may always change; and it is better not to render affairs less liable to their influence than is necessary.' I followed his advice, and only reported as much of our conversation as conveyed its substance, without giving its details."

Describing in conversation with the writer this or another interview at Auteuil, Bulwer stated that when he asked Thiers whether he was to report his warlike intention as avowed, he said, "*Non, dites que vous l'avez lu sur ma figure.*" Thiers' tact and penetration seem to have failed him throughout in this matter, or how could he have been led into believing for a moment that his royal master was actually more warlike than himself? Louis Philippe told Bulwer: "M. Thiers is furious against me because I did not choose to go to war. He tells me that I spoke of going to war; but speaking of going to war and going to war, Mr. Bulwer, are very different things." Not intending to go to war, his Majesty certainly suffered language to be used and acts to be done that would better have been suppressed

and left undone. On the Austrian Ambassador insisting on the little importance Syria could have for France, Thiers petulantly replied, "Yes, certainly; therefore we should in no case go to Syria to make war, but Italy is worth more to us, besides being nearer."

He went the length of calling out the reserves, and taking a credit of sixty-four millions for the service of the army and navy; and it was upon hearing this that Lord Melbourne (October, 1840) wrote to the King of the Belgians, "Thiers' announcement is a threat. By G—d, I won't stand it! If this goes on, I will immediately call Parliament together, and see what they think of it."[1] This letter was forwarded to the King of the French, who refused his assent to the warlike speech proposed for the opening of the Chambers, whereupon Thiers resigned, and was succeeded (October 29) by M. Guizot.

Bulwer expresses his disbelief in the existence of any intrigue to bring about this result, and regards M. Guizot as the natural successor of Thiers, when the King determined for peace instead of war. But M. Guizot had acted as the representative and organ of the bellicose policy up to the very hour of its repudiation by the King: nor, although he may have given Thiers fair warning of the probable isolation of France, does it anywhere appear that he disapproved or protested against what was doing in a great measure through his instrumentality. Public opinion, therefore, went completely along with Odilon-Barrot, when, in the debate on the explanations, he spoke thus:

"A personal conflict has arisen, a conflict between two men who have recently directed the foreign policy of the

[1] Related by Lord Palmerston to the writer, June, 1865.

country. I doubt whether there is a single member in this assembly who has not been painfully affected to the bottom of his heart, when the ambassador and the minister have been seen combating in this tribune with confidential notes.

"Do you believe that, in such a conflict, men and affairs do not receive a serious injury? Ah! I know it; you have not betrayed; you have obeyed instructions which were given you; no one suspects the contrary. But do you know what, on the reading of certain documents, has raised the unanimous expression of a painful sentiment? Henceforth, people said to one another, who will be sure of the discretion of power in the direction of affairs, when a minister having chosen a representative of France abroad, and having confided to him not only official documents but his inmost thoughts, this representative, passing without transition into an opposite camp, shall ascend this tribune to offer to the country and the foreigner the sad spectacle of such an antagonism, and avail himself even of the papers in which the inmost thought of the minister has been poured out?

"Ah, let not such examples be reproduced. One may be sure of oneself: one may have a personal confidence in one's talent; but there are situations which dominate all talent. Shall I be frank with you? *Ambassador of this policy, intimate confidant of this policy, you were the last man to replace the minister who had practised it!*"

M. Guizot maintains a most suspicious reticence on this subject in his "Memoirs." He offers neither explanation nor justification. He does not even state or leave it to be inferred that his conduct was blamed in any quarter: that Thiers had, or pretended to have, any cause of complaint.

It was when war was considered imminent that Thiers, by a simple ordinance (September 10), in the absence of the Chambers, declared the urgency of the fortifications of Paris. His views were fully developed in a report, and eventually adopted. In the speech justifying the project he demonstrated to his own entire satisfaction that, when the pro-

posed fortifications were complete, the difficulties in the way of a besieging army would be tantamount to impossibilities, and that, if a blockade were attempted, the invaders, not Paris, would be starved.

Another memorable measure of his administration was the expedition to bring back the ashes of Napoleon, which entered Paris in solemn procession, and amidst an immense concourse, on the 15th of December, 1840. That the modern Ulysses, as the Citizen King was called, should have sanctioned a proceeding so menacing to his dynasty, is one amongst many proofs of his political short-sightedness. As regards Thiers, whether he saw it in that light or not, the revival of the imperialistic feeling was the best possible mode of securing a favourable reception for his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," the two first volumes of which were published in 1845.

His appearances in the tribune for some years subsequently to his retirement from office were rare. In 1842, on the death of the Duc d'Orléans, he supported the claim of the Duc de Nemours to the regency against Odilon-Barrot and other political friends, who were in favour of the Duchess of Orleans. In the course of a telling speech, pointing out the evils that might accrue from female intervention, he caused a sensation by exclaiming, "Savez-vous, Messieurs, ce qu'il faut faire pour plaire aux femmes?"

In 1846 he opened a campaign against M. Guizot, objecting to his foreign policy that it favoured English interests at the expense of French: to his domestic policy, that it upheld a corrupt electoral system, and throve upon it. In a remarkable speech on parliamentary reform,

after expatiating on the English Constitution, he said:

"Behold the true model of representative government. As for me, I have pursued it from my youth upwards; I have wished for it under the Restoration; I have never wished for anything else. I wrote in 1829 this phrase, which has become celebrated: *Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas!* I wrote it in 1829. Do you believe that what I wrote in 1829, I do not think in 1846? No, I think it still. But there are disdainful spirits who tell me, you overlook the difference which exists between France and England. I do not see, say what you will, that there are such differences between England and France, that we are destined, the one to have but the fiction of a representative government, whilst the other has the reality. But if it were so, what then? Representative government would be impossible in France! *Ah! we should have been told as much in July,* 1830!"

It was by steadily maintaining this doctrine that he insured his exclusion from office for the remainder of the reign; and this should never be forgotten when charges of time-serving and place-hunting are brought against him.

The discredit into which the Guizot ministry had fallen in 1848 was, in no slight degree, owing to the repeated attacks of Thiers, but he held aloof from the reform banquets, foreseeing their democratic tendencies from the first and smiling at the blindness of his friends. "Duvergier de Hauranne," he remarked, "expects to go to the banquets *avec ses gants jaunes.*" At 2 a.m. on the morning of the 24th of February, after the resignation of Guizot and the refusal of Count Molé to undertake the government, Thiers received a summons to the Tuileries, which, he says, he obeyed with difficulty, having hundreds of barricades to cross and the challenges of hundreds of

sentinels, all of them excited and many drunk, to answer—

"Montalivet and the Princes Nemours and Montpensier, whom I found in the ante-room, said to me, 'Surtout ménagez le roi,' as if that was a time for personal considerations.

"The King was always fond of me. 'Quand je ne l'aimais plus,' he said, 'toujours il me plaisait.' This time, however, he received me coldly. 'Eh, bien!' he said, 'have you made me a ministry?' 'Made a ministry, Sire,' I answered, 'why I have only just received your Majesty's commands.' 'Ah!' he replied, 'vous ne voulez pas servir dans le règne.' This was an allusion to an old speech of mine. I really had said that I would not serve again during his reign. I became angry, and said, 'Non, Sire, je ne veux pas servir dans votre règne.' My ill-temper calmed his. 'Well,' he said, 'we must talk reasonably. Whom can you have for colleagues?' 'Odilon-Barrot,' I anwered. 'Bon,' replied the King; 'c'est un niais, mais il est bon homme.' 'M. de Remusat.' 'Passe pour lui.' 'Duvergier de Hauranne.' 'I will not hear of him.' 'Lamoricière.' 'A la bonne heure.' 'Now,' he continued, 'allons aux choses.' 'We must have parliamentary reform,' I said. 'Nonsense,' he answered; 'you would produce a Chamber that would give us bad laws, and perhaps war.' 'I do not ask,' I replied, 'more than fifty or a hundred thousand new electors, and that is not a great concession—and the present Chamber must be dissolved.' 'Impossible!' said the King; 'I cannot part with my majority.' 'But,' I said, 'if you refuse both the objects that I propose, and the instruments with whom I am to work, how can I serve you?' 'You shall have Bugeaud,' said the King, 'for your Commander-in-chief. He will put down the émeute; et après ça nous verrons.' 'Bugeaud,' I said, 'will add to the irritation.' 'No,' answered the King; 'he will inspire terror, and terror is what we want.' 'Terror,' I replied, 'is useful where it is supported by sufficient force. Have we that force?' 'Go, mon cher,' said the King, 'to Bugeaud; talk to him; collect your ministers; come back to me at eight

o'clock to-morrow morning, et nous verrons.' 'We are not ministers yet,' I said. 'No,' answered the King, 'you are engaged to nothing, nor am I. But whatever be the arrangement you must be the chef. You are the only one of the set whom I trust.' 'That suits me,' I replied, 'for I have resolved never again to enter a Cabinet of which I am not the head.' It fell in also with my engagements to Barrot. We had agreed that neither of us should be minister without the other, and that I should preside." [1]

He goes on to state that, after leaving the king, he went at once to Bugeaud, whom he found eager to resort to force, although ill-provided with ammunition and complaining of the insufficient number and demoralized condition of his troops. "However," he repeated several times, "I shall have the pleasure of killing lots of this *canaille*, and this is always something." Odilon-Barrot, with whom Thiers communicated next, was for a milder course. "Bugeaud," he objected, "goes well with Guizot, but not with us. Let Guizot and Bugeaud beat down the resistance. It is their affair: our business is to conciliate." The king was still hesitating between repression and conciliation, what line to take or what minister to lean upon, when Thiers returned to report progress. "It was now past ten. I went back to the King. As I entered his cabinet Guizot went out of it. It was now that I used an expression which has since been quoted, though incorrectly as to its occasion, '*La marée monte, monte; dans deux heures peut-être nous serons tous engloutis.*'"

His words were speedily verified. The revolutionary tide swept away the monarchy, and the republican *régime* began. He failed in his first candidature for the Constituent Assembly, but on

[1] *Senior*, "*Conversations*," vol. i. pp. 5–7.

the 4th June, 1848, he was elected by four departments and made his election for that of the Seine Inférieure. He voted for the Presidency of Louis Napoleon, although reported to have said that such an election would be a disgrace to France. When charged in the Chamber with having said this, he denied it. "I heard it," exclaimed M. Bixio, and a duel, a bloodless one, was the result. If he did not utter the very phrase attributed to him, he used terms which might easily have been mistaken for it.

"It was now within about a fortnight of the election; Molé and I left the Assembly together, and as we passed the embarcadère of the Rouen railroad we got out of the carriage, and walked up and down the colonnade until we had decided who should be the ruler of France. As against Louis Napoleon I supported Cavaignac. 'I do not much like him,' I said, 'but he is an honest man; he has military talents and the habit of command; he will repress conspirators and insurgents, and he will not conspire himself. Louis Napoleon is a pretender; all his friends and advisers are of the worst description; he is ignorant, rash, and obstinate; he will discredit the party that supports him, and give us at last only the alternative of civil war or despotism.'"

Molé replied that Louis Napoleon hated the republic and would pave the way for a restoration: that he would be their instrument, whereas Cavaignac would be their master.

"I was not convinced; but I yielded. We went that evening to the Rue de Poitiers, proposed Louis Napoleon as the candidate of the Parti de l'Ordre, and carried him with little opposition. . . . As soon, however, as the club had decided, I inserted in the "Constitutionnel" a notice that L. N. Bonaparte was the candidate of the Parti de l'Ordre; but to prevent it being supposed that I had turned Bonapartist, I added, 'M. Thiers n'a pas de relations politiques avec M. L. N. Bonaparte, et *n'en aura jamais*.'

The next day he came to me overflowing with gratitude, protestations, and devotion."

Thiers' versions of the most important transactions in which he was engaged from the fall of the monarchy to the *coup d'état*, were taken down from his dictation by Senior; but the publication of them has proved injurious to his memory, by placing the principal defects of his character—his egotism, vain-glory, and exaggerated nationality, in broad relief.

"He (Louis Napoleon) was suppleness itself, compared to Cavaignac. There was no sacrifice that he would not make, no engagement that he would not enter into. His highest ambition was to be a mere instrument of the Parti de l'Ordre. He relied on me for his minister, etc. He fancied that, because I had written the history of Napoleon, I must be a friend of the Bonapartes. Now, though I revere the great name, I detest and despise his family. So I received his advances coldly, and almost contemptuously. He begged me at least to look at his address. I told him that it was detestable, full of socialism and bad French, and sent him back to try and write a new one."

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"He earnestly pressed me to act as his minister; but after having served the greatest monarch of his time, after having stood on the same elevation as Metternich and Peel, I could not descend to be the instrument or even the associate of a pretender. He entreated me then at least to make a ministry for him, a task for which he had the sense to feel his own incompetence. So I gave him Barrot, Drouyn d'Lhuys, Faucher, and Passy, and the rest of that Cabinet, with Bugeaud for the grand army which watched the Italian frontier, and Changarnier as commander-in-chief in Paris."

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"What he wanted, above all, was my sanction to his imperial tendencies. And I have sometimes almost regretted that I did not favour them, and try to turn him into a constitutional monarch."

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"I am not sure that as respects war, my advice was wise. Perhaps it would have been better if I had allowed him to overrun the Continent."

It is now known that Thiers had no real influence over the Prince-President, who flattered and eventually outwitted him; yet he talks as if the Prince was all along a mere puppet in his hands. Could he have forgotten the memorable Conference of January 8, 1851, when the President stood alone, and more than held his own against the first statesmen, the first orators, the cleverest talkers in France.[1] On this occasion Thiers took the lead in urging upon the President the injustice of superseding Changarnier:

"As to General Changarnier, you would judge wrong of him if you supposed him capable of conspiring. If anything recommends him to the public esteem, and to your conscience, it is his extreme reserve in the middle of agitating parties; it is even a certain affectation to isolate himself from all. Has he ever been known, by speeches, by votes, or by acts, to captivate their favour or give them pledges? He has only once mounted the tribune without being called to it; and who will forget under what circumstances and with what result? No, General Changarnier is not a conspirator; he has served you loyally, and he will continue to do so.

"*M. le President.*—Yet words of his would signify on his part widely different sentiments. Has he not announced that he undertook to carry me to Vincennes? I attach no importance to these bravados, for I have no fear of them.

"*M. Thiers.*—So it is the gossip of antechambers, hawked about, disfigured by go-betweens, officious or interested in lying, that influence you rather than serious and incontestable services! It is personal susceptibilities, rather than reasons of state, which prompt you to so dangerous a

[1] MM. Dupin, Thiers, Odilon-Barrot, Berryer, the Comte Molé, the Comte Daru, the Comte de Montalembert, and the late Duc de Broglie. A full report of what took place is given by Odilon-Barrot in his Memoirs.

'measure! Great God! if we, on our side, were to be decided by the idle talk of the lobby, or the reports of agents of police, where should we be, all of us?"

That the Prince's distrust of Changarnier was well founded is placed beyond a doubt by Odilon-Barrot's report of a prior interview with the general:

"'As action may be taken at any moment,' began Changarnier, 'I have ventured to rouse you in your retreat. It is which of us two, Louis Napoleon and I, shall take the initiative.' 'But have you made sure of the concurrence of the prefect of police?' I asked. 'Oh, yes, I am sure of Carlier (the prefect), he is entirely with me.' On my bluntly asking him if he was *en mesure* to arrest the President, he replied that, when I gave him the order, he would put him in a basket-carriage (*panier à salade*) and carry him without more ceremony to Vincennes. . . . When (continues Odilon-Barrot) I exclaimed and pointed out that Carlier had without doubt lost no time in reporting this conversation to Louis Napoleon, and haply offered to do him the same service with the general, 'So much the better,' remarked Changarnier's aide-de-camp, Valaze; 'we are not sorry that what we can do should be known at the Tuileries.'"

The failure at the conference was always a sore subject with the party. On its being mentioned at Mr. Edward Ellice's table in Arlington Street, when Thiers was present, the writer suggested that they had made the mistake of despising Louis Napoleon as an antagonist. "Oui," exclaimed Thiers, getting positively angry, "oui, je l'ai méprisé, je le méprise, et je le mépriserai toujours."

One of Thiers' most curious revelations to Senior is the following:

"'I remember in particular a meeting at which only Molé, Broglie, Changarnier, the President and I were present, about six weeks after his election. The question

was, whether the time had not come *pour en finir avec l'assemblée*—whether its violence, its absurdities, its delays and its mischievous interferences were not become absolutely intolerable.' After stating that, whilst the rest were hesitating, he declared strongly against an immediate *coup d'état* (which he termed an 'heroic' act to be reserved for great emergencies), he adds: 'As I went on, the President's face kept brightening and brightening. The adjournment of the *coup d'état* obviously relieved him from an oppressive load of anxiety.'"

The hesitation of the Duc de Broglie (the late) and Count Molé is as unaccountable as the alleged reluctance of the President. Thiers had just before said of the same (the Constituent) Assembly: "It was the most honest that France had ever seen. It began clothed in Socialist prejudices, of which I stripped it one by one." It notoriously began by declaring against Socialism and sending the Socialist leaders to the right about.

Changarnier told the writer, in the presence of Montalembert, that repeated offers were made to him to secure his co-operation in a *coup d'état*, and that advances were simultaneously made to Thiers, whose alleged contempt for the President was rapidly giving way to undisguised apprehension, when (January 17, 1851) he spoke another of the phrases that have become historical:

"Well, for my part, I have only a word to add. There are now but two powers in the State; the executive and the legislative. If the Assembly gives way this day, there will be no more than one. And when there is no more than one, the form of the government is changed: the word, the form, will come. When will they come? That matters little: but what you profess not to wish,—if the Assembly gives way, you will have obtained now at once: there is no more than one power. The word will come when it is wanted. *L'Empire est fait.*"

The aim, the end, the keystone, the alpha and omega of his foreign policy, from one end of his career to the other, was the aggrandisement of France. We have repeatedly heard him declare that France had a right to have weak states on her frontiers, and was entitled to resent the unity of Italy or Germany as an aggression or a menace.[1] In justification of the invasion of Spain, in 1823, he maintained:

"That it was essential to the safety of France that Spain should be under her control; that if Spain continued constitutional, that is to say, if the feelings of the people were to influence her policy, the antipathy of the Spaniards towards the French would make her a rival or an enemy instead of an ally. That it was the duty therefore of every French Government to put down every Spanish constitution."

Such policy rested on no sound foundation, no broad principle, no strong sense of justice, no recognised distinction between right and wrong. "Nil magnificum, nil generosum sapit." It was a blunder as well as a crime: it was as mistaken and shallow as it was morally wrong. No nation or people was ever permanently benefited by the weakness, degradation, or misgovernment of another. From the War of Succession to the War of 1870, the unsettled state of Spain has been the bane of France. Selfishness in public or private affairs commonly recoils in the long run upon itself; and Thiers had some experience of this, when, in 1870, he went from capital to capital in the vain pursuit of sympathy. Even then he could not be made to understand that the claim of Germany to Lorraine and Alsace was identical in principle or no-principle with that of France to the left bank of the Rhine. *C'est tout*

[1] See his speech, January 11, 1864.

autre chose, mon ami, was his reply to an English friend who ventured to suggest the parallel.

Speaking of the expedition to Rome, he said that it was not for the sake of the Pope, it was not for the sake of Catholicism that it was undertaken:

"It was for the sake of France; it was to plant the French flag on the Castle of St. Angelo; it was to maintain our right to have one half of Italy if Austria seized the other. *Rather than see the Austrian eagle on the flagstaff that rises above the Tiber, I would destroy a hundred constitutions and a hundred religions.* I repeat, therefore, that we, the planners of the Roman expedition, acted as statesmen."

Under his guidance, he was convinced, the French could go anywhere and do anything. Alluding to the Syrian affair of 1840, he says:

"If he (Louis Philippe) had stood by me for only two months, we should have come out of it not merely successfully but gloriously. Never was there such an absurdity as your thinking of conquering Syria with a few ships and 2000 soldiers. The Pasha alone had 130,000. Now, though 2000 Englishmen are fully equal to 20,000 Asiatics, they are not equal to 100,000. And in less than two months the winter would have driven your ships from the coast. I had ascertained that Austria would not send any troops to Syria. Appony promised me *that* as the price of my not attacking her. I was sure that you would not venture to take Russians there. I had an army of 500,000 men, and a fleet that could have fought one action with yours. All the coalition was trembling. Metternich said, 'I have staked all on one card—the chance of a quarrel between the king and Thiers.' And it turned up in his favour. But you cannot wonder at my disgust."

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"The King's great fault was his timidity. He was personally a hero, but politically a coward. He never

could forget the disasters of 1813, 1814, and 1815, and I could not make him feel that, though inferior to the Continental Powers united, we are more than a match for any of them separately. Prussia even joined to Holland and Belgium could not stand against us for a fortnight. Austria would not be an affair of more than one campaign; and as for Russia, the most powerful of them all, if we were fairly pitted against one another, with no allies on either side, we should crush her."

There can be no doubt at all that he was an excellent, an indefatigable administrator; but the account of his exertions and exhaustion in 1840 will be read with a mixture of incredulity and surprise:

"I kept my colleagues and my bureaux at work all day, and almost all night. We were all of us half killed. Such a tension of mind wearies more than the hardest bodily work. At night my servants undressed me, took me by the feet and shoulders and placed me in my bed, and I lay there like a corpse till the morning. Even my dreams, when I dreamt, were administrative."

He would have done better by husbanding his strength and choosing subordinates on whom he could depend without having so constantly to look after them or do their work for them. But he would fain be omniscient as well as omnipresent. During his presidency of the Republic a person was proposed to him for manager of the Sèvres china manufactory. "Why," he exclaimed, "that man knows no more about china than I know about"—and he paused. "Your excellency," remarked a colleague, "is at a loss for something you don't know all about.[1]"

[1] "He liked to know the business of ministries a little before the ministers, which was not always to their taste. . . . He wished to know, minute by minute, the condition of France, that of all Europe, all our relations with the Chancellor of the German Empire, and with the

It follows almost as a matter of course that, with this narrowness of grasp, this incapacity for considering the interests of more than one country, he was a protectionist. His artistic and literary taste was similarly cramped :—

"*Thiers.*—What a nation is France! How mistaken in her objects, how absurd in her means, yet how glorious is the result of her influence and of her example! I do not say that we are a happy people; I do not say that we are good neighbours; we are always in hot water ourselves, and we are always the pest and the plague of all who have anything to do with us, but after all we are the salt of the earth. We are always fighting, always inquiring, always inventing, always destroying prejudices, and breaking up institutions, and supplying political science with new facts, new experiments, and new warnings.

"*Senior.*—Do you put France as high in art as in science and in arms?

"*Thiers.*—Certainly I do, with the exception of painting, in which we are nothing. Where is there Gothic architecture like that of our cathedrals? Where is there a classical building equal to the façade of the Louvre?

"*Senior.*—What think you of the great temple of Pæstum?

"*Thiers.*—That is a glorious monument, but not equal to the Louvre. If we go to the arts which depend on language, where is there eloquence like that of Bossuet?

smallest general of the army of occupation. Whilst M. Jules Favre was Minister for Foreign Affairs, Thiers lodged him in his own house, to get the news more quickly. He subsequently organized an apartment for M. de Remusat in the prefecture. He had every day conferences with the Ministers of the Interior and Finance. He required the frequent attendance of the Governor of the Bank and the great financiers. He went into the minutest details of the war administration; armament, equipment, quarters, provisions." ("Le Gouvernement de M. Thiers,' par Jules Simon, vol. ii. p. 242.) War administration was his passion. At the commencement of the Crimean war he wrote a succession of letters to an English friend (to be shown to the Duke of Newcastle), pointing out not only how the campaign should be conducted, but what measures should be taken for supplying the requirements of the troops; and if his advice had been followed, both French and English would have been spared much of the privation and suffering they endured before Sebastopol.

Where is there depth of intelligence like that of Molière? Where is there poetry like that of Racine? The choruses of Esther and Athalie are *to all other compositions* like a Raphael Virgin to one of Guercino or Guido.

"*Senior.*—Do you put Racine above Shakespeare?

"*Thiers.*—I cannot compare him with Shakespeare, whom I read only in translations; but I put him above Homer; I put him above Virgil, whom he most resembles; I put him, in short, above all that I know."

Thiers could never for a moment rise out of his country and himself: he was more than a representative, an intensified, Frenchman: it is hardly too much to say that, when talking about France, he was an expanded, elevated, idealised, transfigured *gamin de Paris.* Mark the tone in which he dwells on the necessity of finding constant food for the vanity and restless craving for excitement of his countrymen:

"*Senior.*—Will not industry and commerce, will not manufacturers and railways supply food for what you call your diabolical passion for excitement?

"*Thiers.*—Not in the least: they interest only the gamblers of the Bourse. The French public does not care whether it travels at the rate of five miles an hour or of thirty, whether its ports are empty or full, whether Rouen and Lyons are prosperous or starving. Vanity, envy, and ambition are our real passions. The government that prohibits our gratifying them from the tribune must give them vent in the field."

Not a word of disapproval or regret: not a word implying that it is hard on the rest of Europe to be periodically disturbed to find occupation or excitement for the French. Truth must be sacrificed if it is unpleasant to his countrymen to listen to it. To disabuse the Continent of the false impression, most unfavourable to the English, produced by the Baron de Bazancourt's semi-

official history of the Crimean war, a reply in the "North British Review" was by the express desire of Lord Palmerston translated and circulated under the title of "Quelques Eclaircissements relatifs à l'Armée Anglaise." In a letter (Jan. 16, 1857, to the writer) Thiers deprecates the publication in the strongest terms, on the ground that the counterstatement would wound the susceptibility of the French. "The least scratch (*piqûre*) would suffice to cause an explosion. Now, rest well assured that, the alliance broken, the world would be overturned. A little military glory is as nothing in the scale."

No one had done more to stimulate the national vanity which led to the Franco-German war of 1870: no one felt more keenly, or declared more loudly, that something must be done after Sadowa to vindicate the military prestige of France; but he had an instinctive perception of the state to which the army had been reduced by maladministration, and at the risk of his cherished popularity he came gallantly to the front to protest against rushing unprepared into the field. Parodying the famous "Strike, but hear me," he replied to the intemperate exclamations with which he was interrupted: "Affront me! Insult me! I am ready to undergo all to save the blood of my fellow-citizens, which you are imprudently ready to shed." When twitted with being the prophet of disaster, he retorted: "It is not I who have brought disaster upon France. I have never done so. They who have done it are those who would not listen to my warnings, when, in this place, I spoke of Sadowa and the expedition to Mexico."

The remainder of his career belongs to general history, and is well known. He refused to join the government of National Defence after Sept. 4,

but placed his services at its disposal, and did all that could be done to mitigate the disaster he had failed to avert. A graphic picture of him at the work has been drawn by Prince Bismarck in an "interview" with a correspondent of the "Times":—

"Ah! the French have not been just towards that poor M. Thiers. He was a true patriot, however, and the most striking figure I have yet met with in contemporary France. I had a kind of pity for that poor little old man, who went over Europe amid the rigour of winter to solicit impossible succour, who crossed and re-crossed the lines separating us from Paris, anxious to make peace, worried by the requirements of those who had remained in Paris, passing through musket shots fired at him by our posts, notwithstanding the strict orders which had been given them."

[Here the Prince paused an instant, half closing his eyes as if recalling something; then resuming the conversation he said:—]

"I remember an incident I shall never forget. We had met to discuss a question on which we could not agree. M. Thiers fought like a *beau diable*. M. Jules Favre wept, made tragic gestures, and no progress was made. Suddenly I began talking German. M. Thiers looked at me with an amazed air and said, 'You know very well we do not understand German.' 'Just so,' I said; 'when I discuss with men with whom I expect ultimately to come to an understanding, I speak their language; but when I begin to see that it is useless to discuss with them I speak my own; send for an interpreter.' The truth is, I was in a hurry to settle matters. I had been on thorns for a week. I was expecting every night to be woke up by a telegram bringing an English, Russian, Austrian, or Italian demand in favour of France. I know, indeed, I should have disregarded it, but it would have none the less been an indirect intervention and an interference in the quarrel between France and Germany. This had to be avoided at all costs, and it was therefore that, despite my admiration of M. Thiers' patriotic tenacity, I was so off-hand in talking German.

"These tactics had a strange effect. M. Jules Favre extended his long arms to heaven, his hair stood on end, and, concealing his face in his hands, he rushed into a corner of the room, pressing his head against the wall as if he would not be a witness of the humiliation inflicted on the representatives of France in forcing them to continue the negotiations in German. M. Thiers looked up above his spectacles with a scandalized air, then rushed to a table at the end of the room, and I heard his pen dashing feverishly over the paper. In a short time he came back to me. His small eyes flamed behind his spectacles, his mouth was drawn up with anger, and he offered me the paper with an abrupt movement, and in a husky and almost harsh voice said, 'Is that what you want?' I looked at what he had written; it was admirably drawn up, and was pretty nearly what I wanted. I then resumed speaking in French and the negotiations were completed in that tongue."

The picture is touching, although calculated to provoke a smile. The weakness is merged and forgotten in the agony:—

> "Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
> Is gentle love, and charms all womankind."

National vanity, refined and elevated into love of country or patriotism, takes rank as a virtue, sways as a power, attracts sympathy, and commands respect. There were moments of exaltation when it ennobled Thiers and made him speak like one inspired. "I see him still, pale, agitated, sitting down and standing up by turns: I hear his voice, hoarse from suffering, his broken words, his accents at the same time suppliant and proud, and I know nothing grander than this noble heart, bursting forth in complaints, in menaces, in prayers." This is M. Jules Favre's description of him in the apparently desperate effort to save Belfort, which was saved by his impassioned

appeals. "M. de Bismarck appeared troubled. The emotion of M. Thiers had gained upon him: he replied that he comprehended what he must suffer, and would be happy to be able to make him a concession."[1]

At the election of the National Assembly, February 18, 1871, Thiers was chosen by twenty-six departments. Large minorities had supported him in others, and it was computed that he received more than two millions of votes. "He had never," said M. Jules Simon, "sought popularity: he had braved it. All the world, friends and enemies, knew that he was our only statesman, and that his name was for us a protection, a moral force." His nomination to the chief magistracy by the Assembly seemed to follow as a matter of course, but we have good reason for believing that a feeler was put forth on behalf of the majority to try whether the Duc d'Aumale would accept the post upon an understanding that he was to make a monarchical *coup d'état*.

A decided majority of the Assembly was royalist, including a large sprinkling of legitimists, and this constituted Thiers' chief difficulty from the first. By the programme or compact know as the *Pacte de Bordeaux*, it was agreed on all sides that the discussion of forms of government must be postponed till the country was freed of the foreigner, and peace, order, and credit were re-established. The capacity, energy, tact, temper, fertility of resource which he displayed in accelerating these results have been generally admitted. If formal proof were wanting of the extraordinary difficulties of his position and the eminent qualities by which he overcame most of them, it would be found in the complete, clear and able, although neces-

[1] "Le Gouvernement de M. Thiers," vol. i. p. 121.

sarily partial and unnecessarily pugnacious, history of his government by M. Jules Simon.[1]

What enhanced his patriotism and disinterestedness, was the consciousness that his tenure of power was becoming precarious in exact proportion to the efficient use he made of it in restoring a normal state of things. "Wait," he called out to a royalist orator, "wait, before driving me to the wall, till the territory is evacuated, because then your courage will be equal to the task." Before the Pacte de Bordeaux, he said to one friend, "France is very sick: I shall be the physician to cure her, but you know how one deals with the physician when one is cured; the danger over, adieu the doctor." To another, when harassed by the permanent commission: "Yes, yes, I know full well that if they had no further need of me, they would not give me even my eight days' warning as to a lacquey."

It was his honest adherence to the spirit of the Pacte, his determination to uphold the republic as the only possible government under the circumstances, that made him obnoxious to the majority.

"If I believed the monarchy possible, I would retire: I should have fulfilled my engagement: I should remain a man of honour, and I should see my country follow what you call her destinies. Interrupt me this moment if you believe that the interest of the country is to make the monarchy at once: bid me descend from this tribune:

[1] Allowance may be made for the asperity with which M. Jules Simon assails his political antagonists, but why go out of his way to revive national animosities by stories of Prussian exaction which are exaggerated on the face of them? Thus, in speaking of what took place at Versailles, under the eye of the Emperor and his staff:—'The debauch was very general, very shameless, very cynical. General, also, the drunkenness. The officers did not always show themselves more civilised than the soldiers. They entered the houses by violence, opened the drawers, ordered dinner, chose their rooms without respect, often taking the chamber of the daughter of the house."—Vol. ii. 145.

take the power: it is not I who will dispute it with you. Gentlemen, you see me as I am. I am an old disciple of monarchy, I am what is called a monarchist, who adopts the republic for two reasons: because he has engaged himself, and that, practically at present, he cannot do anything else. You see what sort of republican I am: I give myself for what I am: I deceive nobody."[1]

We do not believe that he betrayed any undue leaning to the ultras of the Left; the accusation of radicalism was belied by his acts, by the whole tenor of his life from his first entry into office. But where he erred, where he played into the hands of his adversaries, was in not acting on his own favourite maxim of parliamentary government, instead of cumulating the parts of President and minister. He had no business in the tribune: he should have left the duty of exposition and explanation to his ministers, and held them responsible. He resigned (May 24, 1873) in consequence of a vote by 360 against 344 "that the recent ministerial modifications had not given the conservatives the satisfaction they had a right to expect." Why, as chief of a constitutional government, did he resign? Why not submit to be bound by the majority of the representatives of the people, as Marshal MacMahon, although reluctantly and with a bad grace, has done,—thereby presenting the nearest approximation to parliamentary government that has hitherto been seen in France?

Thiers had resigned once before (Jan. 20, 1872) on a question of finance. M. Jules Simon says that, on the withdrawal of his resignation, the satisfaction was "profound and unanimous," that the Right, in particular, felt more profoundly than any, that he was the indispensable man.

[1] Speech of November 29, 1872.

"They never faced for a moment the possibility of replacing him. Never did man witness a more striking demonstration of the grandeur of his situation. The princes who are offered crowns have conspired and played the valet to get the offer. But this *bourgeois* had positively rejected power, and treated with disdain the Assembly which, notwithstanding, was at his feet."

We presume that when M. Jules Simon wrote this, he could not have been aware that what really induced the majority to refuse the resignation was the opportune and calculated announcement by the Germans that the liberation of the territory would be checked or brought to a standstill if Thiers ceased to be President. It would seem that he himself was under a misapprehension as to the possibility of replacing him.

"In the course of conversation, at the Council, of these different incidents, M. Jules Simon said, laughing, to M. Thiers, 'Now, you should say your "Nunc dimittis."'

"*M. Thiers* (with a pensive air).—'But they have no one. *M. Jules Simon.*—'They have Marshal MacMahon.' *M. Thiers* (with vivacity).—'Oh, as for him, I will answer for him. He will never accept.'"

The second resignation was readily accepted by the Assembly and the Presidency as readily by Marshal MacMahon. Only two months before (March 17) the Assembly had solemnly declared that "M. Thiers, President of the Republic, had deserved well of the country." It was felt by all who had the real interests of the country at heart that they were safest in his keeping, and the news of his retirement was received both at home and abroad with consternation and regret. His reputation never stood higher than after his fall. The having him in reserve for the presidency, in a highly probable contingency, was a tower of

strength to the Liberal party in the ensuing struggle, and the result of that struggle was in no small degree owing to the posthumous publication of his views and wishes, entitled his "Political Testament."

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to his statesmanship, critics are tolerably well agreed upon his merits and demerits as an historian, that is, as the historian of the Consulate and the Empire, for he is comparatively immature, he does not rise to his full height, in his "History of the Revolution." His merits are the mastery of the subject, the artistic selection and grouping of the facts: the flow, vivacity, and lucidity of the narrative: the lifelike sketches of character: the versatility and variety of speculation, observation, and thought. He is never tame or cold. His eagerness, his enthusiasm, are catching: you are interested because he is interested; and you are carried away by and with him the more readily from feeling that you are in the hands of one who has made or assisted in making, as well as one who has written, history. His familiarity with public affairs is especially seen and felt in the fulness and completeness of the administrative details. "We are introduced," says Sainte-Beuve, "for the first time, to what private persons would never have had a chance of knowing otherwise: into the secrets of councils and negotiations, into the intimate conversations of sovereigns, into the succession of thoughts agitated under the tent of Cæsar, on the pillow of Alexander."

That his work is coloured by his likings and dislikings, by his opinions, his predilections and his prejudices, rather enhances than lessens its attractiveness: and so, to his countrymen, does

the all-pervading spirit of nationality; but these are serious drawbacks when he comes to be weighed as an authority. He is often fairly beside himself, and sets all probability at defiance, when the reputation of his imperial hero or the glory of the French arms is at stake. If we are to accept his account of Waterloo, almost every battalion of the English army was *culbuté* (his favourite phrase) two or three times over, and could hardly have known whether they stood on their heads or their heels before the battle was won. He begins his account of the battle of Aboukir, by stating that "the Bellerophon dismantled, and other English vessels horribly maltreated, were obliged to draw off," and attributes the defeat of the French to the non-observance of a signal. At Trafalgar, he says, "Nelson's ship, the 'Victory,' would infallibly have been carried by boarding from the 'Redoubtable' (a two-decker), if 200 men, including the boarding-party, had not been swept away by a single discharge of grape from the 'Téméraire.'" In describing what took place off Boulogne in 1804, he states that the Emperor, to set an example to his navy, got into a barge, had it steered right towards an English frigate, received a broadside, and got off with a splashing (*était quitte pour l'éclaboussure*).

In a Preface to the concluding volumes, he compares a perfect style to glass, through which we look without being conscious of its presence between the object and the eye. His own style is glass of whose presence we are occasionally made conscious by specks. One of his learned friends, when asked for his opinion after receiving a volume, replied that he thought it excellent, but that there were numerous negligences of style:

he had found the word *hélas* repeated more than twenty times.[1] "Is that all?" asked Thiers. "No, it is also too loose, too free, too familiar." "That is nothing," was the retort—"no, truly, it is nothing, and gives me little concern: I have no literary pretension: what I dreaded is that I should be accused of having imperfectly embraced the entirety (*ensemble*) of the subject which I treat."

The compliment to his authorship, which touched him most, was the phrase adroitly introduced by Napoleon III. in the speech from the throne in 1867: *Historien illustre et national.* It was well earned, for the foundation-stone of the Second Empire was laid by the history. His book, entitled "De la Propriété," published in 1848, contains some admirable specimens of written eloquence, blending imagination with argument and thought.

It was impossible to know Thiers well without being impressed by his kindness of disposition, good-nature, and amiability. The number and quality of his attached friends are an all-sufficient answer to the calumnies that have been heaped upon him. His style of conversation in early life is thus described by Lamartine:

"Modesty is a virtue of the North, or an exquisite fruit of education. He spoke first, he spoke last, he paid little attention to replies: but he spoke with a justness, an audacity, a fecundity of ideas, that caused the volubility of his lips to be forgiven. It was clear that his disciples had accustomed him to be listened to. This talk, perfectly familiar and appropriate to the ease (*abandon*) of the hour and the place, was neither eloquent nor pretentious. It was the heart and mind that were poured out."

[1] "I did not say 'Alas!' Nobody ever does that I know of, though the word is so frequently written."—*Eothen.*

This was equally true of him in after life, in the fulness of his fame. Modesty would have been misplaced, and Sydney Smith has laid down that there is no necessary connection between modesty and merit except that they both begin with an *m*. But Thiers was always simple, easy, and unassuming, and in one respect must have improved; for he was ready to listen. French *causerie*, however, is more continuous and less elliptical than English conversation, and a somewhat different test of excellence is consequently applied. When he was in England in 1852, a dinner (March 1) was made for him, at which were present: Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Hallam, Edward Lord Lytton, Lord Elcho, Lord Cardwell, Lord Herbert of Lea, Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, Mr. Henry Fitzroy, Lord Kingsdown, Colonel Damer and the writer. The conversation was varied and animated: Thiers had the advantage of language and choice of subject; but the general impression was that Mr. Gladstone was (if anything) the better talker of the two.

We hardly know a public character, ancient or modern, which it is more difficult to sum up or judge. He can hardly be called great; although (if influence be a test of greatness) a man cannot be far from it, when he paves the way for an empire or consolidates a republic: when the pulse of a great nation throbs at his touch: when, in a momentous crisis—with peace, order, and liberty at stake—his name is sounded through the whole length and breadth of his native land as a rallying cry, and his voice is listened to like a revelation as it comes charged with wise counsel and solemn warning from the tomb. But considering his marvellous intelligence, his range, versatility and elasticity of mind, his sway over popular assem-

blies, his genius for the conduct of affairs, his power of rising to emergencies and (above all) the amount of thought and action he originated or impelled, we do not hesitate to declare him, with all his faults and errors, the most brilliant and distinguished of the illustrious band of writers, orators and statesmen whom France of the nineteenth century has produced.

PRINCE BISMARCK.[1]

(*From the Quarterly Review, January*, 1879.)

SPECULATING in 1870 whether Prussia would eventually be merged in Germany, M. Renan exclaimed: "I know not, for M. de Bismarck hitherto has not submitted himself, and perhaps never will submit himself, to analysis." Prince Bismarck had been tolerably frank before 1870; and at all events he has since submitted himself to analysis as completely as is well possible for any living statesman. We allude not merely to the compromising publication of Dr. Busch, although its indiscretion does not affect its authenticity, and we incline to think that, so far as it goes, the general impression left by it is correct. There have been interviewing correspondents and trusted biographers. The Prince's familiar letters, as well as his private conversation, have been freely laid

[1] 1. *The Life of Bismarck, Private and Political: with Descriptive Notices of his Ancestry.* By J. E. L. Hesekiel. Translated and Edited, &c., by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F.S.A., &c. London, 1870.

2. *Prince Bismarck's Letters, to his Wife, his Sister, and others, from* 1844 *to* 1870. Translated from the German by Fitzh. Maxse. London, 1878.

3. *Deux Chanceliers, le Prince Gortchakoff et le Prince de Bismarck.* Par M. Julian Klaczko, ancien Député au Parlement de Vienna. Paris, 1876.

4. *Graf Bismarck und seine Leute während des Kriegs mit Frankreich.* ("Count Bismarck and his People during the War with France.") Von D. Moritz Busch. Zwei Bände. Zweite unveränderte Auflage. Leipzig, 1878.

before the world. He has been photographed in all attitudes, and stenographed in all moods of mind. We have been unreservedly made acquainted with the strange medley of principle and prejudice, faith and superstition, sternness and volatility, strength and weakness, of which his character is made up; and altogether there are now ample materials for deciding, at least approximatively, in what class of statesmen he is to be placed: whether amongst the bold and fortunate, or the really great. Has his success been owing to sagacity, forethought, grasp and comprehensiveness of view, the instinctive promptings of political genius, the grand qualities which naturally control events and dominate mankind; or to self-reliance bordering on audacity, an iron will, a set purpose, an unscrupulous resort to means, and a never-failing readiness to stake all on the hazard of the die?

The problem is well worth solving; and it cannot be solved without reverting to his birth, education, and early life, which, more than is commonly the case with men of his intellectual calibre, marked out and influenced his career.

To begin with his birth: the most distinctive features of his character, his chivalrous devotion to his sovereign as a feudal chief or liege lord, his belief in the right divine of kings, his aristocratic tendencies, were inborn and inherited. They came to him as the lineal descendant of a family whose nobility or gentility may be estimated from the fact, that no flaw could be discovered in his pedigree till it was carried back to the fourteenth century, when Rulo Bismarck was member, and frequently *prevot*, of the guild of master tailors in the small borough of Stendal. In vain was it plausibly alleged that a noble might have been

member of the guild without exercising the craft: that Rulo might have been a master-tailor, as Dante, his contemporary, was an apothecary: the Liberal Opposition could not resist the temptation of levelling at their arch-enemy the same sneer to which Goethe (three of whose progenitors were tailors) was exposed; and it was maliciously suggested that Rulo "might contemplate from heaven with pride and satisfaction the splendid imperial mantle that his descendant has managed to cut for King William out of the cloth of Europe."

His mother was the daughter of Privy-Councillor Menken, of a family non-noble, although distinguished in literature and the public service. He was born at Schönhausen, on the 1st of April, 1815. His parents were accustomed to pass the winter months at Berlin, and it was there that he received his first schooling and his first college education, which was completed at Göttingen.[1] The tradition of both universities is that he was more distinguished as a Bursche, that is, as a rioting, rollicking kind of fellow, than by his proficiency in the studies of the place. He there acquired or perfected the power of swallowing any given amount of beer or fermented liquor with comparative impunity, and his duels were numerous. His first, at Berlin, was with a Jew student, named Wolf, whose spectacles he cut off, himself receiving a wound in the leg. He fought twenty-eight at Göttingen, and was only wounded once,—by the fracture of his adversary's sword, leaving a scar still visible in the cheek. The

[1] "He said he was placed from his sixth to his twelfth year in the Plamann Institute, in which the Spartan régime was rigidly enforced. He never got enough to eat, never once ate his fill, except when he was asked out. They had always "elastic" meat, not absolutely hard, but impenetrable to the teeth: and carrots mixed with potatoes he ate with a relish."—*Busch.*

author of the "Life," a highly favourable biographer, although admitting that even Savigny could not tempt him to attend more than two lectures on Jurisprudence, asserts that he passed his examination with credit at the appointed time, "with the aid of his own industry, his great gifts, and a clever *memoria technica;*" but M. Klaczko raises a doubt whether he ever passed this examination (the indispensable qualification for office) at any time.

"Grave question! which was long debated in Germany and of which a weapon has been made during twenty years against the party man, the Deputy, the Ambassador, the President of the Council. Remarkable fact! which well characterises the formalist spirit of the nation! M. de Bismarck had already defied all Europe and dismembered the Danish monarchy when, in the opposition journals of Germany, were flung from time to time, like reserved crackers, malicious allusions to this problematical examination! It is only since the epoch of Sadowa that they have definitely ceased: Sadowa cleared away a great many other and more important irregularities."

Goethe's Doctor's degree was similarly contested, till the cavil was extinguished in his fame. On leaving the University, whether he passed the requisite examination or not, Bismarck entered the Civil Service as Auscultator or Referendary to one of the minor Courts of Justice at Berlin, where, as usual, he left his mark for originality or oddity:

"The following anecdote we know to be genuine. The Auscultator was taking the protocol of a true Berliner, who finally so tried the patience of Bismarck by his impudence, that he jumped up and exclaimed, 'Sir, behave better, or I'll have you kicked out!" The magistrate present patted the zealous official in a friendly way upon the shoulder, and said quietly, 'Herr Auscultator, the

'kicking out is *my* business.' They proceeded in taking evidence, but very soon Bismarck again sprang to his feet, thundering out, 'Sir, behave yourself better, or the magistrate shall kick you out!' The face of the Court may be imagined."[1]

In 1836 he was transferred to the Crown Office at Aix-la-Chapelle, and later on we find him in the same capacity at Potsdam. He tried the army, but for a long time did not rise higher than Lieutenant of the Landwehr. He figures as Major at Sadowa, after which he was promoted *per saltum* to the rank of General. His temporary withdrawal from the Civil Service may have been mainly owing to the duty imposed upon him and his brother, through the father's maladministration, of undertaking the management of the family estates. The care of two of these devolved upon him, and he devoted himself in right earnestness to agricultural pursuits till he had set matters right; but the return of prosperity was the signal for a relapse into eccentricities, which he indulged to such an extent as to acquire the nickname of "Der Tolle (mad) Bismarck." The hospitality of the manor-house of Kniehoff rivalled that of an Irish Castle Rack-rent when a party was invited to drink out a hogshead of claret; and its evil reputation and its orgies bore some resemblance to those of Medenham Abbey in the days of the Hellfire Club and Wilkes. At the same time he had the credit of reading much, and he was known to receive frequent parcels of books, historical, theological, and philosophical. He is said to have made a deep study of Spinoza. He visited

[1] "The Life," p. 104. This is a valuable book, despite of its faulty composition and its exaggerated tone of eulogy, on account of the author's peculiar sources of information. We are indebted to it for much that is not to be found elsewhere. The "Letters," which now form a separate publication, first appeared in it.

France and England, having previously acquired a competent knowledge of the language of both countries; and from a restless desire of change or longing for a fixed occupation of any sort, he got re-appointed to his old position of referendary at Potsdam. Conceiving himself slighted in society by the President, he quietly requested him to remember that, beyond the precincts of the Court, Herr von Bismarck was as good as Herr Anybody Else. The same functionary having kept him playing antechamber for an hour after he had sent in his name, was thus addressed: "I came to request a short leave of absence, but, having passed the last hour in reflection, I now demand leave to resign." He then paid his father a visit at Schönhausen, with a half-formed resolution to remain there and become Landrath in the original seat of his race. On his return to Kniehoff, he is isolated on a narrow step of land by the overflow of a river, and with a touch of irony at the slender limits of his domain he writes:

"About one o'clock one of my waggons was carried away by the flood, and in my little river, the Hampel, I am proud to say a man driving a pitch-cart was carried away and drowned."

Swift expresses a similar feeling of mock exultation when a man narrowly escaped drowning in his little river at Laracor. Bismarck's father died in 1845, and being now (February 1846) fixed at Schönhausen, he writes:

"They are going to make me captain of the dykes here, and I am pretty certain of being returned to the Saxon Diet (of course not the Dresden one). My acceptance of the first post would be decisive as regards my future residence here. There is no salary attached, but the conduct of the business of this office is of material importance

for the welfare of Schönhausen and other property, as it is dependent upon such conduct as to whether we are on certain occasions to be under water again or not. On the other hand, my friend . . . is always at me, as he wishes to send me to East Prussia as His Majesty's Commissioner of Works there.

"Bernhard, against my expectation, urges me strongly to go to East Prussia. I should like to know what he is aiming at. He *pretends that my bent and capabilities point to entering the service of the State, and that sooner or later I shall do so.*"

Besides being made Dyke Captain, he was named Knight Deputy in the Saxon Provincial Diet at Merseburg, which gave him a seat in the United Diet; and he attended the first meeting in 1847. There were times when he seriously meditated going to seek his fortune in India. Marriage was frequently in his thoughts, and in February 1846, referring to his land-bailiff, he writes:

"The ideal of his dreams, instigated thereto by her parents, has lately thrown him over, and married a wheelwright: just my case, barring the wheelwright, who is still creaking about in the future. I must, however, marry; the d— take me! I see it again too clearly now that father has left me, and the damp mild weather exercises a melancholy, love-longing influence over me. It is no use my struggling, I shall have to marry . . .: everybody wills it so, and nothing seems more natural, as we are both of us left behind.

"She makes no impression upon me, it is true, but this is the case with all of them. Ah! if one could only change one's inclinations with one's linen—however seldom such an event might occur!"

On the 28th of July, 1847, he was married to Johanna, the only daughter of Herr von Putkammer, a neighbouring landed proprietor, who, subsequently recurring to the day when she avowed her attachment to mad Bismarck, de-

clared: "It seemed as if I had been felled with an axe." The marriage was in all respects a happy one. They had three children, a daughter and two sons, born respectively in 1848, 1849, and 1852. His first appearance in the Diet (between the betrothal and the marriage) was on the 17th of May, 1847. He joined the Extreme Right or Conservative party, and broke ground at once in a style that fixed attention. He was not, and never became, an orator, although he has shown some skill as a debater. His strength lay in the depth of his convictions, which he expressed or blurted out in vehement unmeasured language, devoid of rhetorical grace or polish, but occasionally warmed and animated by burning words, condensed thoughts, and striking images, which came flashing through his tangled periods like lightning through clouds. Thus, contemptuously dismissing the notion that the principles of revolution and counter-revolution could be disposed of or settled by parliamentary debate, he said: "The decision can come only from God, the God of battles, when He shall let fall from his hand the iron dice of destiny."

In Weber's opera, "Der Freischütz," Max borrows a cartridge from Robert, the evil genius, and with it brings down an eagle. He asks for more of the same cartridges, and is told that the bullets are enchanted and can only be had by selling himself to the infernal spirits—by the sacrifice of his soul. Max draws back, and then Robert, with a sneer, informs him that it is useless to hesitate, that the compact is made, and that he is already engaged by the cartridge which he has used: "Did you fancy, then, that this eagle was a gratuitous gift?" Nothing could be happier than Bismarck's application of this scene when,

adjuring the Prussian Chamber in 1849 not to accept for the King the imperial crown offered by the Frankfort Parliament, he exclaimed: "It is Radicalism which brings this donation to the King. Sooner or later this same Radicalism will draw itself up to its full height before him, will demand its reward, and, pointing to the eagle on this now imperial flag, will say to him, 'Did you fancy, then, that this eagle was a gratuitous gift?'"

The most telling retort to his adversaries, and the most inspiriting assurance to his supporters, were condensed in the application of a memorable event in history. When the Emperor Henry the Fourth crossed the Alps to make his submission to Gregory the Seventh, the Pope kept him waiting three winter days with bare head and naked feet in an outer court of the Castle of Canossa. Referring to this in the height of his conflict with Rome, Bismarck pointedly exclaimed: "Be sure of one thing, gentlemen, we shall not go to Canossa."

His maiden speech, May 17, 1847, was in answer to an orator who had attributed the rising of Germany against the Napoleonic yoke to a longing for free government:

"I am compelled," he said, "to contradict what is stated from this tribune, as well as what is so loudly and so frequently asserted outside this hall, in reference to the necessity for a constitution, as if the movements of our nation in 1813 should be ascribed to other causes and motives than those of the tyranny exercised by the foreigner in our land."

Here he was assailed with hisses, cries, and other marks of disapprobation. Finding it impossible to obtain a hearing, he quietly drew a newspaper from his pocket—the "Spenersche

Zeitung," adds the biographer, who delights in particularity—and read or appeared to read it in an easy, unconcerned attitude, till order was restored. He then resumed:

"In my opinion it is doing sorry service to the national honour to conclude that ill-treatment and humiliation suffered by Prussia at the hands of a foreign rule would not be enough to rouse Prussian blood, and cause all other feelings to be absorbed by the hatred of foreigners."

He was followed by some elderly Liberals, who suggested that he was too young to know what he was talking about, and declared that their motives in taking the field in 1813 had been misunderstood. He then reascended the tribune and, amidst renewed clamour, replied coldly and sarcastically:

"It is certainly undeniable that I can hardly be said to have lived in those days, and I am truly sorry not to have been permitted to take part in that movement: my regret for this is certainly diminished by the explanations I have received just now upon the movement of that epoch. I always thought the servitude against which the sword was then used was a foreign servitude; I now learn that it lay at home. For this correction I am not by any means grateful!"

His political faith was sharply defined in a parallel between the state of things which led respectively to the English revolution of 1688 and the Prussian Constitution of 1847.

"The English people were then in a different position from that of the Prussian people now; a century of revolution and civil war had invested them with the right to dispose of a crown, and bind up with it conditions accepted by William of Orange. On the other hand, the Prussian sovereigns were in possession of a crown, not by grace of

the people, but by God's grace; an actually unconditional crown, some of the rights of which they voluntarily conceded to the people—an example rare in history."

In strict keeping with his doctrine of divine right was the theory of the Christian basis of the State, by which he justified his resistance to the emancipation of the Jews. He remained unshaken throughout the stormy period brought about by the French Revolution of 1848, protesting that, if he accepted the programme of progress, it was only because he was powerless to do otherwise, because an ultra-Liberal ministry was better than no government at all:

"The past is buried and I mourn it with greater pain than many among you, because no human power can awaken it *when the Crown itself has scattered ashes upon the coffin.*"

He had a marked distrust of the Frankfort Parliament, and an aversion for everything emanating from it, especially the project of fusion which was to merge Prussian individuality in one all-embracing Fatherland. His denunciation of the tricolour contrasts strikingly with Lamartine's famous boast that it had made the tour of Europe on the car of Victory:

"The army has no enthusiasm for the tricolour; in it, as in the rest of the people, will be found no longing for national regeneration. The name of Prussia is all-sufficient for it. These hosts follow the banner of black and white, and not the tricolour: under the black and white they joyfully die for their country. . . . We are Prussians, and Prussians we desire to remain. I know that in these words I utter the creed of the Prussian army, the creed of the majority of my fellow-countrymen, and I hope to God that we shall continue Prussians, when this bit of paper is forgotten like the withered leaf of autumn!"

It was the maxim of Frederic the Great that the sky did not rest more firmly on the shoulders of Atlas than the Prussian State on the Prussian army, and it would seem to have been the especial and well-understood vocation of Bismarck to verify this maxim to the letter. The old-fashioned Royalists were seldom well-read in history. A French Legitimist, duke and peer, was complimented on having spoken like Demosthenes. "I don't know much about that," was the reply, "but Demosthenes was not more attached to his King than I am." One of Bismarck's most vehement supporters was the Adjutant-General von Rauch, who, when Radowitz, the leader of the Liberal-Conservatives, conjured the king, like Cæsar, to cross the Rubicon, replied, with a twang of the Berlin dialect: "I do not know that fellow Cæsar, nor that fellow the Rubicon, but the man cannot be a true Prussian who counsels his Majesty thus." Radowitz was by birth a Westphalian; but he was virtually Prime Minister of Prussia when he brought forward the new constitution in 1849, and when, anticipating Bismarck, he was eager to bring the long pending rivalry between Prussia and Austria to the arbitrament of arms in 1850.

In the autumn of that year, the people of Hesse Cassel had risen as one man against their Government, and expelled the minister, the chief source of their discontent. Austria sided with the oppressor, Prussia with the oppressed. Constitutionalism and Absolutism were on the point of coming to a fair stand-up fight, when Constitutionalism lost heart and the Hessians were compelled to take back their detested Hassenpflug. Manteuffel was President of the Council whilst this affair was brewing; but Radowitz, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, stood towards his chief much in the same

relation in which Pitt stood towards the Duke of Newcastle during the Seven Years' War. The menacing attitude of Russia in the background had something to do with the collapse; but Radowitz told the writer that all he needed was the moral support of England, which Lord Palmerston, contrary to his alleged policy, refused. Wanting this, the war policy was overruled, and Manteuffel, after proposing an amicable interview with the Austrian Minister (Prince Schwarzenberg) at Oderberg on the frontier, took the humiliating step of telegraphing to say that, in obedience to the positive orders of his sovereign, he would come to Olmütz, an Austrian town, to await the reply.

The terms of the arrangement (November 29, 1850) were mortifying in the extreme to Prussia, and raised such a storm of indignation against Manteuffel, that he declared he would rather encounter pointed bullets than pointed speeches—*lieber Spitzkugeln als Spitze-reden.* A leading member of the Chamber was enthusiastically applauded when he concluded a violent philippic with "Down with the Minister." Bismarck alone came to the rescue, and boldly maintained that, having got into a wrong groove, the minister had acted wisely in getting out of it in the only available way. His hatred of liberalism appears to have got the better of both his loyalty and patriotism; for, careless or forgetful of the predominance he had asserted for Prussia and her King by right divine, he maintained that no German federation was possible without Austria, that Austria was a German power in all the force of the term, and that Prussia ought to subordinate herself to Austria, in order to combat the threatening democracy in concert.

"Most assuredly," remarks M. Klaczko, "whilst commemorating this sitting of the Chamber one may, to speak with Montesquieu, give ourselves the spectacle of the astonishing vicissitudes of history; but the irony of fate begins to assume truly fantastic proportions when we reflect that it was precisely this speech of the 3rd of December, 1850, which decided the vocation of M. de Bismarck, and opened to him the career of foreign affairs. Forced to consent to the restoration of the Bund, and resigned to the preponderance of the empire of the Hapsburgs, the Prussian Government thought it could not give better pledges of its dispositions than by naming as its plenipotentiary at the Germanic Confederation the fiery orator whose devotion to the cause of the Hapsburgs was able to stand the test of the humiliation at Olmütz; *and it was as the most decided partisan of Austria that the future victor of Sadowa made his entry on the arena of diplomacy.*"

It would seem that the offer of this appointment was made with the view of conciliating him, without much expectation of his closing with it. On his intimating his willingness to accept it, the president referred him to the King, to whom he said at once:—"If your Majesty is desirous of trying the experiment, I am ready to fulfil your wishes." On the King's drawing his attention to the significance and responsibilities of the post, he replied, "Your Majesty can surely try me: if I prove a failure, I can be recalled in six months, or even sooner." In May 1851, he was named First Secretary of the Embassy to the Diet, with the title of privy-councillor. He did not become envoy and plenipotentiary till the August following. Although he arrived the professed partisan of Austria, the independent position he took up is shown by the now familiar anecdote of his requesting a light (to light his cigar) from the Austrian envoy, who had hitherto smoked in solitary dignity in the Bund.

It was not in form only that he asserted his equality. He was not long in discovering the error into which he had been hurried by his dread or hatred of democracy. Austria had a secure majority in the Diet; and it required unceasing vigilance, combined with energy, to prevent Prussia from being completely overshadowed; the more especially that the tone and attitude of the Government were long perceptibly modified by recollections of Olmütz. His diplomatic was strengthened by his social position. He occupied a handsome house: entertained largely: and (what was unusual in official circles) received authors, artists, and musicians, as well as nobles. To show his attachment to the army, he always appeared in public in his Landwehr or militia uniform, with (at first) a solitary decoration on his breast, a medal corresponding with our Humane Society medal, won by saving his soldier-servant from drowning at great personal risk. To the supercilious diplomatist who asked him what it was and how he got it, he replied: "Why, for once I took it into my head to save a man's life."

His Frankfort mission, although he pronounced it "terribly dull," was full of movement, occupation and excitement. But when he had fairly arrived at the conclusion that little or nothing was to be done with the Bund, he contracted a dislike approaching to contempt for diplomacy, at all events such diplomacy as he found there, and longed for a more congenial field of action. His state of mind is strikingly portrayed in his letters, which leave what we believe to be a more faithful as well as more favourable impression of him than his table-talk as reported by Dr. Busch. They are, moreover, quite as fresh, frank and outspoken, and still more remarkable for force of

expression, piquancy, and point. In a letter to his wife he says:

"We all play at believing that each of us is crammed full of ideas and plans if he would only speak, and we are every one of us perfectly well aware that all of us together are not a hair better as to knowledge of what will become of Germany than Gossamer Summer. No one, not even the most malicious democrat, can form a conception of the charlatanism and self-importance of our assembled diplomacy."

Passages abound in which the romantic and sentimental elements of his character combine or contrast with the religious feeling which he again and again tells us is its foundation and its strength.

"Saturday afternoon I drove out with Rochow and Lynar to Rüdesheim; there I took a boat, rowed out upon the Rhine, and swam in the moonlight, with nothing but nose and eyes out of the water, as far as the Mäusethurm near Bingen, where the bad bishop came to his end. It gives one a peculiar dreamy sensation to float thus on a quiet warm night in the water, gently carried down by the current, looking above on the heavens studded with the moon and stars, and on each side the banks and wooded hill-tops and the battlements of the old castles bathed in the moonlight, whilst nothing falls on one's ear but the gentle splashing of one's own movements. I should like to swim like this every evening. I drank some very fair wine afterwards, and then sat a long time with Lynar smoking on the balcony—the Rhine below us. My little New Testament and the star-studded heavens brought us on the subject of religion, and I argued long against the Rousseau-like sophism of his ideas, without, however, achieving more than to reduce him to silence."

He is sent on an important mission to Vienna, and there are few better things in descriptive letter-writing than the hasty sketches, interspersed

with touches of humour, which he dashes off upon the way. He visits Holland in 1853, and sends his sister graphic accounts of what he saw in town and country, including a sea-piece on board a Dutch sloop and an animated parallel between Venice and Rotterdam. He was in Paris in 1853, and again in 1857, when he had the first of those conferences with the French emperor which led to such momentous consequences in the end. He was so frequently summoned to attend the cabinet or court that he was computed to have travelled 2600 miles (German) between Berlin and Frankfort in one year.

The tone of the letters is hardly reconcilable with the statement in the "Life," that he wished to remain at Frankfort, and that he personally complained to the Prince of the transference to St. Petersburg. The truth is, his known hostility to Austria, with whom Prussia was not yet prepared to break, rendered his presence as Prussian ambassador in the Bund extremely inconvenient at this particular conjuncture,—the eve of the Italian war of 1859; and the state of opinion at Berlin was not ripe for the reception of his policy. He was therefore (to use his own expression, *mis à la glace*—laid up in ice—in Russia. He arrived there on the 29th of March, 1859, and on the 12th of May following he addressed to M. de Schleinitz the remarkable confidential despatch in which he fully develops his view of the relations between Prussia and Austria, and indicates the policy by which alone the resulting problem could be solved.

"I see in our relation with the Bund an error of Prussia's which, sooner or later, we shall have to repair 'ferro et igni,' unless we take advantage betimes of a favourable season to employ a healing remedy against it."

This is the first occurrence of the phrase, "sword and fire," which subsequently became so celebrated.

It is the moral and purpose of M. Klaczko's book, ingeniously and artistically evolved and worked out, that the destiny of Europe has been decided by his two Chancellors: that by express or tacit understanding they have lent each other a helping hand upon all trying emergencies: that Prince Gortchakoff answered for the neutrality or inaction of France during the Austrian war of 1866: that Prince Bismarck repaid the obligation by keeping Austria aloof during the Turkish war which closed with the Treaty of Berlin; and that it is by the connivance of these two that all the convulsions of Europe during the last twenty years have been brought about.

This community of feeling and interest, which began at Frankfort, was cemented at St. Petersburg, where Bismarck sedulously laid himself out to conciliate not merely the Russian Chancellor but Russian public opinion, such as it was, by adopting Russian habits and pursuits.

"Never," says M. Klaczko, "had a foreign ambassador on the banks of the Neva shown such devotion as the knight of La Marche for the polar star nor pushed so far the passion for the local colouring. He pushed it to the point of domesticating several bear cubs, which (like the foxes at Kniephof) were admitted during dinner to the dining-room, to afford an agreeable distraction to the guests, lick the hand of the master, and pinch the calves of the servants."

He had a long and severe illness soon after his arrival, but when he was sufficiently recovered he was a regular attendant at the bear or wolf hunts, arriving amongst the first at the rendezvous or "meet" in a sledge, attired in the Russian sport-

ing costume, and surprising the boldest and most practised sportsmen by his coolness and skill. He took a Russian professor into his house and learnt enough of the language to give orders to the servants, and on one occasion to delight the Czar by some appropriate phrases in the language of Pouchkine.

"I shall wrap myself up in my bearskin," he writes, September 24, 1859, "and let myself be snowed up, and see what is left of me and mine next May when it thaws. If that won't do, I shall go to earth and have done with politics, like Geschperl in the fourth tableau."

The prospect had not improved in his eyes when the May thaw came. Prussia was still pursuing what he thought a truckling policy, following in the wake of Austria instead of taking an independent line and striking for her proper place in Germany. The accounts which reached him of the meeting at Töplitz in August between the Prince-Regent of Prussia and the Emperor were far from reassuring. "We have been finely led by the nose at Töplitz by Vienna; geniality sold for nothing, not even for a mess of pottage," is the report of one whom he describes as a well-informed but rather Bonapartist correspondent. "God grant he is mistaken," is his comment.

Three months later, after the conquest of Naples, the Cabinet of Berlin addressed a strong remonstrance to that of Sardinia, to the effect that it is only by the legal course of reform and by respecting existing rights that a regular government is allowed to realise the legitimate wishes of nations, and concluding with this sentence: "Called to pronounce on the acts and principles of the Sardinian Government, we cannot do otherwise than deeply deplore them, and we believe

ourselves to be fulfilling a rigorous duty in expressing in the most explicit and most formal manner our disapprobation both of those principles and of the application that it has been thought fit to make of them." When this despatch was read by the Prussian envoy at Turin to Cavour, he listened to it in silence, and, after expressing his deep regret at the displeasure of the government of Berlin, added that he derived consolation from the thought that the time would come when Prussia would feel grateful to Piedmont for the example it had set. That time was approaching rapidly.

On the 3rd of February, 1860, Bismarck writes:

" . . . . I still hear with pleasure and a touch of home-sickness every piece of news about Frankfort affairs and persons, and when reading the papers I am often seized by the impulse to hurry into the sittings, eager for the fray. The move with the war-organisation was excellent: forward in the same style; out openly and boldly with our claims: they are too well justified not to win an eventual although perhaps dilatory recognition."

On the 8th November, 1858, the now Emperor, then Regent, in an allocution to his Cabinet, had declared that it was the predestined duty or vocation of Prussia to make *moral* conquests in Germany, and M. Klaczko combats the notion that her military successes have been owing to a long meditated scheme or half a century of preparation. The adoption of the needle-gun in 1847 was an isolated step, and when the mobilisation of the army was rendered necessary by the Italian complications of 1859, its organisation was discovered to be faulty in the extreme. It was to the reforms then instituted that Bismarck alluded when he said that the move with the war-organisation was

excellent. "I am sorry for the Austrian soldiers," is his remark after Solferino. "How must they be led that they get beaten every time!" And again on the 24th, "It is a lesson for the ministry, which they in their obstinacy will not take to heart. For the moment, I should fear France less than Austria, if we had to take up war."

Examples abound of great men, on the eve of great events, a prey to despondency and unconscious of the brilliant career in store for them. Bismarck is one.

"Petersburg, March 26, 1861.

"For the rest, I have reconciled myself with the life here, do not find the winter at all as bad as I thought, and ask no change in my position, till, if it is God's will, I retire to Schönhausen or Reinfeld, to set the carpenter at my coffin without unnecessary haste. The ambition to be minister quits a man nowadays for manifold reasons, which are not all suited for written communication. In Paris or London I should exist less comfortably than here, and not have more to say upon matters; and a change of abode is halfway in dying."

During the entire period of his Russian embassy, events had been leading up to the consummation which, despite of his real or affected indifference, was seldom alien from his wishes or absent from his thoughts. In November 1858, the Emperor Napoleon had commissioned the Marquis Pepoli to represent strongly to the Prince-Regent of Prussia all the advantages he would find in a rupture with Austria. "In Germany, Austria represents the past, Prussia the future: by chaining herself to Austria, Prussia condemns herself to immobility; she cannot rest in it; she is called to a higher fortune; she must fulfil in Germany the great destinies which await her, and which Germany expects from her." In October 1861,

the Regent paid a visit to the French Emperor at Compiègne, a most significant event, and returned imbued with a policy which Bismarck, with whom it had in a great measure originated, was obviously the man to carry out. But, as an intermediate step, before placing him at the head of affairs or because the royal intentions were still wavering, he was named ambassador at Paris.

"Paris, June 1, 1862.

"In eight or ten days I shall probably receive a telegraphic summons to Berlin, and then it is all over with music and dancing. If my opponents only knew what a boon they would confer on me personally by their victory, and how sincerely I wish them it, —— would then do his best out of malice to get me to Berlin. You cannot have a greater disinclination to the Wilhelmstrasse than myself, and if I am not convinced that it *must be*, I don't go. To leave the King in the lurch under pretext of illness, I hold to be cowardice and disloyalty."

He speaks of a visit to Fontainebleau and of the Empress as "prettier than ever, and always very amiable and gay;" but there is no mention of any personal communication with the Emperor, either in the "Letters" or the "Life." M. Klaczko says they met more than once, and that, while all the world were lost in wonder at the newly-discovered profundity of the Emperor, Bismarck did not hesitate to pronounce him "*une grande incapacité méconnue.*" At this time, as at all others, the Chancellor-expectant made no secret of his ultimate designs, acting throughout on the theory that, even when it is an object to keep things doubtful or dark, there is no blind like truth, nothing so sure to throw dust in the eyes of professional diplomatists, most of whom are too clever by half.

France, he openly declared, would have no reason to take umbrage at the aggrandizement of Prussia, who would become only more valuable as an ally when she had absorbed a minor State or two. "She has, in fact, an unhappy, impossible configuration: she wants belly on the side of Cassel and Nassau; her shoulder is out of joint on the side of Hanover; she is *en air*, and this painful situation condemns her to follow implicitly the policy of Vienna and St. Petersburg, to revolve unceasingly in the orbit of the Holy Alliance." Enlarged, rounded, unrestrained, he argued, she would naturally co-operate with France. If it be objected that the balance of power would be disturbed by the proposed annexations, what was to prevent France from being aggrandized, from being rounded in her turn? "Why should she not take Belgium, and there stifle a nest of demagogues? The Cabinet of Berlin would offer no opposition: *suum cuique* is the ancient and venerable device of the Prussian monarchy."[1]

It may have been the device of the Prussian monarchy since the seizure of Silesia by Frederic the Great, but it is at variance with the still more ancient and venerable device and doctrine of *meum* and *tuum*, and no common audacity was required to propound it as a principle of action, before the public mind of Europe had been prepared for it by such events as the appropriation of the Duchies by Prussia or the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France. All this, we are assured, was said with liveliness, with animation, with humour, accompanied by many a malicious remark on men and things: "on this Chamber of Lords at Berlin, for example, composed of respectable *perruques*, and the Chamber of Deputies, equally composed

[1] "Deux Chanceliers," p. 158.

of *perruques*, but not respectable; and an august personage, the most respectable, the most *perruqué* of all."

During the two months, June and July, 1862, passed in Paris, he made much the same impression as during his three years at St. Petersburg. His social success was marked: all agreed in full acknowledgment of the *homme d'esprit*, but the grave people, the people in place, the party leaders, shook their heads, and could not make up their minds to accept him as the *homme sérieux*. This was just what he wanted. His schemes became known, and what was startling in them was smoothed away by familiarity without his being made responsible for them in their embryo state: so that, when the time for action came, he might carry them out with all the honour of forethought or drop them as well-understood pleasantries.

Thiers did not see further below the surface than the rest. One evening in June, 1862, when the *salon* of the Place St. Georges was closed to all but a select and congenial circle, the host and the company were startled by the announcement of the Prussian ambassador, who, at the first opportune opening in the conversation, developed the policy he intended to pursue in case his august master should ever call him to the helm. Instead of inspiring confidence, his simulated indiscretion (as they thought it) was regarded as "a sort of ironical defiance addressed to their good faith." When Thiers returned the visit, Bismarck, with an air of gushing cordiality, addressed him: "Don't deny it, you are sulking (*vous boudez*) with your friends and your books." "When one has opinions," replied Thiers, "one must respect them." "You are right," rejoined Bismarck; "one must have ideas, but one must carry them

out by power. Come, I will make it up for you with the Emperor: be Minister, and we two between us will remake the map of Europe." Thiers turned the conversation, declining the offer and the idea by a wave of the hand, and speedily took his leave. Their next meeting was at Versailles, during the siege of Paris.[1]

On the 25th of July, 1862, Bismarck left Paris for the south of France. He was kept in uncertainty for six weeks, and it was from the Pyrenees, about the middle of September, that he was summoned by telegraph to Berlin. On his homeward journey he stops just long enough at Paris to take a hasty leave of his friends with a characteristic apophthegm: "Liberalism is but childishness; which is easily brought to reason; but revolution is a force, and one must know how to utilise it."

On his arrival at Berlin, he found Liberalism something more than childishness or child's play. It was in the flush of triumph, having just returned an increased majority to the Electoral Chamber, and the general belief was that he was summoned for the express purpose of repeating the feat of Polignac, of resorting to the extreme measure of a *coup d'état.* The split between the Government and the Second Chamber turned mainly on the war budget:

"The nation at large sided with their representatives. The love of peace was absolute. There was a complete absence of ambition: people were entirely resigned to the political situation which they occupied; and on the other hand no one was willing to admit that so peaceable a kingdom could be threatened by its neighbours. In such

[1] Thiers himself is the authority for these details, which he narrated to the late Bishop of Orleans. See "Récits de l'Invasion," by M. A. Boucher.

a state of things, all augmentation of the army, entailing an increase of military and financial burdens, was regarded by the country as an inconceivable caprice of their rulers."[1]

From this estimate of the popular feeling, adopted by M. Klaczko and confirmed by contemporaries, it will appear that Bismarck's position closely resembled that of Strafford, whose distinctive policy, embodied in the single word Thorough, he openly professed. The Prussian Chamber, however, had not, he contended, like the English House of Commons, the exclusive right to vote supplies or impose taxes. "The Prussian budget is fixed annually by a law, which requires the assent of the two Chambers and the Crown. Of their concurrent rights, each is unlimited in theory, and one is as strong as the other. In the case of their disagreement, the Constitution contains no disposition to decide which of them must give way." This is equally true of the English Constitution; but constitutional ways were new to Prussia, and the deputies were more puzzled than revolted when he told them that, with the dignity of the Crown and the welfare of the nation at stake, it was no infringement of their privileges to levy the required imposts without their consent. On the 29th of September 1862, he withdrew the budget of 1863, and said:

"It is owing to the great obstinacy of individuals that it is difficult to govern with the Constitution in Prussia. A constitutional crisis is no disgrace: it is an honour. *We are, perhaps, too cultured to endorse a Constitution.* . . . Germany does not contemplate the liberality of Prussia, but her power. Prussia must hold her power together for

[1] Constantine Rösser, "Graf Bismarck und die Deutsche Nation," Berlin, 1871.

the favourable opportunity which has already been sometimes neglected. The frontiers of Prussia are not favourable to a good State Constitution. *The great questions of the day are not to be decided by speeches and majorities—this has been the error of* 1848 *and* 1849—*but by iron and blood!*"

We quote from the "Life." The strongest expressions do not occur in the meagre report in the collected edition of the speeches; but in the January following, on being twitted with having said that Might makes Right, he explained that he had recommended a compromise to avoid conflicts, "because these conflicts are questions of power, and, the life of the State not being able to endure times of stoppage, he who finds himself in possession of power feels himself under the necessity of using it."[1] There can be little doubt that the words (iron and blood) were actually used; for it is stated, although rather clumsily, in the "Life" "that the opposition understood this frank language so little, that there was nothing more than plenty of jesting about the iron and blood policy, without end." That he contemplated a resort to force as a probable contingency, and the fate of Strafford as a possible result, is clear from involuntary exclamations which, according to the same authority, he let drop to friends: "Death on the scaffold, under certain circumstances, is as honourable as death on the battle-field. . . . I can imagine worse modes of death than the axe."

He was named Minister of State and President of the Cabinet *ad interim* on the 22nd of September, 1862: President of the Cabinet and Minister for Foreign Affairs on the 8th of October

[1] Speech, Jan. 27, 1863. The collected edition begins with the Sitting of Sept. 29, 1862, and is not continued after 1872.

following. On the 13th the Session of the Diet was closed, and soon afterwards he left Berlin for Paris, to make his formal adieux at the Tuileries; a significant step under the circumstances, as showing the importance he attached to a complete understanding with the Emperor. Referring to this period, he said at Versailles, as reported by Dr. Busch:

"When I became minister, I had a conversation with him (the Emperor) in Paris. He then expressed an opinion that it would not last long: there would be an insurrection in Berlin and revolution throughout the land, and on a *plébiscite* the King would have all against him. I told him the people with us erected no barricades: only the kings in Prussia made revolutions. If the King only held out four or five years against the tension which certainly existed at present, let the dissatisfaction of the public be as unpleasant and inconvenient as it might, he will have won the game. If he did not get tired and leave me in the lurch, I should not fall. And if an appeal was now made to the people and their votes taken, he had already nine chances to ten in his favour. The Emperor then said of me: He is not *un homme sérieux;* of which I naturally did not remind him at the weaver's at Donchery (after Sedan)."

The result does justice to his sagacity. After the failure of two dissolutions the deputies were sent about their business, and the administration proceeded as if the budget and the army organisation had regularly passed into law.

The author of "Count Bismarck" states that insult was added to injury: that Bismarck and von Roon (the Minister for War) had fits of audacious cynicism.

"One day, a speaker having raised great complaints against the ministers, and Herr Virchow having desired that they should attend the sittings, in order that they

might be able to answer, Count Bismarck coolly stepped forth from an adjoining room, and stated in a contemptuous way, that it would be superfluous to recommence the discussion, inasmuch as what was going on amongst the gentlemen could be heard well enough in the room where he had been. Another time, in a public meeting of the House, he told the deputies to their face, 'If we think it necessary to make war, we shall do so, with or without your consent.'"

Ordinances, rivalling the famous July ordinances in severity, were issued against the press. Liberty of speech in the Chambers was suppressed. Judges and functionaries who were not found pliant were replaced by a younger and less scrupulous class sufficiently numerous to be designated as the aspirers (*die Streber*). The system partook of both Strafford and Polignac. "One such open violation of the Constitution as was then perpetrated," remarks a temperate writer, "would have been enough to kindle a revolution in a less cold-blooded people." But the Prussians endured all; there were no insurrections, no barricades; and Bismarck was left free to pursue the foreign policy which was all along the paramount object he had in view.

This was not, as has been surmised, adopted to direct attention from his home policy. He had thoroughly at heart the aggrandizement of Prussia: he preferred greatness to freedom; and he fully believed that the means justified the end. His first step was to force on a definite arrangement with Austria; in other words, to decide which was to take the lead in the affairs of Germany. Coming to the point at once, as his manner was, two months after his accession to the Presidency he told Count Karolyi, the Austrian ambassador at Berlin, that the relations between the two Powers

could not continue as they were; that they must be changed for the better or the worse. Explanations ensued, and the upshot may be collected from Count Karolyi's report to his government (February 18, 1863), in which he says: "Finally, Bismarck placed before us in so many words the alternative of withdrawing from Germany and transporting our centre of gravity to Ofen, or of seeing Prussia in the ranks of our enemies on the occasion of the first European war. The least Prussia would accept was equality and the substitution of a real German Parliament for the Bund. These terms were refused by Austria; and Prussia, threatened by the Confederation, was beginning to talk of a *casus belli*, when a temporary diversion was unexpectedly caused by the death of Frederic VII., King of Denmark, on the 14th of November, 1863. This gave a new turn to the long pending affair of the Duchies, to which the Duke of Augustenburg now laid claim; it being already a question whether they were an appanage of the Danish Crown, or *de jure* independent members of the Confederation.

"The episode of the Schleswig-Holstein war, looked at as a whole, so completely exhibits the character of a dramatic intrigue—the cleverest and most successful ever seen on the political stage—that friends and enemies have long agreed in regarding it as Bismarck's masterpiece. If it be true that the series of incidents which followed in succession after the sudden death of the King of Denmark up to the Bohemian campaign were the result of a preconceived plan, it must be admitted that Machiavellism, in its boldest flights, has never produced anything parallel to it.

"To have found Austria on the high road to popularity, supported by the German princes with complete devotion, firmly ensconced in the Diet at which she presided; to have found Austria the representative of legitimacy, the

ancient friend and ally of the Great European Powers, and at the end of two years to have isolated her from everybody; to have lowered her in the eyes of the masses, to have brought her into deadly antagonism with the princes and the Bund; to have made her disown the principle of legitimacy and federal authority, and led her into a course directly opposed, not only to France and England, but also to her own former policy—to have thus taken her in tow, and led her on from one folly to another, in order finally to turn against her and ride over her when she was robbed of all internal support, and had no longer friends, allies, system, nor aim; to have done all this, must certainly be reckoned the highest perfection of that art of duping, which was formerly held to be the quintessence of diplomatic skill."[1]

This is far from being an overcharged picture, and the simplicity of the steps taken by Bismarck is no less remarkable than their audacity. The Diet had caused the Duchies to be occupied by a Federal force consisting of Saxons and Hanoverians: Prussia sent a force to join in the occupations; whereupon Austria, to ensure a share in the good or profitable work, did the same. In this state of things Bismarck proposed to Count Rechberg (the Austrian minister) to lay aside rivalry and settle the matter between them in their individual capacity of first-rate Powers. Count Rechberg agreed, and, prompted by Bismarck, proposed to the Diet that the Duke of Augustenburg should be ordered to quit the Duchies, and that all demonstrations in his favour in the Confederated States should be suppressed. The Diet refused. Then followed a joint demand from Austria and Prussia that the Diet should authorize their exclusive occupation. This, too, as Bismarck had calculated, was refused (January, 1864); and, dispensing with further ceremony, they marched in.

[1] "Count Bismarck: A Political Biography," chap. v.

It was not without warnings or misgivings that the Austrian statesmen fell into the trap. "That Bismarck is dragging us by the halter," was the cry at Vienna; and the Emperor Joseph, when some one was depreciating Bismarck in his presence, is reported to have exclaimed, "Ah! if I had but him." It would seem also that the population, whose vital interests were at stake, did not regard the Prussians as their well-wishers or give Bismarck credit for exalted motives; for the following squib was widely circulated:

"Es giebt nur eine Kaiserstadt, und es heisst Wien;
Es giebt nur eine Räubernest, und das ist Berlin."
("There is only one imperial city, and its name is Vienna;
There is only one robbers' nest, and that is Berlin.")[1]

We read in "Jonathan Wild," that after Bagshot in concert with Wild had robbed the Count, "they went together to the tavern, where Mr. Bagshot (generously, as he thought) offered to share the booty, and having divided the money into two unequal heaps, and added a golden snuff-box to the lesser heap, he desired Mr. Wild to take his choice. Mr. Wild immediately conveyed the larger share of the ready into his pocket, according to an excellent maxim of his: "First secure what share you can, before you wrangle for the rest." And then, turning to his companion, he asked him, with a stern countenance, "whether he intended to keep all that sum to himself?" Prince Bismarck was unconsciously taking Jonathan Wild for his prototype, when, having made Austria his catspaw in occupying the Duchies with a view to an equal division, he suddenly turned round upon her, claimed, and eventually appropriated

[1] The "Life," p. 351, note by Translator, who suggests that the squib may have come from the enemy's (the Austrian) camp.

both. In the midst of the complication (May 16th, 1864) he wrote in a private letter to a friend:

"You see from this how I look at the matter according to human lights. For the rest, the feeling of gratitude to God for his support hitherto, raises in me the confidence that the Lord knows how to turn even our faults to our advantage; this I learn daily to my salutary humbling.

"Finally, I may observe that annexation is not the chief and necessary aim of my efforts, although it may be their most pleasant result."

The merit of the acquisition, as the triumph of unprincipled adroitness under difficulties, is enhanced when we bear in mind that, besides other obligations, he had the Treaty of London (1852) recognising the dynastic rights of the King of Denmark, to get over, as well as his own speeches in the Prussian Chamber in 1849, when he "deplored that the Prussian troops had gone to uphold revolution in Sleswig against the legitimate sovereign of this country, the King of Denmark, and did not hesitate to declare that the war provoked in the Duchies of the Elbe was an enterprise eminently iniquitous, frivolous, disastrous, and revolutionary."[1]

In a chapter entitled "Vistule et Elbe," M. Klaczko represents Bismarck as uncertain, on his first accession to power, in what direction he had best look for an extension of territory, and coolly considering which of the European Powers might be kept quiet whilst he was carrying out his projects, or be coaxed or bribed into co-operating with him. "It is long," he said to a friend, "since England has entered into my calculations, and do you know since when I no longer take her into the reckoning? Since the day when, of her

[1] "Deux Chanceliers," p. 76.

25883

own free will, she renounced the Ionian Isles. A Power which ceases to take, and begins to restore, is a used up Power (*puissance finie*)." But by not taking England into the reckoning, in other words, by giving up the hopes of making her an accomplice, he paid, without intending it, a high compliment to her honesty and disinterestedness. His main reliance was on Russia, and he turned the Polish insurrection of 1863 to account as cleverly and unscrupulously as the imbroglio of the Duchies. When England, France, and Austria were addressing remonstrances of the most irritating nature to Russia and incidentally encouraging the Poles to their ruin, he was pressing a military convention (offensive and defensive) on the Czar, setting himself steadily against the other great Powers, defying Prussian opinion as manifested by the press, and telling his Liberal assailants in the Chambers that they were altogether in the dark.

"Placed before the chess-board of diplomacy, the uninitiated spectator believes the game decided by each new piece that he sees moved, and he may even fall into the illusion that the player changes his object." The player of the game before them never changed his main object, Prussian aggrandizement; but it would have required no ordinary degree of perspicacity to divine his peculiar method of pursuing it at this time. His notion was that the Russian army unaided would not be able to suppress the insurrection; and about the middle of February 1863, he unbosomed himself at a Court ball to the Vice-President of the Prussian Chamber, M. Behrend: "This question (he said) may be resolved in two ways: either we must promptly stifle the insurrection in concert with Russia and come before

the Western Powers with an accomplished fact, or we might leave the situation to spread and become aggravated, wait till the Russians are driven out of Poland or reduced to invoke assistance, and then proceed boldly to occupy the kingdom for Prussia. At the end of three years, all there would be Germanised." "But this is only ball talk (*propos de bal*)," exclaimed the astonished Vice-president. "No," was the reply; "I am speaking seriously of serious things. The Russians are tired of Poland: the Emperor Alexander himself said as much to me at St. Petersburg."

That he was mistaken as to the main point, the power of the Russians to suppress the insurrection, was speedily made clear; and it is difficult to believe that the Czar ever thought of relaxing his hold on Poland from any doubt on this subject, when we find the Grand Duke Constantine, referring (February 1863) to the offer of the military convention, expressing his surprise at such a proposition, and ironically remarking that the Prussian Government was making the devil much blacker than he was in reality. It may be taken for granted that this embryo design on Poland never assumed shape enough to create a disagreeable sensation at St. Petersburg, for the friendly relations between the two Chancellors were confirmed rather than weakened by what took place in 1863; and Bismarck's mode of dealing with Austria was in no slight degree owing to the consciousness that he had Russia at his back. Preparatory to the final breach, he had made sure of other effective aid. It was on his return from Biarritz in 1865, after seeing to what extent the Italian proclivities of the French Emperor were likely to operate on the situation, that Bismarck

said to the Chevalier Nigra: "If Italy did not exist, we should be obliged to invent her." He showed his sense of her value by signing the offensive and defensive alliance of April 1866.

Mérimée was fond of reverting to the scenes on the beach of Biarritz, when Napoleon III., leaning on his arm, was listening with a mixture of seriousness and amused incredulity to the projects of the German Chancellor, and how on one occasion his imperial friend murmured in his ear, "*Il est fou.*" General Govone states that Benedetti, in speaking of Bismarck, described him as a maniac, adding, by way of giving weight to his estimate, that he had been following him for fifteen years. It never crossed the mind of the Emperor or the diplomatist, that what they had been listening to as the dreams of a madman were the matured schemes of a statesman, which they were unwittingly aiding him to carry out. They were in the condition of the instrument-maker, of whom Barrington, the famous pickpocket, ordered an instrument of so rare a construction that he was induced to ask for what purpose it was to be employed. "For picking pockets," was the cool reply; and after his customer had left the shop he discovered that it had been successfully employed upon his own.

A hero of the comic drama tells his valet that a fib is too good a thing to be thrown away. Prince Bismarck seems to be of the same opinion: his favourite mode of deception is to tell the truth; but when truth will not serve the purpose, he does not stand upon trifles. On the eve of the declaration of war of 1866, Count Karolyi, on the part of Austria, summoned him to declare categorically if he thought of tearing up the Treaty of Gastein. "No," was the reply, "I have no such thought;

but should I answer you otherwise if I had?" He had fully resolved to tear up the treaty.

After the two Powers, *à la* Bagshot and Jonathan, had agreed to share the Duchies to which neither had the shadow of a right, Bismarck addressed (July 11, 1865) a haughty, menacing despatch to the Vienna Cabinet, proposing to become the purchaser of their share of the plunder, which he had made up his mind to monopolise by fair means or foul. This revived and aggravated the feeling of mutual exasperation, as he no doubt anticipated; for four days afterwards (July 15) he told the Duc de Grammont, the French ambassador to the Austrian Court, whom he met at Carlsbad, that he deemed the war inevitable, that it had become a necessity, and that he ardently wished for it. He used the same language to the Bavarian Premier, adding that Austria could not last a campaign, that one blow, one grand battle on the side of Silesia, would suffice to bring the House of Hapsburg to his feet.[1] But at the critical moment the King shrank from taking the initiative in what was pretty generally considered as a fratricidal war, and the Treaty of Gastein was signed (August 14, 1865), by which the compact to divide the spoil was renewed, the duchy of Lauenburg being transferred to Prussia for a stipulated sum. On the completion of this arrangement Bismarck was made a Count.[2]

In the midst of the grave occupations of Gastein he allowed himself to be photographed in what M. Klaczko terms a romanesque attitude with Signora Lucca, the prima donna of Berlin. This scandalized the serious public, with whom

[1] "Deux Chanceliers," p. 242, confirmed by A. Schmidt and others, but flatly contradicted by Hesekiel in "The Life."

[2] He was made Prince, March 21st, 1871.

he had always endeavoured to stand well, and a religious friend, M. André de Roman, thought proper to address to him an epistle, in which, after dwelling on the unbecoming levity of the association with the "Bathsheba of the opera," he took him severely to task for defying to mortal combat—he, prime minister,—the celebrated physician and deputy, Dr. Virchow. This, it was impressed upon him, was not the conduct of a true Christian; and it was suggested that his old friends, remarking his systematic non-attendance at divine service, were beginning to be disturbed about the condition of his soul. His reply, which, like everything else from his lips or pen, soon found its way to publicity, began thus:

"Berlin, December 26, 1865.

"DEAR ANDRÉ,—Although my time is very much taken up, I cannot refrain from replying to an interpellation made by an honest heart in the name of Christ. I am very sorry if I offend believing Christians, but I am certain that this is unavoidable for one in my vocation. . . . What man breathes who in such a position must not give offence justly or unjustly? I will even admit more, for your expression as to concealment is not accurate. I would to God that, besides what is known to the world, I had not other sins upon my soul, for which I can only hope for forgiveness in a confidence upon the blood of Christ. As a statesman I am not sufficiently disinterested, in my own mind I am rather cowardly, and that because it is not easy always to get that clearness on the question coming before me, which grows upon the soil of divine confidence."

This is Cromwell all over. In regard to the duel, he resorts to the same sort of justification as a famous contemporary whom no one will accuse of hypocrisy although occasionally prone, in obedience to what he deemed duty, to be

guided more by expediency than by principle. The Duke of Wellington, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, justified his duel with Lord Winchelsea on the ground of its necessity to enable him to carry Catholic Emancipation.[1] It was from a mixed motive of policy and faith that Bismarck challenged the doctor:

"As to the Virchow business, I am beyond the years in which any one takes counsel in such matters from flesh and blood. If I set my life on any matter, I do it in the same faith in which I have, by long and severe strife, but in honest and humble prayer to God, strengthened myself, and in which no human words, even if spoken by a friend in the Lord and a servant of the Church, can alter me."

With regard to the other charges he (in the language of special pleading) confesses and avoids:

"As to attendance at church, it is untrue that I never visit the house of God. For seven months I have been either absent or ill; who therefore can have observed me? I admit freely that it might take place more frequently, but it is not owing so much to want of time, as from a care of my health, especially in winter; and to those who feel themselves justified to be my judges in this I will render an account—they will believe, even without medical details.

"As to the Lucca photograph, you would probably be less severe in your censure, if you knew to what accident it owes its existence. The present Frau von Radden (Mdlle. Lucca), although a singer, is a lady of whom, as much as myself, there has never been any reason to say at any time such unpermitted things. Notwithstanding this, I should, had I in a quiet moment thought of the offence which this joke has given to many and

[1] "The truth is, that the duel with Lord Winchelsea was as much a part of the Roman Catholic question, and it was as necessary to undertake it and carry it to the extremity to which I did carry it, as it was to do everything else which I did do to attain the object which I had in view."—("*Despatches, Correspondence,*" *&c.*, vol. v. p. 585.)

faithful friends, have withdrawn myself from the field of the glass pointed at us. You perceive from the detailed manner in which I reply to you, that I regard your letter as well-intentioned, and by no means place myself above the judgment of those with whom I share a common faith. But from your friendship and your own Christian feeling, I anticipate that you will recommend to my judges prudence and clemency in similar matters for the future—of this we all stand in need.

"If among the multitude of sinners who are in need of the glory of God, I hope that His grace will not deprive me of the staff of humble faith which I endeavour to find out of my path. This confidence shall neither find me deaf to censorious words of friendly reproof, nor angry with loveless and proud criticism.

"In haste, yours,

"BISMARCK."

Having thus eased his conscience and made good his position as a Christian, he proceeded, in similar reliance on divine help, to consider how the recent Treaty of Gastein could be set aside, and the blood and iron, fire and sword, policy be put in action. Where there is a will there is a way; and he found no difficulty in picking a fresh quarrel with Austria, nor, though clearly the aggressor, in putting her more than once technically and logically in the wrong. Thus when England, Russia, and France proposed a conference of the Five Great Powers, he accepted it, knowing full well that Austria would refuse, except on wholly inadmissible conditions, namely, that no territorial changes should be discussed. When Austria proposed to leave the revived dispute touching the Duchies to the Bund, he declined; offering at the same time to be bound by a free German Parliament, to be elected by universal suffrage. The first call to arms came from the Bund, when (June 12,

1866), at the instigation of Austria, it ordered federal execution against Prussia. Prussia responded, June 15, by declaring war against Hanover, Saxony, and the Electorate of Hesse, the three States which had assumed a hostile attitude to support the Bund. The war manifesto of Austria was on the 17th, that of Prussia on the 18th, that of Italy (against Austria and Bavaria) on the 20th.

Early in June, M. Vilbert, the correspondent of a French journal, the "Siècle," was, much to his surprise, admitted to an interview with the great man who had been described to him as quite inaccessible, and, as was doubtless anticipated, he immediately published the conversation; which he began by requesting the Chancellor to explain the flagrant contradiction between his home and his foreign policy. He was calling, he was reminded, for a national Parliament to regenerate Germany, whilst he was treating the representative Chamber of Berlin as Louis XIV. treated the French Parliament when he entered it whip in hand.

"*A la bonne heure*, you go at once to the root of things," replied M. de Bismarck. "In France, I know, I am as unpopular as in Germany. Everywhere I am considered responsible for a state of things that I have not created, but which has been forced upon me, as upon every one else. I am the scapegoat of public opinion; but that does not much trouble me. I pursue the course which I believe to be beneficial to my country, and to Germany, with a perfectly easy conscience. As to the means, I have used those which were within my reach in default of better.

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"Sixteen years ago, I was living as a country gentleman, when the King appointed me the envoy of Prussia at the Frankfort Diet. I had been brought up to admire,

I might almost say to worship, Austrian policy. Much time, however, was not needed to dispel my youthful illusions with regard to Austria, and I become her declared opponent. The humiliation of my country; Germany sacrificed to the interests of a foreign nation; a crafty and perfidious line of policy;—these were not things calculated to give me satisfaction. I did not know that the future would call upon me to take any important part in public events, but from that period I conceived the idea, which at the present day I am still working out —the idea of withdrawing Germany from Austrian pressure; at any rate that part of Germany whose tone of thought, religion, manners, and interests, identify her destinies with those of Prussia—I speak of Northern Germany. In the plan which I brought forward, there has been no question of overthrowing thrones, of taking a duchy from one ruler, or some petty domain from another. The King, moreover, would lend no hand to such schemes. And then there are all the interests of relationships, cousinships, a host of antagonistic influences, against which I have had to sustain a daily and hourly warfare.

"But neither all this, nor the opposition which I have had to struggle against in Prussia, could prevent my devoting myself, heart and soul, to the idea of a Northern Germany, constituted in her logical and natural form under the ægis of Prussia. To attain this end, I would brave all dangers, exile—the scaffold itself. *I said to the Crown Prince, whose education and natural tendencies incline him rather to the side of parliamentary government: What matter if they hang me, provided the rope by which I am hung bind this new Germany firmly to your throne?*"

He was so far right, that parliamentary government in Prussia was then incompatible with the greatness he meditated for her, since the army would have been kept upon a peace footing befitting a second-rate State, had he attended to the national will as expressed by the representative Chamber after repeated appeals to the constituency. Although there was a party that began

to talk of a United Germany with a Prussian point, the war was unpopular. On arriving at Berlin in the spring of 1866, General Govone writes, "Not only the higher classes but the middle are contrary or little favourable to the war. This aversion is seen in the popular journals: there exists no hatred to Austria. What is more, although the Chamber has no great prestige or great popularity, the debates still create adversaries to Count Bismarck." A month before the war began the General writes again: "Unhappily the public mind in Prussia is not sensibly awakened even in face of a situation so decisive, so vital for the country." The principal towns, Cologne, Magdeburg, Stettin, Minden, &c., sent up addresses to the King in favour of peace and against the "fatal" policy of the Cabinet. Most assuredly if things had gone ill, Bismarck would not have been thanked by his countrymen, as Varro was thanked after the defeat of Cannæ, for not despairing of the republic —"quod de republicâ non desperasset."

The army formed no exception. "From all we have heard said by the officers," writes General Govone, April 2, 1866, "the army is not enthusiastic for the war against Austria: there is rather sympathy in its ranks with the Austrian army. I know well that, when once the war is declared, the army would be electrified and do its duty bravely, but it is neither a stimulant nor a support for the policy which Count Bismarck wishes to carry out." Admirably organised, complete, and readily available as an instrument as that army turned out to be, it inspired no alarm, hardly respect, in those who were so soon to quail before it. Referring to the battle of Sadowa in the Legislative Assembly, M. Rouher described it as "an event that Austria, that France, that the

soldier, that the simple citizen, had all considered as improbable, for it was, as it were, a universal presumption that Austria must be victorious and that Prussia must pay, and pay dearly, the price of its imprudence." It was taught in the French military schools that the Prussian army, owing to the short service, was little better than a militia, whilst Austria had an army which placed her in the highest rank, second only to France as a military power.[1]

"Rien si bête q'un vieux militaire," was a saying of Count Nesselrode: the sarcasm acquired point from the failure of experienced military men to discern the merit of the Prussian system, or the quality of the Prussian soldier, till these were placed beyond dispute by repeated trials in the field. It was not till after the Franco-German war that old officers who had seen service could be got to admit that education, intelligence, mind, might more than compensate for smartness and mechanical precision of movement. Prior to the war of 1866, Lord Clyde and General Forey were commissioned by their respective Governments to attend one of the grand Prussian reviews, and, after a critical inspection of the troops of all arms, they were hospitably entertained by the Staff. As they left the dinner together, General Forey threw his arm over Lord Clyde's shoulder and exclaimed, "Eh bien, mon ami, si jamais nous rencontrons ces messieurs sur le champ de bataille, ils seront joliment rossés." Lord Clyde told the story (to the writer) as agreeing with his French colleague;

[1] A full and accurate account of the organisation and strength of the Prussian army at the commencement of the war of 1866, is given in "The Seven Weeks' War; its Antecedents and its Incidents."—By Captain Henry Hozier, who was with the army, as correspondent of "The Times," during the whole of the campaign. This book is, in all respects, a very valuable contribution to military history.

and what seemed to have impressed both of them was the inequality of the step, the comparative irregularity of the line, and the incongruity of men wearing spectacles, with a decided civilian look, in the ranks.

Although the English and French military *attachés* at Berlin (General Walker and M. de Clermont Tonnerre) made timely reports of the adoption and efficiency of the needle-gun—which had been proved in the war with Denmark—little or no account was made of it in calculating the chances of the campaign; a want of foresight which would seem inexplicable did we not remember how perseveringly the Iron Duke clung to Brown Bess.[1] Moltke was yet unknown to fame as a tactician, and carried no weight as an authority. The indirect encouragement given by the French Emperor was of evil presage, as, like a gambler in the funds watching the turn of events, he was known to be speculating on a fall. Bismarck, therefore, had everybody and (to all outward appearances) everything against him, except a section of the Cabinet and the King, who kept vacillating till the very moment when he made the plunge. All were propelled, were hurried on, in their own despite, against their convictions, their predilections, or their fears, by the iron will, the fixed unbending resolution, of one man.

On the very day when he crossed the Rubicon,

[1] M. de Laveleye, in "La Prusse et l'Autriche depuis Sadowa," contends that the success of the Prussians was mainly owing to moral causes, and that the schoolmaster had more to do with the victory at Sadowa than the needle-gun. Since the introduction of arms of precision, very much depends upon the intelligence of the soldier, and discipline will always be best maintained in an army in which it is strengthened by self-respect. The essential principle of the Prussian system is conscription without substitutes. It was originally set on foot, in the days of Scharnhorst and Stein, to evade the restriction imposed by Napoleon after Jena on the numbers of the standing army of Prussia.

when the die was cast (June 15th), he was overheard murmuring: "The Almighty God is capricious." As he was leaving Berlin (June 30th) for the campaign, he said, "I will return by Vienna or Munich, or I will charge with the last squadron, with that which does not return." He is accused of darkly hinting at the use he might make of his revolver in case of a catastrophe. Coupling this with his letter from the battle-field (July 2nd) to his wife, begging her to send him a novel, we are reminded of Frederick the Great, whom Macaulay describes as riding about with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other. There was a quarter of an hour on the 3rd of July, the day of Sadowa, when Bismarck's thoughts may well have reverted to the caprice of destiny. The position of Prince Frederic Charles closely resembled that of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo; with this difference, that the duke could wait the attack, which Prince Frederic Charles was obliged to precipitate lest the Austrian army should evade the combined movement of the Prussian armies by falling back behind the Elbe. With the view of occupying the Austrians till the Crown Prince came up, he made the required dispositions for an advance at midnight on the 2nd.

"At the same time he sent Lieutenant von Normand with a letter to the Crown Prince, asking him to push forward in the morning with one corps and attack the right flank of the Austrians, whilst he himself engaged them in front. There was some fear that the Austrian cavalry patrols would intercept the aide-de-camp, but he succeeded in avoiding them, and got safely to the Crown Prince's quarters at one o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, and rejoined Prince Frederic Charles at four to report the success of his mission, and to bring to the leader of

the first army an assurance of the co-operation of the second. Had this aide-de-camp been taken prisoner or killed on his way to Milletin, his loss would have probably influenced the whole campaign, for on that letter depended in a great measure the issue of the battle." [1]

The Crown Prince, having received a subsequent order to that effect from the King, advanced with his entire force. The battle was begun by Prince Frederic Charles about eight, but, owing to the superior numbers of the enemy, after various alterations of fortune, he was brought to a check about three, and the cavalry was actually formed to protect a retreat, when the Crown Prince, by a dashing attack which carried the key of the Austrian position, decided the day. He had made himself felt as early as half-past twelve on the Austrian flank, but distance and the nature of the ground had kept his friends in suspense. The King and Bismarck were with Prince Frederic Charles:

"Noon arrived, but no decisive news from the Crown Prince. The battle went burning on, and many a brave heart feared at that time for beloved Prussia. Dark were the looks in the neighbourhood of the King; old Roon, and Moltke of the bright face, sat there like two statues of bronze. It was whispered that the Prince would have to let loose his Brandenburgers—his own beloved third corps, whom he had till now held in reserve, his stormers of Düppel—against the foe, which meant that he would have to set his last hazard on the die to gain the victory.

"Suddenly Bismarck lowered the glass through which he had been observing the country in the direction from which the Crown Prince was approaching, and drew the

[1] Hozier, "The Seven Weeks' War." The battle was called the battle of Sadowa on its first announcement in the "Times." It was formally christened the battle of Königgrätz by Royal order; although Königgrätz was not the actual scene of conflict. The supposed reason for the change was that the operations of the Crown Prince's army did not extend to Sadowa.

attention of his neighbours to certain lines in the far distance. All telescopes were pointed thitherward, but the lines were pronounced ploughed fields. There was a deep silence, and then the Minister-President lowered his glass again and said decidedly, 'Those are not plough furrows; the spaces are not equal; they are marching lines!' Bismarck had been the first to discover the advance of the second army. In a little while the adjutants and intelligence flew about in every direction—the Crown Prince and victory were at hand."[1]

In a letter to his wife, July 9th, Bismarck says that the King exposed himself very much, and that it was a very good thing he was with him, for all warnings on the part of others were of no avail. On the 11th he writes:—

"At Königgrätz I rode the large chestnut; thirteen hours in the saddle without a feed. He held out well, was not startled either by the firing or by corpses; ate corn-ears and plum-tree leaves with gusto at the most serious moments, and went on swimmingly to the end, when I seemed more tired than the horse.[2] My first bed for the night was on the pavement of Horic, without straw and with the aid of a carriage-cushion. Everywhere crowds of wounded; the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg discovered me, and then shared his room with me, R, and two aides-de-camp, which was very welcome to me on account of the rain. With regard to the King and shells, I have already written to you. The generals all had the superstition that they, as soldiers, ought not to speak to the King of danger, and sent me, who am also a major, each time to him. In cocking the revolver, the hammer hid the line of sight, and the notch on the top of the hammer was not in an exact line with sight and bead. Tell that to T."

The difficulties in store for him in the diplomatic

[1] The "Life," p. 402.

[2] At Waterloo the Duke's chestnut horse, "Copenhagen," carried him the whole day, and kicked out in play when the Duke dismounted at past ten.—*Life*, by Gleig.

campaign, close at hand, are indicated in the letter of the 9th.

"Matters are going well with us; if we are not immoderate in our demands, and do not imagine that we have conquered the world, we shall acquire a peace which will be worth the trouble. But we are just as quickly intoxicated as discouraged, and I have the ungrateful task of pouring water in the foaming wine, and to make them see that we are not living alone in Europe, but with three neighbours still."

One of these neighbours, Russia, gave no trouble. The most pertinacious and exacting in the first instance was France. The French Emperor had reckoned on the speedy defeat of Prussia or a long war which would exhaust both combatants, and enable him to intervene, like Neptune with the *Quos ego*. Even as things stood, he began by blustering, and talked of sending an army of observation to the Rhine frontier; but the army was not forthcoming, and all he could venture was to instruct his ambassador, Benedetti, to see that the equilibrium of Europe and the interests of France received due attention in the Preliminaries about to be signed at Nicholsburg. The ambassador was mystified and tricked, as it was his fate to be more than once, by the grand master of diplomacy whom he had taken for a maniac. He was told, or led to believe, that when Prussia had settled with Austria and become predominant in Germany, there was nothing to prevent Prussia and France from rectifying their frontiers and arranging the map of Europe as they thought fit. France might take Belgium, and, as for the Rhine, although King William would hardly be brought to part with territory, something might be found to serve as a compensation

in the Palatinate. Lulled by vague hopes and half-promises, M. Benedetti offered no effective opposition to the settlement, by which Austria was virtually excluded from Germany, and Prussia established in the long coveted position of its head, with the complete control of its military force.

Whilst the war was proceeding, a dissolution of the electoral Chamber of Prussia had taken place, and the new one met on the 5th of August. Relying on his recent triumphs and services, Bismarck applied for and obtained an indemnity for all past transgressions of the Constitution. The Chamber also voted an extraordinary credit for the army and navy, with dotations for the Chancellor, the Minister of War, and three generals. The Northern Bund, or Confederation, was constituted on the basis of universal suffrage, and Bismarck, being named Bund-Chancellor, assumed the presidency.

The Treaty of Peace (based on the Preliminaries) was as much matter for a European Conference as the Treaty of San Stefano. But the selfish, grasping, and paltry course of proceeding which Napoleon III. pursued on the grand occasion presented by the war, provoked the comparison of him to one who should profit by an eruption of Vesuvius to roast an egg. It was contemptuously stigmatized by Bismarck as *une politique de pourboire:* the smallest donations thankfully accepted: any territorial acquisition, however slight, in any quarter, rather than undergo the ridicule (which he had to undergo) of coming out of the affair empty-handed. There can be little doubt that the loss of personal prestige, the wound given to national vanity by the temporary eclipse of France, and the neces-

sity of repairing the check, were the main motives of the policy which cost him his throne. His first attempt to better his position made it worse. When he entered into a bargain with the King of Holland for the purchase of Luxemburg, then in the military occupation of Prussia, he must have known that Prussia would object. But when Bismarck threatened to make the prosecution of the scheme a *casus belli*, it was discovered that the French army, not yet supplied with breechloaders and in other respects incomplete, was not in a state to encounter the Prussians flushed with victory, and there seemed no alternative but to give in and abandon the scheme, when the crowning humiliation was averted by Lord Derby (then Foreign Secretary), at whose suggestion Luxemburg was declared a neutral state under the protection of the great Powers. This subject came under discussion at Versailles, October 14th, 1870.

"He (Bismarck) was silent a while. Then he said, 'I remember, 1867, when I was in Paris, thinking how would things have gone if we had come to blows for Luxemburg: whether I should then have been in Paris or the French in Berlin. I believe I did right to dissuade war at that time. We were far from being as strong as we are now.'"

He here goes into details to show that equally effective aid could not have been given by the Hanoverians, Hessians, and others.

"And then," he continued, "the right was not on our side. I have never openly owned as much, but I may say so here. After the dissolution of the German Bund the Grand Duke had become sovereign, and could do what he would. That he wished to part with his land for money was mean, but he could part with it."

Moltke was of a different opinion, maintaining that the Prussians might have marched on Paris in 1867 as they did in 1870.

"During the dinner (October 14) the chief, after a minute's reflection, remarked, laughing, 'I have a pet plan in connection with the conclusion of peace. It is to constitute an international tribunal to decide who have brought about the war—journalists, deputies, senators, ministers.' Abeken added that Thiers should have a place amongst them, and a prominent one, on account of his Chauvinist 'History of the Consulate and the Empire.' 'The Emperor, too, for he is not so innocent as he would fain appear,' continued the Minister. 'My notion was to have judges from each of the Great Powers, from America, England, Russia, etc., and we would be the complainants. The English and Russians, however, will not act; and so the tribunal might be formed out of the nations who have suffered most from the war, out of the French and German.'"

Any impartial tribunal, anticipating the verdict of posterity, must decide that the French were mainly, if not exclusively, to blame. Three months before the commencement of the war we saw it coming and indicated the cause. "Personal government," we wrote, "rudely shaken by the Mexican expedition, received its death-blow at Sadowa, which threw Magenta and Solferino into the shade. France is kept awake by thinking of the trophies of Prussia, and cannot rest under the thought that she is no longer confessedly the first military nation in the world. If the Continent is to be again turned into one huge battle-field, it will be to satisfy this fantastic point of honour.[1] And so it fell out. The candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne was a mere pretext. The King of Prussia said from the first that it was no concern of his, and on the Prince's withdrawal the difference, such as it was, was virtually at an end. This was

[1] The "Quarterly Review" for April, 1870. Art. Lanfrey's "Napoleon."

Bismarck's view, who, having come to Berlin from Varzin, his country seat, about the 11th of July, in consequence of the incident, was on the point of returning, when news arrived that he must prepare immediately for war. Benedetti, under distinct instructions from the Tuileries, had asked the King in a personal interview for an engagement that the candidature should not be revived. The King refused, and, on the ambassador's pressing for another interview to repeat the demand, sent him a polite message by an aide-de-camp declining to renew the subject. They subsequently parted at the railway station with the ordinary forms of courtesy.

This transaction was represented to the French as an insult to their ambassador, and to the Prussians as an insult to their King. How far the German Chancellor was a party to the misrepresentation may be questioned. We have heard that he was not entirely guiltless of the telegram that so excited the French; and it would have been too much to expect from him that he should disabuse the Prussians, considering that a war with France, a war of unprovoked aggression on her part, was the thing of all others which he needed to complete the unification of the Fatherland and put the cope-stone to his schemes. This time all Germany, North and South, responded cordially to his call: and, thanks to the admirable combinations of the War Department, the German armies were everywhere beforehand, in superior numbers and with superior equipments, to the French, who had several days the start of them.[1]

[1] "Mobilising an army means placing it in a condition, as regards equipment, means of transport, commissariat, etc., to begin a campaign. The German army was mobilised in less than ten days, the order not

M. Abeken was unjust to Thiers, who was too good an administrator not to know that the French army was unprepared, and he vehemently protested, amidst clamorous interruptions, against the war. The Emperor, too, had misgivings. "I have at least one advantage over my conqueror," was the remark of the Emperor Francis to Talleyrand during the negotiations of Presburg after Austerlitz: "I can re-enter my capital after so great a disaster, whilst it would be difficult for your master, with all his genius, to do the same in a similar situation." When, shortly after Sadowa, Benedetti grew too importunate, Bismarck told him: "Very well, then, we shall have war. But let your imperial master observe that such a war might, in certain eventualities, become a war *à coups de révolution*, and that, in the presence of revolutionary dangers, the German dynasties would give proof of being more solidly established than that of Napoleon." Some reflections of this kind may have occurred to the future occupant of Wilhelmshöhe and Chislehurst, when he checked the boyish exultation of his son by reminding him with a melancholy smile of the proverbial uncertainty of the game in which he was about to stake his throne. But in an evil hour he suffered his better judgment to be overpowered by those about him, whose fatuity would be unaccountable, did we not make allowance for the hourly growing necessity of doing something to conciliate the army and gratify the craving susceptibility of the people.

"I do not see a Europe (*je ne vois pas*

having been issued till the 16th of July. From a peace establishment of about 12,000 officers, 285,000 men, and 73,000 horses, it was raised to 22,000 officers, 732,000 men, and 193,000 horses.—"The Franco-German War: to the Catastrophe of Sedan," by Colonel A. Borbstaedt and Major F. Dwyer, London, 1873.

d'Europe)," was the exclamation of Count Beust in 1870, when he saw Germany left free to crush her foe. Here, again, we discern the hand of the master, the prevision of the statesman. Austria was kept quiet by Russia, as agreed between the two Chancellors: any lurking inclination of the Southern States towards France was suppressed by rapidity of movement:[1] a pending compact with France was abandoned by Italy after Wörth: and the contemplated annexation of Belgium, which had been adroitly held out as a bait to Benedetti, had chilled the sympathy of England till it was partially re-kindled by the extremities to which her old rival and recent ally was reduced.

Prince Bismarck was in close attendance on the King from the commencement to the conclusion of the Franco-German war, and during this period we have an ample record of his sayings and doings by Dr. Busch, who, in the capacity of journalist *attaché*, was in constant and confidential communication with him. Our quotations from this gentleman's diary are limited by want of space, but we must refer to it for some personal peculiarities and opinions which are required to complete the character of his chief. Some of these do not tend to elevate it, but, on the other hand, the frank avowal of them argues a rare degree of conscious rectitude, and in making up the final account of his merits and demerits too much stress cannot be laid on the searching nature of the ordeal he has voluntarily undergone. How few could afford to be thus pursued into the little corners of their lives, "all their faults observed, set in a note-book!"[2]

[1] On the 14th of July, the evening before the declaration of war, the Bavarian Minister in London was talking in a tone that implied no doubt of his country taking part with France.

[2] The delicate and highly responsible duty assumed by Dr. Busch has

The most remarkable thing about him is his Christianity, and his mode of reconciling it with his ambition and his policy:

"How men without belief in a revealed religion, in God who wills what is good, in a higher judge and a future life, can live together in a well-ordered way, do their duty, and leave every one his own, I do not understand. If I did not rely on my God, I most assuredly should place no reliance on the lords of the earth. I should have wherewithal to live and be distinguished enough. . . . Why should I exert myself and work indefatigably in this world, exposing myself to embarrassment and vexation, if I had not the feeling that I was bound to do my duty for the sake of God?"

Does he really deceive himself into thinking that power has no charms for him, that he has no enjoyment in his proud position, except as the conscious instrument of God? Does he, in point of fact, rely on the lords of the earth, or put his trust in princes, which a scriptural text warns him

induced us to collect a few particulars of his career. A candidate of theology at Leipzig in 1848, he took part in the revolution of that year, and then left Germany for the United States, where he learnt English and wrote for American papers. He returned about 1855 to Leipzig, where he was assistant editor of the "Grenzboten," with Gustave Freitag. About 1866 or 1867 he was appointed "Pressreferent" in the Berlin Foreign Office. A "Pressreferent" is a clerk in the "Pressbureaux" of the German Government, whose duty it is to write anonymous but inspired articles in the newspapers for the Foreign Secretary, which the papers are obliged to publish, whether they like them or not. As "Pressreferent," he was on Prince Bismarck's Staff during the war, and, as appears from an entry in his Diary, his chief knew that he was keeping one. After the war was over, the Prince pensioned him off, and he returned to Leipzig, where he became editor of a Hanoverian paper, which he soon gave up. Just before the publication of the book he spent some weeks in Berlin, and the *on dit* is, that the proof sheets were submitted to the Prince, who struck out some of the most compromising personalities; and that these have been carefully preserved by Dr. Busch. The *on dit* also runs that the Prince regards the publication as an enhancement of his celebrity and is by no means displeased by it, although his family are. The second edition, it should be observed, is described as "unaltered" in the title-page.

he should not? Indications are not wanting that he has an engrained contempt for them :

"If," he continued, "I did not believe in a divine order which had predestined this German nation to something good and great, I should give up the diplomatic calling at once, or never have undertaken the trade. Orders and titles have no charms for me. The firmness which I have shown during ten years in combating all possible absurdities, I derive from my fixed belief. Take away this belief, and you take away my Fatherland. If I were not a strict believing Christian, if I had not the miraculous basis of religion, you would never have lived to see such a Bund-Chancellor. Find me a successor with the same basis, and I resign upon the spot. But I live amongst heathens."

We do not accuse Prince Bismarck of hypocrisy: we do not question the earnestness of his faith; neither do we question that of Cromwell and his saints, who similarly, after seeking the Lord, declared themselves specially chosen to work out the designs of Providence and justify the ways of God to man. But it is a startling phenomenon, if anything could be startling where modes of faith are concerned, to find a man who has systematically made truth and justice subservient to expediency, who has led his sovereign through blood and slaughter to an imperial throne, contending that it is exclusively and emphatically because he is a strict Christian that he has done this. The overthrow of the Second Empire, corrupt and cankered to the core, may possibly be cited in proof of the alleged mission, but is it from purely Christian motives, for the advancement of peace amongst nations and good-will amongst men, that he has annexed Alsace and Lorraine?

Our wonder at what strikes us as a contradiction or incompatibility in such a mind is materially

abated by learning to what an extent it is subjected to superstitious fancies and prejudices :

"Fears of the brave and follies of the wise."

He has a dread of unlucky days. He thinks nothing will prosper that is undertaken on a Friday, or on the anniversary of Hochkirch or Jena. Alluding to the year of his own death, he said, "I know it: it is a mystic number." Hair (he pronounced) should be cut and trees clipt when the moon is on the increase. He will not sit down to a dinner of thirteen. Absolutism is his beau-ideal of a government. "When there is not some of it, all gets into confusion; one is for one thing and another for another, and it is an eternal fluctuation, an eternal stop." In matters of policy he thinks it equally unadvisable to anticipate the future or be fretted by the past. He told Lord Odo Russell that he was no friend to political conjecture, and preferred to make action dependent upon circumstances. He told M. Jules Favre that consistency frequently launches its devotees into obstinacy. "I have been taught by experience, and never hesitate to sacrifice personal feeling to the requirements of the hour. *La patrie veut être servie et pas dominée.*" M. Jules Favre replied, with a bow: "*C'est bien juste, M. le Comte : c'est profond.*"

M. Jules Favre did not assent quite so readily when, on his complaining that within three days he should, in all probability, be declared a traitor, the Prince told him: "Then provoke an insurrection whilst you have still an army to stifle it." In narrating this incident, Bismarck said: "He gazed on me with a shocked and terrified look, as if he were about to exclaim, 'How bloodthirsty you are!'" In reference to the arbitrary powers

with which the Chancellor has got himself invested to put down Socialism, a well-informed writer remarks: "If he has made a larger use of them than was expected, it is supposed he either really believes in a grave international conspiracy to threaten Sovereigns and society, or that he is desirous of provoking an *émeute* while the army can yet be relied upon to do its duty and put it down." [1]

Speaking of the cruel manner in which the French carried on the war, he said: "Take off the white skin from such a Gaul, and you have a Turco before you." He was probably thinking of the maxim of Napoleon: "Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar underneath."

The Germans complained that many French officers had broken their parole, General Ducrot being one. Bismarck said they ought all to be hanged in their red trousers, with one leg labelled "*parjure*" and the other "*infâme*."

He was for giving no quarter to the *francs-tireurs*, remarking that the corresponding class in Germany were never spared by the French. He thought that the passengers in a captured balloon should be hanged off-hand as spies, without court-martial or trial of any kind. He thought the delay of the bombardment of Paris bad policy and false humanity; and when M. Jules Favre complained that the Germans fired upon the sick and blind in the hospitals, he retorted with a kind of grim humour that the French did worse; they fired upon Germans who were sound and well. One reason for his wish to accelerate matters was the fear of neutral intervention. The Parisians, he said, fancied that the bombardment was prohibited from London, St. Petersburg, and Vienna;

[1] The "Times," Dec. 26, 1870.

whilst the neutrals on their part believed that it could not be done. Speaking of his own probable rise, had he regularly followed the profession of arms, he says: "If I had been officer—and I wish I had been—I should now have an army, and we should not be at a standstill before Paris." On another occasion, he intimates, how much better he could have managed matters had he been sovereign. He complained that he was not consulted by the commanders, nor even kept duly informed of the movement of the troops. He thought lightly of their generalship, especially at Gravelotte, where they took the bull by the horns and attacked a strong position in front instead of turning it. This criticism is admitted to be sound.

He undervalued eloquence, and boasted of having suppressed speechifying in the Bund. He could not suppress it at the Conference of Berlin; but he restricted it: he had resolved that, the Treaty —*valeat quantum*—should be made within a given period, and it was made.

Talking of drinking, he said that the time had been when wine had no effect upon him. "When I reflect how much I have done in that way. The strongest wines, particularly Burgundy." At one time his favourite beverage was a compound of porter and champagne. He was also fond of good eating, and lays down that, if any good work was to be got out of him, he must be well fed. "I can conclude no regular peace if I am not regularly supplied with meat and drink."

Then, the conversation turning on cards, he said he had formerly been much given to them: for example, he had once played twenty consecutive rubbers at whist, occupying full seven hours. It did not interest him unless the play was high. He was so good a shot (he says) with the pistol,

that he has hit sheets of paper at a hundred paces distant, and shot off the heads of the ducks on the pond. This recalls Shakspeare's Douglas :—

"*Prince Henry.* He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.
"*Falstaff.* You have hit it.
"*Prince Henry.* So did he never the sparrow."

He criticises "William Tell" and prefers Russian to Greek. But the conversations turn on ordinary topics and occurrences, to the almost complete exclusion of literature, science, and philosophy. He mentioned a mode in which money might be made by a minister on the exchange, but said that his son should never say of his father that he had been enriched in this or any similar way. "I was better off before I was Bund-Chancellor—better than now. They have ruined me by the dotation. I have been ever since an embarrassed man. Formerly I lived like a simple country gentleman; now, when in a measure I belong to the peerage, the claims increase, and the lands bring no equivalent." Discussing the contingency of his resignation, his suite were agreed that, if he once resigned, he would not be persuaded to resume power: that he was never so happy as when engaged in agricultural pursuits; and the Princess is quoted as having told one of them that a root of mangel-wurzel interested her husband more than all their politics put together.

Bearing in mind who has supplied the traits and helped to lay on the colours, we might almost say that we have Prince Bismarck painted by himself —painted, as Cromwell insisted on being painted, without flattery, with the warts. Looking at that commanding presence, at those strongly-marked, stern, masculine features, Napoleon I. might well

have said of him what he said of Goethe: "This is a man!" There he stands, the idol of hero-worship, the beau-ideal of volition, the genuine representative of muscular Christianity, of force. Since it is conventionally settled that greatness is independent of commonplace morality, of the ordinary rules of right and wrong, there is no denying him to be great; for he has done great things in a grand manner; and the world, at all events the European world, would have been widely different had he never appeared upon the stage. But has he made it better or wiser? Must his fame, his claim to the gratitude of his country, rest on the insulated fact that he has evolved a united Germany out of a heterogeneous mass of conflicting elements? Has it been, will it be, his lot—

> "To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land
> And read his history in a nation's eyes?"

The land he rules over is anything but smiling. The eyes of a large part of the nation are averted from him. The milliards of the indemnity have not fructified in Germany nor impoverished France.

"You have vanquished your enemy in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace." This is precisely where Prince Bismarck would signally fail if he tried. He makes light of Thiers; but if their positions had been reversed, would or could he, in the same space of time, have restored a country wasted by invasion, agitated by intestine troubles, to an equal state of confidence and prosperity? He is pre-eminent in diplomacy. No one has a chance against him at the game where kingdoms are at stake. He seems to read the thoughts, to divine the motives, to anticipate the

moves of his adversaries—to play their cards as well as his own. His strength lies in his foreign policy, which is expansive, aggressive, progressive. His domestic policy is all in the contracted, repressive, reactionary line. He has the air of being cramped in it. Yet he is always high-handed and peremptory. He has no notion of a compromise. He must have his own way, and his own way of having it. He cuts his Gordian knots instead of untying them. He is always throwing his sword, like Brennus, into the scale. He declared that he would risk another Thirty Years' War, rather than submit to the pretensions of the Vatican; and he has dealt with Ultramontanism, which might have been kept within due limits by a milder mode of treatment, as if he thought that it could be trodden out like the cattle-plague.

When Lord Palmerston was asked whether he would revert to Protection, he significantly replied that the Exe could not be made to flow back to its source. Prince Bismarck's reply to a similar question would be that the Rhine could and should flow back. If his recent letter on taxation is to be accepted as the measure of his financial knowledge and capacity for civil affairs, Heaven help the land whose best interests are in his keeping—whose trade, commerce, industry, and internal legislation are guided by him. His distinctive qualities are rather those of a conqueror, a great captain, than of a great lawgiver or great administrator. He has the *coup d'œil*, the eagle eye, the rapid decision, of a Marlborough, a Condé, a Napoleon, or a Wellington. He would be an impossible minister in a constitutional government. Under the restraints of a popular assembly he would be like Gulliver, kept down by a multiplicity of threads. Looking round for parallels, we do not

turn to statesmen (like Stein or Peel) steadily laying the foundations of national greatness and wealth, but to Richelieu consolidating the French monarchy by the scaffold and the axe, or to Chatham in whom (to borrow the words of Grattan) "there was something that could establish or overwhelm empire and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe."

Prince Bismarck has much in common with Cavour, but Cavour was an enlightened lover of liberty, and the regeneration of Italy was a nobler, if not more difficult, work than the aggrandizement of Prussia, or the unity of Germany: which yet remains to be harmoniously fused, and has hitherto gained little by being (as Bishop Dupanloup said of it) turned into a huge barrack, besides glory and the proud consciousness of strength. If Prince Bismarck is right, all the moralists and philanthropists, all who have put their trust in truth and justice, in progress and rational freedom, in peaceful industry and productive labour, are wrong. It would be a satire on our common nature, a humiliating confession of our being unimprovable, to suppose that his system, a system based on force, on never-ceasing war and absolutism, could last; but it may endure his time: he may go on throwing sixes with the iron dice of destiny; and the dazzling brilliancy of his career may continue to cast its blots into the shade until, haply and happily, mankind shall be agreed upon some sounder and less demoralising criterion of greatness than success.

COUNT CAVOUR.[1]

(*From the Quarterly Review, July*, 1879.)

THE Lives, Memoirs, and biographical notices of Cavour, emulously hurried out soon after his death, were inevitably and confessedly incomplete. The author of one of the best, Mr. E. Dicey, expressed the common sentiment when he said that "many long years had yet to pass before either friends or foes could judge fairly of the statesman's memory:" that "the fame of the architect rests ultimately not so much on the gorgeousness of his edifice as on the stability of his structure." The so-called edifice was in a

[1] 1. *Cavour. A Memoir.* By Edward Dicey, author of "Rome in 1860." London, 1861.

2. *Le Comte de Cavour. Récits et Souvenirs.* Par W. de la Rive. Paris, 1862.

3. *Œuvre Parlementaire du Comte de Cavour.* Traduite et annotée par J. Artom et Albert Blanc. Paris, 1862.

4. *Henry d'Ideville. Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie. Notes intimes pour servir à l'Histoire du Second Empire.* Turin, 1859–1862. Paris, 1872.

5. *A Discourse on the Life, Character, and Policy of Count Cavour.* By Vincenzo Botta, Ph.D., Professor, etc. New York, 1862.

6. *Bismarck et Cavour. L'Unité de l'Allemagne et l'Unité de l'Italie.* Par M. N. Reyntiens, Membre du Sénat Belge. Bruxelles, 1875.

7. *The Life of Cavour.* From the French of M. Charles de Mazade. London, 1877.

8. *Life of Victor Emanuel II., First King of Italy.* By G. S. Godkin. In Two Volumes. London, 1879.

9. *Pie IX. et Victor Emmanuel. Histoire Contemporaine de l'Italie* (1846–1878). Par Jules Zeller, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1879.

most unsatisfactory state: the added parts had to be brought into harmony with the main building: the scaffolding was still standing: the foundation lines of the complete structure he meditated were hardly traced when he died. His position might be compared to that of the prophet on Mount Pisgah:

> "The barren wilderness he passed,
> Did on the very border stand
> Of the bless'd promis'd land—
> And from the mountain-top of his exalted wit
> Saw it himself and shew'd us it." [1]

The promised land was reached, and fully realised the expectations he had raised of it: his mantle fell upon successors who comprehended him: his spirit survived and spread; and the grandest of his conceptions, which even the southern imagination was slow to grasp, was caught up and realised in the colder and less congenial atmosphere of the north. United Italy, with Rome for its capital, was the prototype of united Germany, with Prussia for its head. The fire of nationality, which fused and moulded the jarring States of the German Confederation into an empire, was kindled at Italian altars; and there was a connecting link, an associating chord, between the two greatest men of our generation which may be illustrated by the striking metaphor of Burke: "Even then, before this splendid orb (Chatham) was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heaven arose another luminary (Charles Townshend), and for his hour became lord of the ascendant." The living career of the regenerator of Italy was closed

[1] Cowley—referring to Lord Bacon.

in June, 1861: the regenerator of Germany became lord of the ascendant in September, 1862: and the prolonged influence of the descending orb upon the course of the rising luminary may be compared to that which the moon exercises over the tides; although, perhaps, each of them would be best typified by the comet "with fear of change perplexing nations." To facilitate the just appreciation of both, to bring the distinctive qualities of these two master minds into broad relief by contrast, we propose to place a careful study of Cavour alongside the sketch which we recently hazarded of Prince Bismarck.

The Italian, like the German statesman, came of a noble and ancient race. The original name was Benso, and the real name (abbreviated in common parlance) became Benso de Cavour on the elevation of the head of the house to the Marquisate of Cavour, some three or four generations back. The founder of the family is traditionally said to have settled at Santena, their present seat, in the eleventh century, and M. Artom relates that he asked Cavour how it came to pass that a German device, "*Gott will Recht*," made part of his armorial bearings. "It is supposed," was the reply, "that my family is of Saxon origin, and that a pilgrim named Benz came to Piedmont in 1086. Hence the shells which you see in my arms and the motto which decorates them. Do you believe this?" "No." "No more do I;" and he burst into a loud peal of laughter.

But on the same authority we learn that during a railway journey, towards the close of his life, he suddenly exclaimed to a fellow-traveller, "Do you see that spire yonder, half hidden among the trees? It is the church steeple of Santena, the

hereditary seat of my family. It is there I wish to repose after my death."

He was the second son of the Marquis de Cavour, who held the office of Grand Chamberlain under Prince Camillo Borghese, when Piedmont formed part of a French department; and that he came into the world under Napoleonic auspices is commemorated by the fact that he received his Christian name from the Prince, and that the Princess Pauline was his godmother. His mother was the daughter of the Comte de Sellon, a noble Genevese, one of three sisters, all highly cultivated and accomplished women. He was born on the 1st of August, 1810, and bred up in a domestic circle regulated by a kind of patriarchal feeling. So striking indeed were old customs, especially the prerogatives of primogeniture, observed in it, that when Cavour, in the height of his fame, was occupying the town-house at Turin with his elder brother, he still retained the position of a cadet, and was obliged to take his place every day at table with the family factor (*intendant*), whom he detested. "People fancy me very powerful," he remarked one day in the hearing of M. d'Ideville. "Well, I have never been able to get rid of Barnabo. I must endure him, whether I like it or not."

When he was in his fifth year, his mother writes: "Gustave (the elder brother) is fond of study; Camillo holds it in horror. Tell me if you have much trouble in teaching your Eugene to read; as for my poor Camillo, he can make nothing of it, his sighs are heartrending." His half-boastful avowal in after life, that he knew neither Greek nor Latin, recalls Berryer exclaiming, "Moi, qui ne sais ni lire ni écrire!" In 1816 he was taken by his parents to Geneva, on a visit

to the de la Rives, whose impression of him at this period has fortunately been handed down.

"He was an arch, roguish little fellow, with a lively physiognomy, indicating decision, a very amusing playfulness, and inexhaustible spirits. He wore a red coat, which gave him a resolute and at the same time agreeable air. On his arrival he was very excited, and told my grandfather that the postmaster of Geneva, having supplied execrable horses, ought to be dismissed. 'I demand his dismissal,' he repeated. 'But,' replied my grandfather, 'I cannot dismiss the postmaster, it is only the first syndic who has this power.' 'Well, I desire an audience of the first syndic.' 'You shall have one to-morrow,' replied my grandfather, and he immediately wrote to his friend M. Schmidtmeyer, the first syndic, to announce that he was about to send him a very droll little fellow. The next day he presents himself at the first syndic's, is ceremoniously received, and after three formal bows makes a clear, calm statement of his complaint and demand. On his return, as soon as he caught sight of my grandfather, he called out, 'All right, he will be dismissed.'"

He was then hardly six. In his tenth or eleventh year, he left the paternal mansion for the Military Academy of Turin, and at the same time was appointed page to the Prince of Carignan, the heir presumptive to the throne; an honour, due to his birth, which was highly esteemed for the rank and privileges it conferred. He was far from viewing it in that light. When M. de la Rive asked him what was the costume of the pages; "Parbleu!" he replied in an excited tone, "how would you have us dressed, except as lackeys, which we were? It made me blush with shame." His open contempt for the place, with probably his lax discharge of its duties, led to his speedy dismissal, and left a disagreeable impression on his royal master, who subsequently visited on the

officer the offence given by the page. His youthful inaptitude or distaste for the learned languages did not extend to other branches of knowledge. He so distinguished himself in the studies of the Academy, especially mathematics, that he left it at sixteen with the grade of sub-lieutenant in the engineers, despite of the regulations fixing at twenty the age at which this grade could be conferred. The best part of his military career was passed in garrison at Genoa, at that time the abode or resort of the choicest Italian intellects. "It was here," remarks M. de la Rive, "that he made his real *début* in the world, and I have heard him say that, in this great school of statesmen, no instruction was spared him." The instruction would seem to have run in the liberal or ultra-liberal direction; for the language in which he spoke of the Revolution of July attracted the attention of the authorities, who, by way of penance, caused him to be transferred from Genoa to the little fortress of Bard, where his sole resource was playing *tarok* with the contractors employed in the repairs. Six months of this life was as much as he could endure, and in the summer of 1831 he resigned his commission.

He was now without a career, without regular occupation of any kind, with opinions which, whilst excluding him from all hope of civil or military preferment, were still not pronounced enough to involve him in political agitation. Mr. Dicey says that he had as little sympathy for Mazzini, who was then coming into note, as for Metternich, and so, "feeling himself out of place in his own country, he obtained leave to travel, and for ten years or so resided chiefly abroad." Another writer of authority states that, "finding it necessary to throw up his commission, and

advisable to retire abroad, he spent thus several years abroad, mostly in England and France." [1] Professor Botta says that he returned to Italy in 1842, "after an absence of several years." The fact is, he not only made his own country his fixed place of residence soon after leaving the army, but contributed largely to its internal improvement during the many years which were to elapse before he began to take part in the direction of its policy. The most authentic account of his proceedings and movements till he came prominently before the public is supplied by M. de la Rive, who (or whose family) was all along in intimate uninterrupted communication with Cavour, and who relates in detail how he devoted himself heart and soul to agriculture:

"It was at Grinzano, in the province of Alba, on a family domain, that Camillo de Cavour, as soon as his resignation was accepted, began his agricultural apprenticeship, and it was as much as he could do at this epoch to distinguish a cabbage from a turnip; but his progress was rapid, and, dating from 1833, he took the management of Léri, a large estate much neglected, of which the Marquis de Cavour and Madame de Tonnerre (an aunt) had made the acquisition some years before. There, in the middle of his rice-fields, he displayed a perseverance, an energy, a boldness, a sagacity, a combined spirit of administration and invention, which would have sufficed to transform the face of a kingdom, as they succeeded in transforming the domain committed to his hands."

His own account of his adoption of this new mode of life is given in a letter to a friend.

"You must know in the first place that I have become an agriculturist for good and all; it is now my vocation. On my return from England I found my father definitely engaged in public affairs, and, not being able to find time

[1] The "Edinburgh Review" for July, 1861, p. 272.

for his own, he proposed to me to take charge of them, and I accepted with eagerness; for when one has undertaken to make the best of all one's estates, one risks one's fortune by not attending to the administration of them."

In a subsequent publication, writing with ample experience, he says:

"At the first blush, agriculture has little attraction. The habitué of the *Salon* feels a certain repugnance for works which begin by the analysis of dunghills and end in the middle of cattle-sheds: he will find rural operations tedious, monotonous, even puerile. However, if he succeeds in surmounting this first disgust, if he can make up his mind to direct the simplest agricultural operations, to superintend the planting a field of potatoes or to breed a young heifer, there will come to pass, almost unconsciously, a transformation in his tastes and his ideas; he will discover a growing interest in the practice of agriculture, and that which most repelled him will not be long in having for him a charm which he never so much as expected."

From Cavour at Léri we naturally revert to Bismarck at Schönhausen. The primary motive, the care for the due administration of the family estates, was the same. But so soon as Bismarck had brought things round, he lost all interest in the vocation which, from Cavour's point of view, grew and expanded till it assumed the dignity of a science and the importance of an institution:

"He should have been seen at his work, rising with the dawn, visiting his cattle-sheds, present at the departure of his labourers, superintending them under a burning sun in the dog-days, not satisfied with giving general directions but looking to the minutest details, the eye open to all the discoveries of chemistry, to all the inventions of mechanics, multiplying experiments, discerning the results with an almost infallible good sense, abandoning some, repeating others on an immense scale and with a temerity at which

the simple neighbours who came trembling to ask his advice stood aghast; he, always smiling, gay, affable, having for each a clear, concise counsel, an encouragement enveloped in a pleasantry. I believe that nowhere did he feel himself so thoroughly at home as at Léri: it was there that, disgusted with affairs, he returned to forget the cares of politics: whenever he had some days of leave, it was always to Léri that he hurried off."

His exertions were far from being limited to the improvement of his estates. Amongst the undertakings which he originated or promoted were, a railway company, a bank, a manufactory for chemical products adapted for manure, steam-mills for grinding corn, and a line of packets on the Lago Maggiore. As an example of his speculations may be cited a contract to supply eight hundred merino sheep to the Pasha of Egypt when he had not a merino sheep upon his farm. The Statutes of the "Agrarian Association" of Piedmont, founded in 1842, were mostly his work, and it required all the influence of the noble founders, headed by the Marquis Alfieri, the president, to extort the sanction of the Government. It was suspected, not without reason, that the projected conferences of the members had a political object, and it was surmised that periodical meetings for free communication of any sort might do harm. Even more marked, therefore, were the disquietude and disapproval of the supporters of the existing *régime*, then all-powerful, when Cavour and the most distinguished of the Piedmontese aristocracy founded a whist club, under the name of the "Société du Whist."

Late in 1834 he started for a tour in Switzerland, France, and England, which occupied some months. Writing from Paris (March 31, 1835) to M. de la Rive *père*, after stating that he had found

nothing in the French capital to compensate him for the *causeries* of Geneva, he says:

"We cannot shut our eyes to the fact: society is making long strides towards democracy: it is perhaps impossible to foresee what forms it will assume, but as to the fact, it is no longer matter of doubt, at least in my eyes. And you, my friend, are you not of my opinion? Do you believe in the possibility of the reconstruction of any kind of aristocracy? The nobility is crumbling on every side: the princes, like the people, are equally tending to its destruction: the patriciat, a municipal and restricted power, has no place in the actual organisation of society. What then remains to struggle against the popular waves? Nothing solid, nothing potent, nothing durable. Is this a good? Is it an evil? I know not, but it is in my opinion the inevitable future of humanity. Let us prepare for it: or at least let us prepare our descendants, whom it concerns more than ourselves."

This was the leading idea, the key-note, of Tocqueville's work on Democracy, which did not appear till 1840. It would seem that during this visit to Paris Cavour saw less of the principal performers on the political stage than he surely might have seen had he been so inclined. There is an air of mock modesty in his tone:

"I have not gone a second time to M. Guizot's, where I have penetrated, thanks to M. de Barante; since to fix the attention of these great men for a moment one must have some title to celebrity. And I, alas! obscure citizen of Piedmont, I have done nothing to be known beyond the limits of the *commune* of which I am syndic, and I cannot reasonably aspire to the society of the luminous stars which light the political world."

His visit to England in the early part of 1836 was short: his principal *cicerone* was Mr. Brockedon, the artist, a man of cultivation and accomplishment, whose acquaintance he had made in

the Alps. He had not yet learnt English, and his objects of interest were institutions, agriculture, commerce, or industry, rather than what is commonly understood by society. In particular he made a careful study of pauperism. "At London," he writes on his return, "I found myself in communication with all the persons who have been specially occupied with this question, and I still keep up some relations with them." It was eight years later, in 1843, during a visit in company with the elder de la Rive, that he completed his study of the English Constitution, and conceived that admiration for it which became so marked a feature in his speeches and writings as to provoke the nickname of "My Lord." But, strange to say, in 1843, as in 1835, "he remained outside the political society, which in England (adds M. de la Rive by way of explanation), confounded with a restricted aristocracy, is not, as at Paris, disseminated and accessible throughout." Political and intellectual society was and is quite as accessible in England as in France, and if Cavour was not made free of it, this must have been because he did not care to cultivate it, and was more interested in the railway system then (1843) in full expansion, the free-trade controversy, the poor-laws, and improved modes of agriculture, than in parliamentary debates or party contests. We gather from incidental notices that he was a guest at Sir John Boileau's, in Norfolk, and Mr. Davenport's, in Cheshire. It is also clear that he saw enough of English society to appreciate its advantages, for, soon after his return, he writes from Turin to his travelling companion:

"You may well talk to me of hell, for since I left you I live in a kind of intellectual hell, that is to say, in a country where intelligence and science are reputed infernal

by him who has the goodness to govern us. Yes, my friend, during well-nigh two months I have been breathing an atmosphere charged with ignorance and prejudice, inhabiting a city where you must hide yourself to exchange any ideas which go beyond the political and moral sphere in which the government would fain keep minds imprisoned. You have here a specimen of what is called enjoying the happiness of a paternal government. After eight months of Paris and London, to fall back abruptly on Turin: to pass without transition from the *salons* of the Duc de Broglie and the Marquis of Lansdowne into those where the retrograde spirit reigns unopposed, the fall is violent. One remains completely crushed by it, morally and physically. You may haply recall that uncle of Madame Lafarge who, from having been long exposed to an atmosphere of ignorance, ended by catching a cold in the brain (*un rhume de cerveau*). As for me, I am a little like this uncle; only instead of a cold in the brain, it is a kind of paralysis by which I am affected."

It is mentioned as a proof of the credit which his aunt the Duchesse de Clermont Tonnerre enjoyed, that after repeated solicitations she obtained permission to receive, through the French Embassy, the "Journal des Débats." Madame Marcet, impressed by the variety of his knowledge and the comprehensiveness of his views, suddenly asked the Marquis Alfieri, "Why then don't you give M. de Cavour a place in your Government?" The question provoked a general laugh. The King, Charles Albert, was known to have declared him the most dangerous man in the kingdom; and so he was in one sense—as the man who was doing most to undermine the bigotry and intolerance which then ruled paramount. But he was doing it in the safest way: by preparing the popular mind for liberty, so as to prevent a rush from one extreme to the other; and it was mainly owing to him, and men like him, that a reign of terror did not replace the reign of corruption and

prejudice in Piedmont as in France. What added to the fears and jealousies entertained of him in the court and clerical party was his avowed admiration for M. Guizot and the Duc de Broglie, and his reception in the Parisian *salons* which were more or less tinged with Liberalism. Yet it is difficult to conceive a more unexceptionable circle than that which clustered round the Comtesse de Circourt, the most valued of his female friends and correspondents; and the manner in which he spent his time in Paris during his visit in 1840 was reassuring enough against the dark designs imputed to him.

"Then, and then only for the first time," says M. de la Rive, "he could indulge in its plenitude that faculty of living which was stirring in him, developed in all directions by five years of rude and incessant toil. I have not to relate his excited career during the six months of his stay at Paris. The elasticity of his nature was never put to a rougher test than when, passing from politics to affairs, from affairs to social science, from social science to industry, the man at the same time of the club and the drawing-room, he led with a high hand the life of the world, and this grand style which Balzac calls *l'envers*. However, to be exact, I have a reserve to make: I am not aware that he took to racing. At all events he spoke of the turf like one who had never followed it. 'We shall now see,' he wrote to me in 1847, 'whether England deems the Turf the best school for forming statesmen.'"

This was written when the late Lord Derby and Lord George Bentinck were conspicuous amongst the candidates for power. Lord Palmerston also was a patron of the Turf. The only kind of gambling of which Cavour can be accused was high whist. Yet, we learn from M. de la Rive, he was fond of the game for its own sake:

"He was not one of those who are drawn to it by the love of gain. This family whist, at twenty sous

the point, he played, with me for his partner, with as much attention as when he was seated opposite M. de Morny. Need I say what satisfaction I felt when, on a rainy morning, I saw the green table laid out, and when, quietly counting the party, I saw that, in spite of my inexperience, I was necessary."

Mr. Dicey was told that Cavour had incurred gaming debts to the amount of 8000*l.*, which the Marquis, his father, advanced, with a warning that no further aid would be forthcoming on the recurrence of such an emergency. But we find no confirmation of the story; and prior to 1840 Cavour had realised a considerable fortune independent of his father. Mr. Dicey adds that on one of his (Cavour's) later visits to Paris, after he became Minister, he was asked to play with M. de Rothschild at 1000 franc points, and rose from the table a winner of 150,000 francs. He often played at the Jockey Club, where 25 louis points were not unusual and the late Baron James de Rothschild was a frequent attendant; but, if he won 150,000 francs at a sitting, it was probably by bets in addition to the points. M. de la Rive relates that one day when he was playing at whist with Cavour, on his complaining of a persistent run of ill-luck, Cavour replied, "The fact is you have not sufficient respect for the small cards." His own success through life was greatly owing to his having for the details of management and administration the respect which he recommended for the small cards at whist.

At the same time he was a *grand seigneur* in money matters. He had a contempt for small economies, and would have acted like that Prince de Condé who, when his son exultingly produced a purse containing the savings from his allowance, took it and flung the contents amongst the lackeys

in the yard. He would give the postilion a louis as a *pourboire*—as Sheridan gave the waiter at Limmer's a guinea by way, he said, of astonishing the rascal—and (adds his travelling companion) "more than one beggar seated on the roadside as we passed has picked up in the dust a piece of money the metal of which was probably unknown to him." Cavour hardly ever contested the account of a tradesman. At Paris, the keeper of an hotel where he had passed forty-eight hours, without dining once in it, presented a bill of 1200 francs. "Only think," he said to a friend with a laugh, "my secretary absolutely refused to pay it. I had a great deal of trouble in bringing him to reason: he did not comprehend that to be robbed without saying a word formed part of my policy." With all this, he never neglected the main chance; and the proof is, that when he became Minister his private fortune amounted to nearly two millions of francs.

Amidst preoccupations of all sorts, there was a ruling sentiment, a deep, heartfelt conviction that never left him. In his most desponding moments he looked forward to a time when Italy would once again raise her head amongst nations, and he felt assured that he should be the instrument of her elevation.

"I am very grateful, madame, for the interest you are kind enough to take in my misfortunes; but I assure you I shall make my way notwithstanding. I own I am ambitious—enormously ambitious—and when I am minister, I hope I shall justify my ambition. *In my dreams I see myself already minister of the kingdom of Italy.*"

This was written to the Marchesa Barollo in 1833. In the course of the same year, in a letter to M. de la Rive *père*, after describing his oscil-

lations between conflicting opinions, he says that he has ended by becoming an honest *juste-milieu*, ardently desirous of social progress, and working at it with all his strength, but resolved not to purchase it at the price of a general upset, political and social.

"My position as *juste-milieu*, however, will not prevent me from desiring the soonest possible emancipation of Italy from the barbarians that oppress her, nor from foreseeing that a crisis, more or less violent, is inevitable; but I desire this crisis with all the precautions conformable to the state of things, and I am, moreover, thoroughly persuaded that the premature attempts of the men of the movement do but retard this crisis, and make it more hazardous."

By men of the movement he meant Mazzini and others, who aimed at the immediate establishment of a republic by violent means; his more limited hope and aim being to create a united and independent Italy by enlightened public opinion, by appeals to reason, by the diffusion of knowledge, by the fusing, combining, electric power of thought. "The press is the mistress of intelligence, and intelligence is the mistress of the world." This, the maxim of Benjamin Constant, became the maxim of Cavour; but it was not till after his return from England, in 1843, that he came before the public as an author or journalist. Eight years before, in 1835, he had been solicited to write for the "Bibliothèque Universelle" of Geneva, of which M. de la Rive *père* was editor, and he had made some progress in two projected articles when he found himself anticipated in the subjects, and gave up the notion of becoming a contributor. In the course of the correspondence he wrote:

"You must expect no article from me demanding any

expenditure of imagination. I was never able to compose the simplest tale to amuse my nephew, although I have often tried. I must confine myself therefore to matters of pure reason, and, as to these, I must tell you that there are an infinity which I could not treat, considering that my literary education has been singularly neglected in certain respects. Of all the moral sciences there is but one that I have thoroughly studied—political economy."

His perfect mastery of this science, as he ventured to call it, was shown in his first article, a review of a work by M. de Chateauvieu, in which he develops the doctrine of free trade with peculiar application to the English corn laws, the speedy abolition of which he foretells.

"The time is now at hand when England will offer for the first time the example of a powerful nation in which the laws which regulate foreign commerce will be in perfect accord with the principles of science."

When this was published, and for some time after, the Protectionists were the confiding devoted followers of Sir Robert Peel; they showed no alarm at his tentative advances in 1842; they had not the remotest suspicion in what direction he was leading them, nor perhaps did he himself contemplate the end from the beginning; and the great measure of 1846 came upon them with the suddenness of a thunderclap. Writing in 1847, Cavour admits that, morally speaking, it would have been better that this "economic revolution" had been effected by the party which had been preaching it for twenty years.

"But if, as I believe, no one under the actual circumstances could have effected it but Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, was it not their duty to sacrifice their consistency, their power as party chiefs, to the safety of the country? Yes, my friend, the policy of Peel has been

the salvation of England. What would have happened if the too famous sliding-scale had been left standing? It is probable that England would have been caught entirely unprovided after the actual harvest. And then what would have happened? England owes statues to Peel: some day or another he will have them."

The same soundness of judgment and perspicacity, the same insight into the future as a logical sequence of the past, are apparent in a nearly contemporaneous article on Ireland, of which he writes:

"My opinions on Ireland are the opposite of what are current on the Continent. I believe they will displease everybody, except a few reasonable people. I wish for the maintenance of the Union at any price. First in the interest of Ireland, next in the interest of England, finally in the interest of civilisation, material and intellectual."

There is a passage in the article on Ireland which should be read in connection with his defence of Sir Robert Peel's inconsistency. After condemning the members of the Irish parliament who were bribed to vote for the Union, he continues:

"But must we equally condemn the Government who purchased these corrupt men? I should not hesitate to do so, if, *by a fatal error*, public opinion in past ages, and even in ours, had not in some sort sanctioned for governments the use of a morality other than that which is recognised by private persons; if it had not, in all times, treated with excessive indulgence the immoral acts which have brought about great political results. If we insist on stigmatising the character of Pitt for having practised parliamentary corruption on a grand scale, we must treat with equal severity the greatest monarchs of former times, Louis XIV., Joseph II., the Great Frederick, who, to arrive at their ends, have outraged the inflexible principles

of morality and humanity far otherwise than the illustrious statesman who has operated the consolidation of the United Kingdom and Ireland."

If he meant (which is not quite clear) to uphold the doctrine that, in statecraft, the end justifies the means, the examples are not happily chosen. The Grand Monarque and the Great Frederick were wont to make light of all the ordinary ties of truth, justice, and humanity from the worst of motives,—from views of personal aggrandizement, —from pride, vanity, or caprice,—regardless of the immediate sufferings of millions or the ulterior welfare of mankind. The same may be said of all, or almost all, whom the world are content to call great. The Cæsars and Napoleons could not coexist with the strict enforcement of morality; but is the world the better for the Cæsars and Napoleons? The manner in which the Union was carried has done much to impair its efficacy, and the undoubted patriotism of Sir Robert Peel in the sacrifice of his consistency on two remarkable occasions has simply added to the baneful effects of his example. Succeeding ministers have improved upon it; the upshot being that principle is now habitually abandoned for expediency, and that political consistency has become a byword. No one, looking merely to what our public men have said or done, can now venture to predicate what they will say or do next.

In the course of the four years after Cavour took to journalism, he wrote articles on a variety of subjects: model farms, Italian railways, communism, and free trade in all its bearings. They are all written with a distinct practical object, and the conclusions at which he arrives on questions which were little more than speculative when he took them up, have been almost invariably confirmed

by experience. The combined boldness, breadth, and accuracy of his views are seen when, contemplating a dubious future, he exclaims: "The railroads will stretch without interruption from the Alps to Sicily, and will cause to disappear all the obstacles and distances which separate the inhabitants of Italy and hinder them from forming a great and single nation." This passage alone is a sufficient reply to the notion (adopted by M. Guizot) that the unity of Italy was an after-thought borrowed from Mazzini in 1859. From the time when Cavour became a convert to free trade, he steadily maintained that the full, free, uncompromising adoption of its principles was the surest road to national wealth and prosperity, and that the resources needed to place Piedmont at the head of the political movement he meditated, could only be acquired by the expansion of its industry.

Once when he had spoken to this effect in the Political Economy Society at Paris, Léon Faucher went up to him and said: "These are very fine sentiments, which we proclaim when we knock at the door of power, and which, when the door is thrown open and the threshold passed, we fling out of the window." "Speak for yourself," sharply retorted Cavour; "as for me, I give you my word of honour, that, if ever I come to be Minister, I will resign or effect the triumph of my principles." He kept his word, and (what is more) he realised his highest aspirations by keeping it. What enabled him to bear up against the accumulated difficulties of his position at the turning-point was his finance.

The articles in which he developed his free-trade views appeared in successive numbers of the "Anthologie," and the first provoked such violent hostility against the writer, that, as Predari (the

editor) relates, Cavour was on the point of withdrawing the second lest his personal unpopularity should be reflected on the doctrines he wished to propagate. Making all due allowance for the inconsistency of party virulence, it is difficult to reconcile his known character, from the time he began to fix public attention, with an incident (related by Mr. Dicey) of Mr. Cobden's visit to Turin in 1847. On this occasion one of the democratic papers of Turin remarked that the liberal party had been much shocked by the intimacy of the great apostle of free trade with so well-known a reactionary and monopolist as the young Count Cavour. The writer then proceeds to state that, when Cobden was seen walking arm in arm with Cavour, an enlightened patriot called out, "Voilà la liberté du commerce gardée par le monopole!" and adds, by way of comment, that there was a story afloat (whether true or false the writer will not venture to state), that, during the late dearth, Cavour had bought up a large quantity of corn, and kept it in store in order to raise the market price of grain. It will be remembered that a distinct charge was brought by Lord Henry Bentinck against Sir Robert Peel of repealing the Corn Laws with the view of augmenting his own fortune, alleged to be in money or trading capital, to which the ready reply was that the greater part was invested in land.

"I have taken great pains (writes Cavour to his Swiss friend, Nov. 12, 1847) to organise a moderate liberal party, capable at need of restraining the ultras, by the way not numerous in Piedmont. We are going to bring out a journal directed by Balbo, Santa Rosas, and some others of our friends." This was the "Risorgimento," the first number of which appeared on the 17th of

December, 1847. Cavour speedily assumed the editorship or principal direction, and wrote most of the leading articles. Mr. Dicey remarks that he had no particular talent for newspaper writing: that his articles have no brilliancy of style, and that the qualities in which they excel, their closeness of reasoning and moderation, are not qualities which tell much in the columns of a newspaper. But he was writing for a particular public, with a particular purpose. He was not striving for brilliancy or effect. His aim was to diffuse political knowledge amongst a people who had been systematically excluded from it; to familiarise them with notions of government and principles of liberty, before calling upon them to rise and vindicate their inalienable rights. Tocqueville has laid down: "pour qu'un peuple soit libre, il faut le vouloir" (a people, to be free, must will it). Cavour believed, and acted on the belief, that the will is not enough: that a people must qualify themselves for freedom, or they will simply change one form of tyranny for another—a *commune*, a red republic, or a military dictatorship, for a despotism by right divine.

"Beyond a doubt," remarks M. de la Rive, "the tone of his articles may not be to our taste, and we may prefer the swashing blow of the 'Times' or the glancing arrow-like stroke of the 'Débats.' But Cavour had to engage very different readers from those who seek an intellectual enjoyment in the 'Débats,' or a gratification of their passions in the 'Times': or (more correctly speaking), he had not to amuse but to instruct, to enlighten a public hitherto kept in ignorance, desirous of knowing, anxious to comprehend, sincere, serious. This ungrateful task he filled with the capacity and the conscience of a man who seemed specially prepared for it by the solidity and the diversity of his knowledge. That, re-read in our day, his articles, with a few exceptions, are not attractive, I agree; but they

have contributed not a little to the development of the political spirit in Piedmont, and they struck the correct note at the time. *In truth, the development of the political spirit, first in Piedmont, then in Italy, constitutes half of Cavour's work and explains the rest.*"

This spirit, which had received a strong impulse from the accession of a liberal Pope, Pio Nono, in 1846, required rather to be controlled and guided than to be kindled or inflamed. "Before forming Italy," exclaimed Massimo d'Azeglio, "we must form the Italians." The party of movement was divided between the followers of Mazzini, who fondly reverted to the time when Rienzi proclaimed the Roman republic from the Capitol, and the more moderate patriots who hoped to secure the independence of Italy through a confederation of princes, with the Pope for its head. Whether the temporal head of such a confederation could remain the spiritual head of Christendom was a secondary consideration, if it occurred to them. The essential point was to shake off the degrading yoke of the foreigner. Then, and long after, the check to impatience constantly in Cavour's mouth was, "Let us do one thing at a time; let us first get rid of the Austrians, and we shall see—*nous verrons.*"

Princes who had no taste for liberal institutions were ready enough to co-operate in schemes which might end in their own aggrandizement, and Charles Albert had caused medals to be struck with his image and a motto taken from the shield of a remote ancestor, "J'attends mon astre." Emboldened by this and similar indications, Massimo d'Azeglio, who had been actively engaged in organising a party of progress, requested an audience, and related all he had been doing: "And now" (he concluded) "your Majesty will tell me

whether you approve or disapprove of what I have done." He paused for a reply, and, according to his preconceived idea of Charles Albert's duplicity, expected an evasive one, instead of which, the King, without a moment's hesitation, fixed his eyes frankly on those of Azeglio, and said in a calm resolute tone, "Let those gentlemen know that for the present they must remain quiet; but when the time comes, let them be certain that my life, the lives of my sons, my arms, my treasures, all shall be freely spent in the Italian cause."

The royal antecedents were not reassuring, and some steps in the liberal direction, such as the practical relaxation of the laws against the press, failed to restore confidence. Towards the end of 1847, there was a popular outburst bordering on insurrection in Genoa, which led to a petition to the King for the expulsion of the Jesuits and the formation of a national guard. The deputies charged with it were instructed to confer with the liberals of Turin, and a meeting was held for this purpose, at which all shades of liberal opinion were represented: A resolution to support simply and unequivocally the petition of the Genoese was on the point of passing unopposed, when Cavour, hitherto known only and imperfectly as a journalist, rose and vehemently urged the necessity of going further:

"What is the good of reforms which lead to no conclusion and terminate in nothing? Let us demand a constitution. Since the government can be no longer maintained on the bases that have hitherto supported it, let it replace them by others conformable to the spirit of the time, to the progress of civilisation; let it replace them before it is too late, before social authority falls into dissolution amid the clamours of the people."

He was supported by the aristocratic and mon-

archical section: the more advanced liberals, taken by surprise, remained quiescent; and the address as suggested by him was drawn up and presented for adoption at an adjourned meeting, when Valerio, the self-dubbed Caius Gracchus of Piedmont, moved its rejection on the ground that the demand of a constitution went beyond the purposes for which the assembly was convoked, would throw the specific grievances of the Genoese into the shade, and indispose the King to concession. The real grounds were thus stated by Valerio in private:

"What sort of a constitution will be this which we are to demand? Some constitution *à l'anglaise* with an electoral census, perhaps with a chamber of peers and a complete apparatus of aristocracy. But we know Milord Camillo, the greatest reactionary in the kingdom, the greatest enemy of the revolution, an Anglomane *pur sang*. Besides, however liberal it might be, a constitution at this time of day would be not only useless but injurious to us: it would limit our rights, it would check our progress, it would displace the centre of action, it would stifle the aspirations of the people and hamper the march of the revolution."

These reasons were held sufficient by the democrats, with the exception of one of the most eminent, Brofferio, who said it was his rule always to vote for the proposition which went furthest; and feeling that the address would lose its force unless carried unanimously, Cavour, after a spirited reply, withdrew it, and the meeting separated in confusion without coming to a decision.

The proceedings were much discussed and variously reported, and Cavour in particular was accused of having held language of a seditious tendency. He accordingly drew up an account of them in concert with the persons principally engaged; and, the publication in Turin being opposed by the censorship, he caused it to be pub-

lished in the Roman and Tuscan papers. At the same time a copy was sent to the King, with an appropriate and very respectful letter signed by Cavour and his friends. This letter and the accompanying document arrived at their august destination by post, the only medium to which the signataries, not having themselves access to the palace, could have recourse, without compromising some one. The King received the papers, read them, and (it was said) expressed himself fully satisfied.

In little more than a month the line taken by Cavour on this occasion was fully justified by events. After a hard struggle with his conscience, fettered (it was said) by a solemn oath not to alter the fundamental laws of his kingdom, Charles Albert summoned his ministers with other persons of distinction to a conference, promising to abide by their decision; and the next day (Feb. 8, 1848) his intention to grant a constitution was notified in the Gazette. The Statuto, which became the charter of Italy, was promulgated within a fortnight, and a commission was nominated to prepare an electoral law. Cavour was a member of this commission, and it is inferred from the substantial agreement of the main provisions of the law with the contemporaneous articles in the "Risorgimento" that he was the framer of most of them.

Moderate men are seldom popular in excited times, and Cavour failed in his first candidature at Turin; but he was chosen to fill a vacancy created by a double election. Foreign relations were now all important: domestic matters were by common consent laid aside: Italy, already flung into commotion by the Austrian occupation of Ferrara, was convulsed throughout its whole length and breadth by the French revolution of February. War to

the knife against the Austrians was the cry which burst forth simultaneously in north and south, and was echoed by the popular voice, from Milan and Venice to Florence and Naples. Sardinia had no option but to hurry into the field; and Cavour, although with an uneasy consciousness that the crisis had been unduly precipitated, felt and said that the time for hesitation and procrastination had gone by. On the 23rd of March he made an impassioned appeal to arms in the "Risorgimento":

"We, men of cool minds, accustomed to listen rather to the dictates of reason than to the impulses of the heart, after we have weighed carefully every word we have to utter, are bound in duty to declare the truth. There is but one path open for the nation, the country, and the King—war! War at once and without delay! . . .

"Lombardy is in flames, Milan, Milan is besieged—at all costs we must go to succour her. If we had only five thousand men upon the frontiers, they should march at once to Milan.

"Woe to us, if, for the sake of increasing our preparations, we came too late.—If, when we were ready to cross the Ticino, we heard that the Queen of Lombardy had fallen!

"We say again, in our position there is but one policy—not the policy of the Louis Philippes and Guizots, but the policy of the Fredericks the Great, the Napoleons, and the Charles Emmanuels—the great policy—the policy of bold counsels."

On the morning of the day when this stirring appeal appeared, the Austrians retired from Milan, and a rapid series of successes bade fair for the speedy triumph of the Italian tricolor which Charles Albert had adopted instead of the royal flag of Piedmont. On the evening after the victory of Goito, when the news of the capitulation of Peschiera reached the camp, the officers

crowded round Charles Albert and hailed him King of Italy. But at the first reverse, or rather at the first pause, the half-hearted champions of liberty and independence fell off. Abandoned or betrayed by the Pope, the King of Naples, and the Grand Dukes, the Sardinian army was left unsupported to encounter Radetzky, who had fallen back upon the Quadrilateral to concentrate his forces, like a lion gathering himself together for a spring. "Austria is in your camp,"[1] was the call or cry that reached him from Vienna, and he was not slow in triumphantly responding to it by the victory of Custozza, which might have been followed up by the occupation of Turin, had it not been deemed politic to close the campaign by an armistice. In the alarming interval between the defeat and the armistice, Cavour volunteered to serve in the ranks; and so soon as the immediate danger was averted he set himself by voice and pen to prevent the aggravation or recurrence of the catastrophe.

To superficial observers and heated minds the cessation of hostilities was a cowardly abandonment of the cause. Austria was still limited to the camp. The yoke was not yet reimposed on the Venetians or Milanese, and the revolutionary spirit was still rife and uppermost in Florence, Rome, and Palermo. The Sardinian army, although beaten, was not disheartened, and Charles Albert, with his gallant sons, was eager for a renewal of the conflict, in the hope of retrieving the disaster of Custozza. Hopes were also entertained of aid from England or France. These

[1] Glückauf, mein Feldherr, führe den Streich,
Nicht bloss um des Ruhmes Schimmer;
In deinem Lager ist Oesterreich,
Wir andern sind einzelne Trümmer.—*Grillparzer.*

Cavour felt to be delusive; and he saw nothing but ruin in the renewal of hostilities, until Sardinia had recruited her army, augmented her resources, and made sure of an ally stronger and more trustworthy than could be discovered within the confines of the Italian peninsula. His main object, therefore, during the remainder of the unfortunate year of 1848 and the first months of 1849, was to stem the war current, and to keep a vigilant guard on the Constitution or *Statuto*, which each of the extreme parties, the reactionary and the revolutionary, was equally anxious to sweep away. He had a hard task; and a man of less moral courage would have broken down under the weight of clamour and calumny which he provoked and confronted.

In framing the electoral law he had provided for the admission of the public to the tribunes, "because there is no popular education so valuable to a free people as that of listening to the debates of its assembly." We should say "as that of reading them"; for only an insignificant number could ever form part of the audience; and unless the strictest order is enforced, as in the strangers' galleries in the British parliament, the most unseemly interruptions, fatal to legislatorial dignity and authority, may occur. The most striking examples have been supplied by France, but it will be sufficient to refer to the treatment experienced by Cavour from the public whom he proposed to educate in this fashion. He rose to oppose a tax unduly pressing upon property:

"This law," he said, "is contrary to the principles of the Statuto (*cries in the galleries*). . . . These noises will have no effect upon me, and what I believe to be the truth I will say in spite of hisses and tumult (*redoubled cries in*

the galleries). . . . Those who interrupt me do not insult me personally, but the Chamber, and the insult they level at me is shared with all my colleagues."

On another occasion, when the Government was resisting an immediate declaration of war against Austria, the opposition speakers were vociferously applauded, whilst the ministerialists were all but hooted down from the galleries. He rose and reproached the president with not daring to cause the dignity of the Chamber to be respected, and, on a renewal of the tumult at this appeal, he added that there was no liberty of speech when only one-sided applauses were allowed. Then the hisses and cries became more violent than ever. In a debate provoked by Brofferio, who had violently attacked the national guard of Turin, Cavour, interrupted as usual, declared that he would not proceed until the president, faithful to his duty, caused the galleries to be cleared. The day after, November 16, 1848, he published an article in his newspaper entitled "Revolutionary Means," especially levelled at those who were calling for extreme measures, as if violent spasmodic action could supply the want of strength.

"What is it," said he, "which has always wrecked the finest and justest of revolutions?—The mania for *revolutionary means;* the men who have attempted to emancipate themselves from ordinary laws; . . . the French Constituent Assembly creating the assignats in contempt of nature and economic laws;—*revolutionary means*, productive of discredit and of ruin! The Convention attempting to smother in blood the resistance to its ambitious projects;—*revolutionary means*, producing the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire; Napoleon bending all to his caprice, imagining that one can with a like facility conquer at the Bridge of Lodi and wipe out a law of nature;—

revolutionary means, leading to Waterloo and St. Helena! The sectarians of June striving to impose the Democratic and social republic by fire and sword; *revolutionary means*, producing the siege of Paris and reaction everywhere. 'Wait but a little longer,' he added, 'and you will see the last consequence of your *revolutionary means*—Louis Napoleon on the Throne!'"

He loyally supported one short-lived ministry after another, making it only a condition that they should maintain peace and the Constitution. "Cavour," said Gioberti, "laboured with incredible ardour to confer a reputation of ability on men of notorious incapacity." When his own (the Gioberti) ministry gave way before the war cry, he hurried the evening after his resignation to the office of the "Risorgimento" and told Cavour whom he found there, "I knew full well that I could reckon upon you." Rattazzi, the next premier, who had been active in stimulating the popular ardour, was unable to draw back when the responsibility of yielding to it was thrown upon him. The war recommenced on the 13th of March, and ended with the battle of Novara on the 23rd, when Providence declared in favour of the *gros bataillons*. When all was lost, the King, who had exposed his life with the courage of despair, called his generals round him and said:

"I have sacrificed myself for the cause of Italy. I have risked my own life, the lives of my children, and my throne, and I have failed. Since I have not succeeded in finding death, I must accomplish one last sacrifice for my country. I resign the crown, and abdicate in favour of my son."

That son was Victor Emmanuel, the *Re Galantuomo*, who by almost the first words he uttered as a sovereign proved himself worthy of the name.

Pointing his sword towards the Austrian camp, he exclaimed: "*Per Dio, l'Italia sarà.*" The vow, so nobly kept, sounded like a vainglorious boast when he spoke it. His little kingdom was brought to the verge of ruin and bankruptcy by the conditions of peace, including an indemnity of eighty millions of francs and the occupation of a part of Alessandria and other Piedmontese territory till it was paid. Yet so far was the spirit of the people from being broken, that it required two dissolutions to procure a parliamentary sanction of the terms. There are two sayings attributed to Cavour about this time which we shall find it difficult to reconcile, unless we allow for the manner in which moods of mind alternate. The one was, that the terrible sacrifices entailed by the war were not too dear a price for the Italian tricolor in exchange for the flag of Savoy. The other referred to the days following close on Novara: "We existed, and every day's existence was a gain." Was he thinking of the *mot* attributed to Sieyès, who, on being asked what he did during the Reign of Terror, made answer, "*J'ai vécu* (I lived)"?

Cavour was not in parliament during the greater part of 1849. He was defeated at the general election of January by a candidate who was recommended by the democratic organ (cited by Mr. Dicey) in these words:

"The name of Pansoya will be much more welcome to the electors than that of the political economist who defended the diplomatic mediation and the Revel loan. The bugbear of communism, which Count Cavour flutters constantly before our eyes, causes him to be thought a wonderful economist; but, in truth, his politico-economical science cannot be very profound, as he identifies communism and democracy."

The name of Pansoya has been redeemed from

obscurity and oblivion by this candidature. The *mecum certasse* has procured him an unenviable immortality. Popular prejudice had begun to sober down before the conclusion of the year; a strong reaction in favour of moderate counsels had set in; and at the third election Cavour regained the seat which he held till his death.

His reputation was now established, and he assumed what seemed his natural place as the leader of a party. But it was more as a statesman than as an orator or debater, more by matter than manner, that he influenced and impressed. His speaking, like his writing, was plain, argumentative, and to the purpose: he had no formed style, no graces or tricks of elocution, if we except his mode of utilising a cough to conceal a temporary hesitation or embarrassment. The French translator of his speeches goes the length of saying that "his elocution in Italian was difficult, broken, painful to listen to." We learn from the same authority that in the way of preparation he did no more than think over the subject and arrange his ideas, trusting to the inspiration of the moment for the words. "I should not," he told this gentleman, "be so sure of myself if I wrote out my speeches. He was never taken unawares or put out. Indeed his most effective bursts and flashes (like Prince Bismarck's) were struck out by collision. Indignation makes telling retorts and happy hits as well as verses; and when roused and struggling for words, he may be fancied vowing like Sheridan: "I have it in me, and, by G—d, it shall come out." It was said of his speeches, by a happy play of words, that they were a "*rotte sempre, interrotte mai.*"

He was referring to English institutions in terms of high commendation when a laugh arose on the opposite benches. "That laugh," he remarked

parenthetically, "can only proceed from some one whose name has never reached England."

He was armed at all points by his multifarious pursuits. Thus, in reply to an agricultural member complaining of taxation:

"The honourable member who has just spoken on behalf of the Monferrat agriculturists must be himself a skilful cultivator, and doubtless he makes thirty-one hectolitres of wine per hectare. The means of communication between Nice (in Monferrat) and Alessandria give him a profit of at least 1f. 50c. per hectolitre, which represents 45f. per hectare. I beg him to inform us whether he pays 45f. per hectare in taxes."

Once when Brofferio called him an "Ultra-Moderate" he replied:

"In truth I have found the words used by the honourable gentleman rather too indulgent than severe, and I feel due gratitude for the exquisite courtesy which distinguishes him in calling me only an 'Ultra-Moderate,' and not having employed the word 'Retrograde,' or the more vulgar but more expressive 'Codino.'"

The party of which Cavour was virtually the chief when he re-entered the chamber, was the right centre or liberal-conservative. The peace was not definitively concluded till January, 1850, and he rightly felt that internal changes must be postponed whilst the very existence of the country as an independent nation was at stake. But in the debate on the law for the abolition of ecclesiastical jurisdictions and the right of asylum, he announced that his support of even a patriot ministry, like Azeglio's, must depend upon its progressive tendencies. The question asked by Madame Marcet was now repeated at Turin, "Why is he not a member of the Government?" The King, on the suggestion being hazarded, remarked:

"Wait a bit; we are not yet ripe for Cavour." Azeglio, the soul of honour, generosity and enlightened patriotism, would rather have retained him a little longer as a supporter, being somewhat in awe of him as a colleague. But his place was marked out, and the course of events was irregular and uncertain till he was called to it. Prince Bismarck, the year before his own accession to power, talked about setting the carpenter to work on his coffin; and Cavour, a few months before he joined the Government, seized with a similar fit of despondency, wrote thus to M. de la Rive *père*: "It is probable that my part will soon be played out. In such a time as ours, a politician is rapidly used up: I am half used up already: I shall be so wholly before long."

There's a divinity that shapes our ends. In the following August, M. Santa Rosas, a member of the Cabinet, was taken dangerously ill and wished to receive the sacrament, which was refused by the express command of the Archbishop of Turin, unless the dying man would solemnly retract and disavow the part he had taken in the law for the abolition of the ecclesiastical tribunals. He held out: a parley ensued: priests were seen hurrying backwards and forwards between the death-bed and the archiepiscopal palace: the struggle was still pending, watched with breathless interest by the crowd collected round the house, when a murmur suddenly arose, "He is dead; he has not retracted; he has died unabsolved." Then the popular indignation found vent in curses loud and deep against the clergy. So strong and widespread was the feeling, that both Chamber and ministers were obliged to yield to it; and, as the most effective protest against the Archbishop, the popular call was that Santa Rosas should be suc-

ceeded by Cavour, the principal author of the anti-clerical law and the avowed enemy of priestly domination. When his nomination to the vacated office—Minister of Agriculture and Commerce—was proposed in council to the King: "I have no objection," remarked his Majesty, "but rest assured he will end by taking all your *portefeuilles* to himself." Eventually he did take most of them, and (what is more) he took them with the general approval and conviction that they were best in his hands.

Very shortly after his first acceptance of office, the Ministry of Finance fell vacant by the retirement of a colleague, and was handed over to him as supplementary to the one he already held. The two combined gave him the entire control of the commercial and industrial policy, and he forthwith proceeded to act up to his pledge of carrying out his long avowed principles. By the removal of restrictions, by public works, by increased means of communication, and by commercial treaties, he added largely to the resources of the country; but he added also to its liabilities, and to appreciate his system we must consider it in connection with his political aims, and not merely as a system of finance. The key to it will be found in his defence of a subvention to a Transatlantic line of steamers:

"It must not be forgotten that we have adopted a policy of action—a policy of progress. In order to re-establish the equilibrium of our finances, we have deliberately resolved not to restrict our expenditure and by so doing renounce every idea of improvement and every great enterprise; not to endeavour by every species of economy to bring our expenditure within our income; but rather to effect our end by promoting all works of public utility, by developing the elements of progress which our State

possesses, and by stimulating, in every portion of our country, all the industrial and economical activity of which it is found capable."

So long as he kept strictly within his own province, or provinces, no difficulty occurred with his colleagues or his chief, but questions inevitably arose on which his spirit of enterprise and liberality of opinion disturbed and startled them. He was for constantly advancing, whilst a section of them, including Azeglio, were for remaining stationary or drawing back. In a debate on the press, Colonel Menabrea,[1] a distinguished member of the Right, called attention to the threatened divergence :

"The Minister of Finance wants to set sail in the direction of a new parliamentary coast, and land on another shore. He has a right to act as he pleases, but I shall not go with him."

Cavour replied :

"It is not true that the ministry has directed its helm towards other shores. It has made no movement of the sort, but wishes to go in the direction of the prow instead of in the direction of the stern."

This was going farther than he was warranted in going as the organ of the ministry; and when, without consulting the rest, he supported the candidature of Rattazzi, the democratic leader, for the Presidency of the Chamber, Azeglio broke up his Cabinet and formed a new one, leaving out Cavour :

"It was, in my opinion (Cavour wrote to a friend), not only useful but indispensable that a Liberal party should be firmly constituted. . . . After having, at first, been convinced of such a necessity, d'Azeglio has not accepted

[1] General Count Menabrea, now Italian ambassador at St. James's.

all the consequences, and he provoked a crisis which could only result in my retirement, or his removal from power. External policy required that I should be the sacrifice. I think d'Azeglio would willingly have abdicated, but I did my utmost to dissuade him; he stayed, and we have not ceased to be friends, privately and politically. It will next be his turn to retire, and then we can constitute an openly Liberal Cabinet. In the meantime I take advantage of my new liberty for a journey to France and England. . . ."

On his return to Turin, in September 1852, he stood in much the same relation to Azeglio's Government in which Pitt stood to Addington's in 1803, or in which Mr. Gladstone would stand towards any Liberal Government that should be formed without him. Azeglio, whose finest qualities were marred by infirmity of purpose, to whom power was becoming more a fatigue than a gratification, resigned, and thus justified his resignation:

"I had accepted the helm at a time when it was pointed out to me that, better than any other man, I could direct it for the country's best advantage. . . . Now that the ship has been refitted, let the winds fill her sails. I surrender my quarterdeck to another! He (Cavour), whom you know, is possessed of a diabolical activity, fitted for the work both in mind and body; *and it gives him so much pleasure!*"

It gave him pleasure, as it gives every living thing pleasure to do what it has the consciousness of doing well; from the orator with a rapt senate hanging on his accents, to the high-bred racer putting forth its speed. It was the proud boast of Chatham: "I know that I can save the country, and I know that no one else can." Cavour might have said: "I know that I can make the country what I wish her to be, and I know that no one

else can." His programme was stated in few words:

"Piedmont must begin by raising herself, by re-establishing in Europe as well as in Italy a position and a credit equal to her ambition. Hence there must be a policy unswerving in its aim, but flexible and various as to the means employed, embracing the exchequer, military reorganisation, diplomacy, and religious affairs."

There was no lack of able, incorrupt, high-minded men in Piedmont, yet no complaint was heard when, to carry out this programme, he eventually assumed the personal administration of six departments, besides the presidency of the council: agriculture and commerce, finance, home affairs, foreign affairs, marine, and war. At one time or another he occupied every department except justice. There came a period when the Turinese were wont and content to say, "We have a Government, a Chamber, a Constitution: the name for all of it is Cavour." A tradesman in the Via del Po was serving a lady customer (the Countess Stackelberg), when he suddenly hurried out into the Colonnade, and apologised on his return by saying: "Pray excuse me, but I caught sight of Count Cavour, and I wanted to see how matters are progressing. He looked cheerful and smiling, so things must be going on all right; I feel comfortable now."

The habit of looking up to him was not confined to Turin. M. Mazade states that the brilliant and accomplished Florentine, Salvagnoli, used to say: "After a conversation with that man, I breathe more freely: my mind dilates."

In the height of his supremacy, when he was sure of carrying the King along with him, he never aimed, like Prince Bismarck, at a dictatorship.

Instead of overriding parliaments, he ruled by and through them. When it was suggested that the irritating opposition he encountered might be got rid of by his becoming the minister of an absolute government, he replied:

"You forget that under an absolute government I neither would nor could have been minister at all. . . . An absolute minister commands; a constitutional minister must persuade: and I mean to persuade the majority that I am in the right. Believe me, the most inferior chamber of representatives is preferable to the most brilliant imperial anteroom."

Manzoni said of him that he was every inch a statesman, "with all a statesman's prudence and even imprudence." A striking example of what was set down as imprudence, and looked very like it at starting, was his engaging in the Crimean War at a time when Sardinia, already overburthened, was only just beginning to raise her head. It was to enable her to raise her head proudly and confront Austria in European congresses, that he resolved upon the enterprise. It broke upon him by degrees. In the spring of 1854 he was at his niece's (the Countess Alfieri) with Count Lisio, when she asked, "Why should we not send ten thousand men to the Crimea?" "It would be excellent policy," added Count Lisio. Cavour started; a passing smile lighted up his countenance; then he said with a sigh: "Ah, if everybody had your courage, what you propose would be already done." Some months later, in November, when he was again with the same persons in the same salon, standing pensive and silent before the chimney, "Well, uncle," asked the Countess, "are we to start for the Crimea?" "Who knows!" was the reply. "England is pressing me to conclude a treaty which would give our

troops an opportunity of wiping out the defeat of Novara. Only, what would you have? All my Cabinet are hostile to this project. Rattazzi himself, and even my excellent friend La Marmora, talk of resigning. But the King is with me, and between us two we shall carry it."[1]

His situation was strikingly analogous to that of Prince Bismarck in 1866, on the eve of the war with Austria, but he had the Chamber as well as the Cabinet to bring over to his views, and mere strength of volition was not enough, as in the case of the German Chancellor. The opposition was formidable, for the objections were patent and palpable, whilst the promised advantages were contingent and remote. "I am told," argued Farina, "that our reward will not be a material one, but that we shall gain glory, political consideration, the esteem of other powers, and moral preponderance. My answer is, that by no possibility can we gain any of these things from the war." Cavour replied that they would gain all of these things, and that, if they were left out of the European combination, Piedmont would fall back into insignificance, and Italy remain (what Metternich called her) a geographical expression. The treaty was ratified by a majority of ninety-five to sixty-four. How it was received by politicians far-sighted enough to see its tendencies may be collected from the *mot* assigned by M. Mazade to Count von Usedom: "*C'est un coup de pistolet tiré à bout portant aux oreilles de l'Autriche.*"

The Sardinian army, 15,000 strong, under La Marmora, was despatched in April, but soon after their arrival they suffered severely from cholera, and month after month passed away without a gleam of glory. The spirit that animated them

[1] De la Rive, p. 334.

throughout is illustrated by the story of the young officer who told the soldiers, struggling with mud in the trenches, "Never mind, it is with this mud that Italy is to be made." Cavour was anxious, and had his moments of despondency. In a conversation one Sunday under the trees at Santena with Sir James Hudson, Rattazzi, and others, he gave vent to his pent-up thoughts: "I knew, when I advised the King and the country to venture upon this great enterprise, I was sure that we should meet with many heavy obstacles, and be sorely tried; but this battle with disease fills me with alarm; it is an evil complication."

It was aggravated by troubles nearer home. "Ah, General," was the King's farewell speech to La Marmora, "happy you! You go to fight soldiers; I remain to fight monks and nuns." Whilst the result of the Crimean enterprise was in suspense, a fierce conflict was raging in the Chamber and the press between the Government and the Church. What was called the Rattazzi law had been brought forward for equalising the incomes of the clergy and the suppression of a certain number of convents. The measure, moderate in itself, was vehemently opposed as an inroad on consecrated ground. In the height of the discussion, the Queen-mother died, adjuring Victor Emmanuel not to pass the wicked, godless law. Her death was followed in rapid succession by that of the King's wife, Queen Adelaide, and that of his brother, the Duke of Genoa. The clerical party saw their advantage, and used it without mercy or compunction:

"'They tell me,' said the King, in a voice broken by sobs, "that God has struck me with a judgment, and has torn from me my mother, my wife, and my brother, because I consented to those laws, and they threaten me with

greater punishments. But do they not know,' he added, 'that a sovereign who wishes to secure his own happiness in the other world ought to labour for the happiness of his people on this earth?'"

An epidemic was then raging in Turin, and, mindful of what had befallen Santa Rosas, Cavour sent for Fra Giacomo, the parish priest who acted as the confidential distributor of his charities. Towards the conclusion of the interview, Rattazzi came in, to whom, after having courteously accompanied the priest to the door, Cavour quietly said: "We have arranged everything in case any misfortune should befall me." His frame of mind was not unlike that of Prince Bismarck murmuring (June 15, 1866) "The Almighty God is capricious." The battle of the Tchernaya (August 16, 1855) was the Sardinian Sadowa. The national vanity was gratified by the share of glory awarded to Marmora and his gallant troops by their French fellow-combatants, who are not prone to be overgenerous in such matters; and no doubt was any longer raised in any quarter as to the sound policy and brilliant conception of an expedition, which would have been condemned as wild, desperate, and harebrained had it failed.

Towards the end of 1855 and the beginning of 1856, the King paid visits to London and Paris, accompanied by Cavour, at whose request Massimo d'Azeglio made one of the suite. "His presence," said Cavour, "is necessary to prove to Europe that we are not infected with the revolutionary mania." The name of the author of "Ettore Fieramosca" was widely known through his works as well as by his social and political distinction, and he attracted more attention than Cavour, in whom the man of the future was not yet discernible to British eyes. The French were

more quick-sighted, and it was to him personally that Louis Napoleon addressed the pointed and pregnant query: "What can be done for Italy?" The reply was given at the congress, which Cavour reluctantly attended, expecting little or nothing from it, and objecting: "What is the good of my going, to be treated like a child?"

Although he had used his time well and won golden opinions from the plenipotentiaries, the peace was signed (March 30, 1856) and the formal business was well-nigh concluded without anything being done for Italy, when Count Walewski, on a hint from the Emperor, proposed an interchange of ideas on several subjects "requiring to be settled in the interests of European peace and order"; particularising as most urgent the evils resulting from foreign intrusion and internal misgovernment in Italy. Count Buol, the Austrian plenipotentiary, denied the competency of congress to discuss these subjects, but Lord Clarendon warmly supported his French colleague by dwelling upon the misgovernment of Naples and the Papal States; and then Cavour rose to declare that Austria was the main cause of the state of things they all agreed in deprecating, the arch-enemy of Italian independence, the permanent danger to the only free nation in Italy, the nation he had the honour to represent. This fearless denunciation (April 6, 1856) was followed up by a protocol addressed to France and England, in which he plainly declared that the condition of Piedmont was becoming insupportable, and that, if nothing were done, she would be driven to the alternative of submitting, like Lombardy and Venice, to the Austrian yoke or of resorting to arms.

Nothing came of this protocol at the time. There was no material change of situation, except

that Sardinia and Austria were now openly opposed, as the good and evil genius of Italy. Another visit to England, undertaken at the suggestion of the French emperor to sound Lord Palmerston, only served to convince Cavour that no effective co-operation—hardly what is called moral support—was to be expected from that quarter; and when he had to report progress to the Piedmontese parliament and people, the sense of their rising importance, the assurance that they were called upon to play a noble part in history, were all he had to offer them in return for the sacrifices they had already made, and the still greater sacrifices his policy threatened to impose upon them. The alternative he had laid before the congress was no imaginary one: the choice lay between humiliating submission and war; and an indefinite postponement of the crisis, resembling an armed truce, might prove to an overburthened State little less ruinous than defeat. But to fling down the gauntlet to such an antagonist without an ally was to provoke a renewal of disaster, and he left no stone unturned to bring about an embroilment which should engage one of the greater States actively on his side. The adroitness he displayed in conciliating opinion and attracting sympathy drew a sigh of admiring regret from Metternich: "Diplomacy is dying out; there is only one diplomatist left in Europe, and he, unfortunately, is against us: I mean Count Cavour."

He attracted more admiration than sympathy in France.

"Guizot asked me for political news.

"*Senior.*—I know none, and I have given up conjecturing.

"*Beaumont.*—No one has any policy; every one lives *au jour le jour.*

"*Guizot.*—Except Cavour. I honour him as the only man living who has an object, and pursues it straightforwardly through every danger and every difficulty. I believe his object to be an unattainable one, and, indeed, a bad one if it could be attained. Italy ought not to consist of less, at the very least, than four kingdoms—Piedmont with Lombardy, Parma and Modena, the Popedom, Tuscany and Naples. Even if France be weak enough to allow this new composite kingdom to be formed, it will tumble to pieces from the mutual repulsion of its elements. But when I think only of the skill and boldness of his means, I am carried away by my admiration.

"*Beaumont.*—So am I. He will ruin his country with consummate ability." [1]

His diplomacy in one respect resembled Prince Bismarck's. Once when the Prussian envoy at Turin, Count Brassier de St. Simon, astonished at Cavour's freedom of speech, was searching for some hidden meaning in his words, Cavour replied quickly: "Do not deceive yourself. I say only what I think. As for the habit attributed to diplomatists of disguising their thoughts, it is one of which I never avail myself." He used often to say laughingly to his friends: "Now I have found out the art of deceiving diplomatists; I speak the truth, and I am certain they will not believe me." He was the exact reverse of Metternich, of whom it was said: "Il ment toujours et ne trompe jamais." This is confirmed by M. de la Rive:

"It was always one of the traits of Cavour to speak with a freedom which had nothing diplomatic about it. Far from being one of those who weigh words and measure syllables, Cavour never, I believe, gave a thought to the consequences of a phrase uttered in a moment of gaiety, discouragement, or confidence."

Yet those about him were wont to infer from his

[1] "Conversations with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire, from 1860 to 1863." By the late William Nassau Senior, etc., etc. Edited by his daughter, M. C. M. Simpson, vol. i. p. 199.

manner whether matters were going well or ill, in accordance with or contrary to his wish. M. de la Rive relates that, calling on him one day at Turin when a congress was spoken of, he found his valet-de-chambre in the anteroom reading the newspapers. "Well," I said, "we are to have peace." "Peace!" he replied. "Ah, as for that, no: the gazettes don't know what they are writing about. M. le Comte is too well satisfied." He had Lord Melbourne's habit of rubbing his hands together when he was pleased.

Although he foretold the war soon after the Congress of 1856, he had no direct assurance of its feasibility till after the arrangement with the French emperor at Plombières in July, 1858. But even this, followed by the famous New Year's allocution to Baron Hübner, and the marriage of Prince Napoleon with the Princess Clotilde, left open a trying period of suspense.[1] Sardinia was thoroughly committed when (on the 18th of April, 1859) a telegram arrived from Paris: "Accept the

[1] We have been favoured with the following interesting Memorandum by Lord Odo Russell, now British ambassador at Berlin:

"When I was passing through Turin on my way to Rome, in December 1858, Cavour said to me that I might look forward to an interesting winter, as he was about to reopen the Italian question and free Italy from the Austrian yoke. On my observing that Austria had but to play a waiting game to exhaust the already heavily taxed military resources of Piedmont, and that a declaration of war by Piedmont would enlist the sympathies of Europe in favour of Austria rather than of Italy, he replied that he fully agreed with me; but that if on the contrary Austria declared war against Piedmont, then public opinion would side with Italy and support the cause of the weak and oppressed against the strong. On my saying that Austria was scarcely capable of committing so egregious a mistake, Cavour replied, 'But I shall *force her* to declare war against us.'

"I confess I felt incredulous, but asked when he expected to accomplish so great a wonder of diplomacy? 'About the first week in May,' was his reply.

"On leaving Cavour I took a note of our conversation. Great was the surprise of Europe when Austria declared war against Piedmont a few days before the time he had specified."

preliminary conditions of the congress, and reply by telegraph." These conditions included disarmament, the abandonment of all schemes of ambition and aggrandizement, the falling back on all points, immediate humiliation, prospective ruin. After mastering the first impulse, which partook of defiance and despair, he despatched the required acceptance, and gave up everything for lost. He was saved by the imprudence of his adversary, who suddenly became the aggressor, after the fullest warning that whoever struck the first blow would be declared by the common voice of Europe in the wrong. "Four days" (M. de la Rive says forty-eight hours) "after the despatch of his reply two officers in white uniform passed through the streets of Turin. It was the ultimatum of Austria which arrived. The war, for Cavour, was triumph and repose. It consecrated his policy and quieted his mind." The ultimatum was a peremptory summons to disarm, giving three days for the reply. At the expiration of the three days, to a minute, he delivered the reply to Baron Killersperg, and courteously took leave of him, with a hope that they should meet under more favourable auspices. Then, turning to some friends who were waiting for him, he exclaimed, rubbing his hands: "It is done: *alea jacta est:* we have made some history, and now to dinner."

The vacillation of the French emperor was natural and intelligible. The war was unpopular in France: his confidential advisers were opposed to it, and his motives in undertaking it were purely personal, if we except a certain amount of sympathy for a cause to which he had sworn allegiance in his youth. The Prince Regent of Prussia, now the German Emperor, wrote thus to the Prince Consort in February 1859:

"The necessity for this decisive blow (war) I always expected would arise when he (Louis Napoleon) should see no other means of keeping himself on the throne. I cannot see that this is the case at the present moment. Something else must therefore be the motive power, and I believe it may shortly be expressed by the words *La guerre ou le poignard.* Unfortunately the Italian dagger seems to have become an *idée fixe* with Napoleon."

Louis Napoleon was moreover possessed by the notion that he had in him the quality of a great general as well as a great statesman. He was with difficulty dissuaded from assuming the command of the French army in the Crimea; and his self-estimate, as well as his estimate of Cavour, are shown by an anecdote related by Mr. Dicey. One day, when they were together at Plombières, the emperor turned to the statesman and said: "Do you know, there are but three *men* in all Europe: one is myself, the second is you, and the third is one whose name I will not mention." This nameless third has hitherto baffled speculation. Prince Bismarck's star was then below the horizon; and we cannot accept Mr. Theodore Martin's loyal suggestion that the Prince Consort was the man.

We must hurry over the best-known events. Cavour did not, like Prince Bismarck, accompany his king. "He had a bed placed in the ministry of war (which he had just added to his other duties), and during the nights he walked in his dressing-gown from one department to another, giving directions as to police regulations, diplomatic correspondence, and preparations for war, inflaming every one by his example of laboriousness and patriotism."[1]

His exultation at the news of victory after victory was suddenly converted into the bitterest

[1] Bianchi.

disappointment when the rumour of the armistice of Villafranca reached Turin. He instantly started for the camp and had an interview with the French emperor, but it was too late. His passions then, for the first and only time when dealing with public affairs, got the better of him. "Victor Emmanuel, calm and resigned, was listening to a French officer reading the preliminaries of the treaty in the presence of La Marmora and three other witnesses, when the count entered. White with anger, which he made no effort to suppress, he stormed against the emperor, and upbraided the King with his complaisance. He said he ought to refuse to accept Lombardy, and withdraw the Piedmontese army into his own proper territory."[1]

La Marmora interposed in vain. Cavour was uncontrollable; they parted in anger; the King deeply and justly offended, and the minister broken-hearted and crushed down. One who saw him on his return to Turin reported that in the space of three days he had grown older by many years. He denied, however, that his resignation was hasty or ill-considered.

"This resolution," he wrote, "has not been dictated either by anger or by discouragement. I have full faith in the triumph of the cause for which I have striven; and I am still ready to devote to it what little of life and power may yet be granted to me. But I am profoundly convinced that, at this moment, my participation in public affairs would be hurtful to my country."

Longing for rest, and thinking it best to be out of the way of the new ministry (that of Rattazzi and La Marmora), he started for Switzerland on a visit to the de la Rives. He arrived feverish

[1] Godkin, vol. i. p. 235.

and agitated, boiling over with anger at the frustration of his hopes; but he gradually calmed down, made fair allowances for the past, and ceased to regard the future with despair. The emperor, he said, had found out that he was not a heaven-born general like his uncle, was sickened at the sight of carnage, was alarmed by the attitude of Prussia and by threatened combinations across the Rhine. The King had yielded to imperative destiny, and was sound at heart as ever—

"It is not backwards we must look, but forwards. We have followed one track: it is cut off: well, we will follow another. We shall be twenty years in doing what might have been accomplished in a few months. How can we help it? Besides, England has hitherto done nothing for Italy. It is her turn now. I will look to Naples. I shall be accused of being a revolutionary; but, above all, we must keep moving, and we will keep moving."

He saw on reflection that, if Louis Napoleon had fulfilled his promise of making Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic, she might have settled down quietly into a confederation. This was out of the question with the overshadowing power of Austria encamped in the Quadrilateral. "Now we shall see what the Italians can do for themselves," were the parting words of the French emperor as he left the Mincio. To do anything, they must obviously act in concert, and they had done too much to recede. This, or something like it, must have been in Cavour's mind when he said: "The political unity of Italy, since Novara is a possibility, has become since Villafranca a necessity." Passing in rapid review the means by which this the ever-present object of his aspirations must now be reached, he exclaimed: "Well, they will compel me to pass the rest of my life in conspiring."

The King and the ex-minister were too indispensable to one another to continue long apart, and there speedily arose a simultaneous call from France, England, and free Italy, for Cavour. He returned to power in January 1860, when Massimo d'Azeglio wrote: "Now we shall go ahead; I have the fullest assurance that we shall: a firm hand directs the government." They did go ahead; within two months they had annexed the central provinces, to the exclusion of the Grand Dukes; and on the 17th of March, 1861, Victor Emmanuel was declared King of Italy by a free Italian parliament, representing the entire country except Venice and Rome. On Cavour's return to power, M. Guizot is reported to have said: "Two men divide the attention of Europe at the present moment, the emperor and M. de Cavour. The game has commenced, and I should bet on M. de Cavour." The bet was already as good as won: the emperor had not calculated on the moral effect of his victories when he halted at Villafranca: the emancipated Italians, whom he wished to replace under their former masters, were like the Jin or Genie in the fairy tale who refused to go back into the jar: and he was rather glad than sorry when the strong persuasion of England gave him a fair excuse for assenting to the annexation, thereby completing his claim to the stipulated reward. The cession of Nice and Savoy has been discussed to tiresomeness. Cavour's justification of it was contained in a sentence or two:

"The true ground for it is that the treaty is an integral part of our policy, the logical and inevitable consequences of a past policy, and an absolute necessity for the carrying on of this policy in the future.

* * * * *

"When signing, we were aware what unpopularity

awaited us; but we knew likewise that we laboured for Italy, for that Italy which is not the sound body a certain member has spoken of: Italy still has big wounds in her body. Look towards the Mincio, look on the other side of Tuscany, and say whether Italy is out of danger."

It was the price that could not be beaten down, the condition that could not be evaded, of French aid; and, without French aid, Italian independence was a dream. At the conclusion of an animated debate, the approval of the treaty was carried by a majority of 229 (more than four-fifths of the Chamber). The cession was contingent on the result of a "plébiscite." "Once," wrote Massimo d'Azeglio, "let the Savoyards have said: 'We will be annexed to France'; we shall be like a father who lets his daughter marry according to her desire, embraces her with a painful heart, wishes her full happiness, and says adieu to her."

It would seem that no undue pressure had to be put upon the Savoyards:

"The conversation passed to Savoy. M. Petinet maintained that the annexation was popular among all excepting the priests.

"*Prince Napoleon.*—The people never, from 1815 to 1859, gave up the hope of returning to France. Thousands of families kept little tricolors as sacred deposits. They loved, indeed, the house of Savoy, but they hated Piedmont, and felt degraded by the prospect of being swallowed up in the great kingdom of Italy.

"*Senior.*—They are swallowed up now, in a still greater empire.

"*Prince Napoleon.*—Yes; but in an empire with glorious recollections, with a glorious present, and with a glorious future. The kingdom of Italy is glorious only in its hopes."[1]

The evasive language of Cavour touching this transaction was caused by the uncertainty in which

[1] Senior, "Conversations," vol. ii. p. 28.

he remained, up to the moment of its completion, whether the engagement would be held binding. "So he (the emperor) holds firmly to Savoy and this unhappy city of Nice?" were his words to the French minister when reminded of it at Milan. Two days before the signature of the definitive act, he said to the Marquis Emmanuel d'Azeglio, the accomplished minister to the British Court, who was taking leave of him at Turin: "*Se potessimo almeno salvar Nizza* (If we could at least save Nice)!" Statesmen must not be hastily accused of duplicity or dissimulation for veiling their policy whilst in a wavering or transition state. Shortly after the announcement in the "Times" of the meditated repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, an official denial appeared in the "Standard," a Government organ. It came direct from the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, and was indeed copied from a draft in his handwriting. He justified it on the ground that the Cabinet had not yet come to a definitive decision.[1]

It is difficult to decide how far Cavour was responsible for Garibaldi's adventurous expedition, which ended in the annexation of Naples to the new kingdom. They were at daggers drawn on account of the cession of Nice, Garibaldi's birthplace, when he started.[2] A formal disapproval

[1] The Cabinet minister from whom the "Times" received the first hint of the change of policy was Lord Aberdeen.

[2] In a letter addressed to the King at starting, Garibaldi wrote: "I know that I embark on a perilous enterprise. If we achieve it, I shall be proud to add to your Majesty's crown a new and perhaps more brilliant jewel, *always on the condition that your Majesty will stand opposed to councillors who would cede this province to the foreigner, as has been done with the city of my birth.*"

M. Fazy, ex-president of Geneva, told the writer, as told him by Cavour, that more than two millions of francs were expended by the Italian Government in forwarding Garibaldi's expeditions, a large part in bribing Neapolitan officials. When this was repeated to Sir James

appeared in the official gazette, but Cavour could not forcibly intervene to stop volunteers on their way to the relief of a suffering people, without a complete change of system and of tone. Several of the European Cabinets (including Prussia) protested against what they termed this fresh breach of international law; but it is difficult to enforce international law when kingdoms are breaking up from internal causes; and it was not foreign intervention that enabled Garibaldi to enter Naples in a railway-carriage and assume the dictatorship. One of his first acts after his triumphant entry was to require the dismissal of Cavour. This he followed up by declaring that he would not annex Naples to Sardinia till he could do it from the Quirinal. The revolution, under his auspices, was to sweep the French out of Rome, and the Austrians out of Venice, and then cross the Alps to set Hungary and Poland upon their legs. If let alone, he would have thrown everything into confusion. The situation was critical, but Cavour was equal to it. He had to take the guidance of the movement out of Garibaldi's hands, and confirm it in his own. This was effected by a measure which at first sight seemed likely to complicate the difficulties. The Sardinian army crossed the papal frontier, defeated Lamoricière, captured Ancona, and then advanced into the Abruzzi, where Garibaldi, no longer the sole liberator of the South, met the King, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, hailed him "King of Italy."

The kingdom, now comprising twenty-two millions of subjects, was still incomplete without Venice and Rome. Venice was regarded by

Hudson, he expressed his complete incredulity; and, considering the esteem in which he was held by Cavour and their confidential intimacy, his authority is all but decisive on such a point.

Cavour as unattainable without a general war; and he declared that he would forego Rome rather than be guilty of the semblance of ingratitude to France, then encamped in the Eternal City as the protector of His Holiness. At the same time he proclaimed that the unity of Italy could not be constituted without Rome:

"The choice of a capital is determined by high moral considerations. It is the sentiment of the people that decides. Rome unites all the conditions, historical, intellectual, moral, which form the capital of a great State. . . . What we have to do is to persuade the Holy Father that the Church can be independent without the temporal power. But it seems to me that when we present ourselves to the sovereign pontiff and say to him: 'Holy Father, the temporal power is not for you a guarantee of independence: renounce it, and we will give you that liberty which you have demanded in vain during three centuries from all the great Catholic powers. . . . Well, that liberty which you have never been able to obtain from these powers, who boasted to be your allies, your devoted sons,—we come to offer it to you in all its plenitude: We are ready to proclaim in Italy this great principle: *The Free Church in the Free State.*'"

He wished the Church to be independent, independent both of its followers and the State, as well as free. After deploring (at Lèri in 1846) the condition in which the Revolution had left the French clergy, he added: "In Piedmont we have a Church with possessions, a proprietary Church, independent of the Government; and this is a great good for the State, no less than for religion." The difficulty in dealing with the Papal Church is that it is never satisfied with freedom and equality. It insists, and by the very law of its being is obliged to insist, on supremacy and on enforcing its will in secular matters (like marriage and education) as well as spiritual.

The most painful episode in Cavour's life was his quarrel with Garibaldi, who presented himself in the Chamber on the 18th of April, 1861, to justify the charges he had brought against Cavour of having dragged Italian honour in the dust. M. d'Ideville, who was present, says that he had scarcely pronounced a few words when his memory failed; his phrases became incoherent; and it was not till he flung aside his notes that the scene, from bordering on the ridiculous, became tragical. "It was then that, addressing himself with threatening voice and gesture to the ministerial bench, he declared that it would be for ever impossible for him to clasp the hand of the man who had sold his country to the foreigner; or to ally himself with a Government whose cold and mischievous hand was trying to foment a fratricidal war." At the words "fratricidal war" a burst of indignation arose: Cavour restrained himself with difficulty, and it was left to Ricasoli to inflict the fitting rebuke. He affected to think that it was impossible Garibaldi could have acted and spoken as he notoriously had. "For who, great as he may be, would dare, in his pride, to assign himself in our country a place apart? Who would dare to claim for himself the monopoly of devotedness and patriotism, and elevate himself above the rest? Amongst us a single head should tower above all others; that of the King. Before him all bow down, and ought to bow down; any other attitude would be that of a rebel."

M. Mazade, whose account differs materially from M. d'Ideville's, says that on the utterance of the words "fratricidal war" Cavour made a vehement appeal to the President of the Chamber, exclaiming: "Such insults are not to be permitted. We demand a call to order": that the sitting was

suspended: and that when it was resumed he calmly said:

"I know there is one deed which has put a gulf between General Garibaldi and me. I thought to accomplish a painful duty—the most painful I have ever known—in urging upon the King and parliament the approval of the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. Through the pain it caused me, I can realise that which General Garibaldi must now feel on the subject, and if he is unable to forgive me for that deed, I cannot hold it to be a reproach to him."

Garibaldi replied in a milder tone that, although his sentiments were those of an adversary, he never doubted that Cavour was the friend of Italy, and they afterwards met by the King's desire in a private apartment of the palace. "My interview with Garibaldi," wrote Cavour, "was courteous, though not warm: we both kept within the limits of reserve. . . . We parted, if not good friends, at least without any irritation."

On leaving the Chamber on the 18th of April, Cavour, grasping Ricasoli's hand with emotion, exclaimed: "If I should die to-morrow, my successor has been found." He told Count Oldofredi the day after: "If emotion could have killed a man, I should have died on my return from that sitting."

He died in less than two months, June 6, 1861, after an illness of seven days, brought on by anxiety and the exhaustion of overwork. "My task," he wrote, "is more laborious and more trying at present than in the past. To constitute Italy, to fuse together the divers elements of which it is composed, to bring the south into harmony with the north, present as many difficulties as a war with Austria and the struggle with Rome." His

death was accelerated by frequent bleedings and his refusal or inability to take rest. He would see his colleagues, and his mind was unceasingly at work. A record of his last moments was carefully kept by his affectionate and beloved niece. His dying thought (like Pitt's) was how he left his country:

"The Italy of the North," he murmured, "is made: there are no longer Lombards, nor Piedmontese, nor Tuscans, nor Romagnols: we are all Italians: but there are still Neapolitans. Oh, there is much corruption in their country! It is not their fault, poor people: they have been so ill governed. It is that scoundrel Ferdinand. No, no, so corrupt a government cannot be restored; Providence will not allow it. We must moralise them, educate the infancy and the youth, create orphan asylums, military colleges: but it is not by abusing the Neapolitans that you will improve them. . . .

"No state of siege; none of those methods of absolute government! Any one can govern with the state of siege. I will govern them with liberty, and I will show what ten years of liberty can make of these fine countries. . . .

"Garibaldi is a noble fellow. For my part, I wish him no harm. He wants to go to Rome and Venice, and so do I: none can be more eager than both of us. As to Istria and the Tyrol, it is another matter. It will be for another generation. We have done pretty well, we of the present, we have made Italy if all goes well (se l'Italia è la cosa va). Then this Germanic Confederation is an anomaly: it will break to pieces, and German unity will be founded, but the House of Hapsburg will not know how to modify itself. What will the Prussians do, they so slow to decide? They will take fifty years to do what we have done in three."

He received the sacrament from Fra Giacomo, the priest whom he had engaged to perform the last offices in the case of clerical interference, and his last words were: "*Frate, frate, libera Chiesa*

in libero Stato (Brother, brother, free Church in free State)."

He was never married. When the King joked him on the subject, he replied that Italy was his *sposa*, and that he would never have another. He was much attached to his family, and his affectionate nature was sorely tried by the death of his eldest nephew at Goito. "Augustus," he writes, "died with a smile upon his lips, like a soldier and a Christian. It is certainly the noblest of deaths, the most enviable; it is terrible for those who remain." M. d'Ideville reports General La Marmora as stating that Cavour was capricious and vindictive, prone to exalt men to the skies one day and heap irony and contempt on them the next. But this is contrary to the concurrent testimony of all who knew him best and saw most of him. "In politics," he said to M. de la Rive, "there is nothing so absurd as *rancune*." He always felt and acted towards the bitterest of his opponents as if they might some day become his friends. This enabled him to mediate between parties and use them by turns for the advancement of the great cause, which he could not have done if he had nourished resentment against their leaders. But before summing up his character we will bring together a few scattered personal traits.

Curran said to Grattan: "You would be the greatest man of your day, Grattan, if you would buy a few yards of red tape and tie up your bills and papers." Cavour managed to be the greatest man of his age without resorting to red-tape. "Those," remarks M. de la Rive, "who are disposed to confound material and external order with order in ideas would have been surprised at the confusion of Cavour's cabinet; so encumbered

with papers that one day, having placed my hat on a chair or table, I could not find it, and where I have seen Cavour himself looking vainly for a buried letter." Yet the amount of work he contrived to get through was wonderful, and there was no complaint of delay in any one of the departments in his charge. He allowed himself only three or four hours' sleep, and latterly took nothing in the way of refreshment or nourishment (besides coffee) before dinner, his only meal, at which he ate largely, like Talleyrand, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Prince Bismarck and others who, from their amount of brain-work, required solid food in proportion,—as the steam-engine of an express train requires fuel. Although he had not given as much attention to the Art of Dining as Prince Bismarck, he was by no means wanting in discrimination. On his return from England and France in 1852, he was enumerating the dinners to which he had been invited during his tour; and on being asked which was the best, he specified, without hesitation, one given at Paris by Lord Howden, then accredited minister to Spain.[1]

He never wore any of his many decorations if he could help it, and when the institution of a new order was proposed to him, to replace those of the annexed States, he refused, saying: "Don't you see that the spirit of society is running counter to this sort of thing? Why create new causes of inequality when an irresistible force is

[1] M. de la Rive says that he "deems it a duty not to keep back this appreciation so flattering for British diplomacy." We deem it equally a duty to say that Lord Howden's Paris dinners were given at the apartments of his Russian wife, the Princess Bagration; so that the compliment of right reverts to Russia. The princess's apartments were a ground-floor in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, and when in Paris Lord Howden occupied an *entresol* on the opposite side of the street.

pushing all classes towards equality? I will wager that, fifty years hence, there will be no orders of knighthood in Europe." How comes it, then, that the vanity of decorations is strongest in France, and is gaining ground, concurrently with the equalising spirit, in England? Why, unless it is based in human nature? We would rather wager that Macaulay's New Zealander, when he arrives to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, will appear with a ribbon in his button-hole.

Comparing, *à propos* of an old tower, different epochs of civilisation, Cavour said: "There is no denying that humanity, as a whole, has advanced, but as for this rogue (*coquin*) man, I do not believe that he has made any progress." It was in a desponding humour, just after Villafranca, that he said this. He was unconsciously quoting Mephistopheles:

"Der kleine Gott der Welt bleibt stets von gleichem Schlag,
Und ist so wunderlich wie am ersten Tag."[1]

Dislike of dilettantism drove him into the opposite extreme of pretending that he had no taste for the fine arts, that he had neither ears for music nor eyes for painting and sculpture. Yet he was surprised in the Bologna Gallery in an ecstasy before the Saint Cecilia of Raphael, and he pressed Verdi to accept the proffered seat in the Chamber, saying that the composer of the "Trovatore" might well sit in the national parliament. He was at home in the entire range of social and economic science, and was never found wanting in the practical knowledge required for any one of the departments he undertook. Like Prince Bismarck, he found relief in novel-reading. His

[1] "The Little God of the world continues ever of the same stamp, and is as odd as on the first day."—Goethe's "Faust."

private secretary relates that, having been commissioned to get him a novel to read during a railway journey, he chose the newest amongst the French and English publications of this class. "I was obliged to repair twice to the bookseller's, for he had read all, knew all, and I was finally driven to beg him to go and choose for himself." After the visit to Switzerland in the anxious winter of 1858, M. de la Rive missed Buckle's "History of Civilisation," and learnt on inquiry that it had been carried away by Çavour to read on his home journey. He apologised for keeping it so long by the wish to read it from beginning to end, "not so easy a task when one has so many departments to look after. In spite of its want of order and clearness, and its length, this book deserves to be read, for it marks, in my opinion, an evolution in the English mind which will inevitably entail very remarkable consequences. If I was not minister, I would try to write an article on this book."

The modern writer he admired most was Chateaubriand; a strange preference, which may pair off with that of Napoleon for Ossian. During a visit to Pressinge (M. de la Rive's) in 1840, he got up every morning at five and set to work on Lord Stanhope's History. "He had resolved to learn the English language, and, that he might learn English history at the same time, he consecrated without flagging all his mornings to spelling out a tiresome book written in an unknown tongue." [1]

He had high animal spirits until depressed by anxiety and work, and there is a playfulness of expression in his letters which indicates a turn

1 "History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht"—by no means a tiresome book.

for humour; as when he writes, in December 1859: "If you come to Paris this winter, you will find me at the Hôtel Bristol. I have taken the apartments occupied by Count Buol in 1856, always with the intention of invading the Austrian territory." He is reported to have told an assailant in the Chamber that he was too ugly to answer; a style of argument (occasionally employed by O'Connell) rather dangerous for one who had no personal advantages that could embolden him to provoke comparison. He had the sort of figure that gained Dryden the name of "Poet-Squab," being short and thick, with a head disproportionately large, and a plain face, rendered plainer by goggle spectacles.

When a friend pitied him for having to listen to so many tiresome applicants, he exclaimed, "*Moi, je ne m'ennuie jamais.*" When asked how he managed to escape the common lot, he replied: "My recipe is very simple: I persuade myself that no one is *ennuyeux*." We commend his example to the many vacant-minded commonplace people, young and old, who are eternally complaining of being "bored."

His model statesmen were Pitt and Peel, but where he surpassed them both—where, indeed, he equalled or surpassed every statesman recorded in history—was in the grandeur of his aim, his singleness of purpose, and his strict adherence to the cardinal principle with which he started: that national greatness and independence can only be safely reached or permanently secured through reason, diffused knowledge, and enlightened public opinion. "Italy," he was never tired of repeating, "must be made by liberty, or I despair of making her at all." "Any one," were his dying words, "can govern by a state of siege." Any one, he

might have added, with an iron will, can carry out a blood and iron policy. But *après*? Where does it leave the people who have been its instruments? Are they better off than those who have been its victims? Are they freer, richer, more prosperous, than before? By the course he took, by the means he used to induce the Piedmontese to go along with him, he made them worthy of their vocation and equal to their preappointed work. He would never have said of his countrymen what Prince Bismarck complacently said of *his*: "We are, perhaps, too cultured to endorse a constitution:" as if constitutions were the invention of barbarism, absolutism the highest attainment of civilisation, and indifference to chartered rights a proof of intellectual superiority.

We have seen how steadily he refused to take any measure without the assent of the Chamber, which he had no means of coercing or corrupting, which he could only control by argument. When restrictions on the press and the open expression of mischievous doctrines were urged upon him, he replied that this would encourage secret plots and produce explosions. His argument was that of Curran: "In one case sedition speaks aloud and walks abroad: the demagogue goes forth: the public eye is upon him. In the other case how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile to which, when the fatal hour of maturity shall arrive, he will apply the flame. . . . The crisis is precipitated without warning, by folly on the one side or phrensy on the other, and there is no notice of the treason until the traitor acts."

He objected to official organs, that they raise

a prejudice against the views they advocate which, if sound, do not need forcing. His liberality is invarably modified by good sense. "We must deal gently," he wrote, "with the susceptibility, even with the prejudices, of a population. Where there are four Protestants gathered together, we permit public worship. But we would not allow fanatic missionaries to throw trouble and discord into the midst of a population entirely and exclusively Catholic." His golden rule was to precipitate nothing: to let questions ripen: to trust to what may be called political evolution. And he could afford to wait; for coming events, casting their shadows before, were revealed to him by a second-sight as unerring as that of Campbell's seer. "Wait, and a European complication, which I see upon the cards, will give you Venice." "Wait till the temporal power is displayed in its true colours and Rome will drop into your mouth." "Don't be too hasty in condemning the example we have set," was his reply to the Prussian disapproval of the annexation of Naples, "for the time may come when you may feel grateful for it." That time did come, and came sooner than he anticipated; but had he lived to see how his example has been applied, he might object that he took Naples in compliance with a national call, whilst it is with an utter disregard of the wishes of entire States (Hanover and Frankfort, for example) that the new German empire has been formed.

The only wrongs of which Cavour can be held guilty, in the eyes of the strictest upholder of public law, were committed against foreign intruders and domestic oppressors of whom united Italy was eager to get rid: wrongs far milder than those of which the leaders in the English

revolution of 1688 were guilty against their own hereditary king. In all such cases of conflicting obligation, the higher must be held to overrule the less.

What Grattan said of Chatham is truer of Cavour: "The sight of his mind was infinite, and his schemes were to affect, not his own country nor the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which those schemes were accomplished, always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour and enlightened by prophecy." He had no need of the apology he made for Peel. What he did, was done at the right moment, in the right manner, by the right man. He uniformly appealed to the finer instincts, the nobler aspirations, of those he summoned to act with him, and he never appealed in vain. He did not call upon a people to purchase territorial aggrandizement and military glory with their liberties. He had none of the qualities which we have been led by melancholy experience to regard as the inevitable alloy of greatness: neither the theatrical arts of Chatham, nor the cold cruel impassibility to groans and tears of Richelieu, nor the cynic contempt for principle of Frederick, nor the revolting hypocrisy of Cromwell, nor the desolating selfishness of Napoleon. His ambition, made of purer, holier stuff, was merged and forgotten in his patriotism. His statesmanship was reason and truth put in action. And therefore is it that his example may prove of inestimable value to posterity. It goes far towards solving the momentous problem: "Is greatness hopelessly incompatible with goodness? Must the wisest, brightest of mankind be invariably the meanest or the worst?" Henceforth, and

for all time to come, when these questions are repeated, the decisive answer is at hand. The philosophic student of history, the moralist, the philanthropist, all who think well and wish to think better of their species, have only to name Cavour.

PRINCE METTERNICH.[1]

(From the Quarterly Review, January, 1880.)

PRINCE METTERNICH, whose Memoirs have recently been published simultaneously in three languages, was conspicuous amongst the illustrious band of statesmen by whom, between sixty-five and seventy years ago, the politics of Europe were guided or controlled. Their times were exceptional—pregnant with momentous events, destined to become landmarks in history; and the men were on a par with the times. It was they who planned

[1] 1. *Aus Metternich's nachgelassenen Papieren.* Herausgegeben von dem Sohne des Staatkanzlers Fürsten Richard Metternich-Winneburg. Geordnet und zusammengestellt von Alfons v. Klinkowström Autorisirte Deutsche Original-Ausgabe. Erster Theil: von der Geburt Metternich's bis zum Wiener Congress (1773–1815). Wien: Wilhelm Braumüller. 1880.

2. *Mémoires, Documents et Écrits divers, laissés par le Prince de Metternich, Chancelier de Cour et d'État.* Publiés par son Fils, le Prince Richard de Metternich. Classés et réunis par M. A. de Klinkowström. Première Partie: depuis la Naissance de Metternich jusqu'au Congrès de Vienne (1773–1815). Paris: E. Plon et Cie. 1880.

3. *Memoirs of Prince Metternich,* 1773–1815. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. The Papers classified and arranged by M. A. de Klinkowström. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. London. Richard Bentley and Son. 1880.

As the French and English versions profess to be literal, we are at a loss to account for the three varieties of title-page. In the preface to what is termed "Authorized German Original Edition," Prince Richard Metternich, the editor, states that the writings or fragments of writing

the grand concentrated movement which crushed Napoleon: their work commenced where the victorious generals left off; and on them devolved the task of restoration and reconstruction, when the revolutionary spirit was tamed down, when the tide of conquest was rolled back, when (to borrow the beautiful imagery of Canning) "the spires and turrets of ancient establishments began to reappear above the subsiding wave:"

> "The world is out of joint: oh, cursed spite!
> That ever I was born to set it right."

This, it may be taken for granted, was not their mode of looking at things. A disjointed world was their appropriate field of action. It was their chosen vocation to remodel States, to strengthen or replace dynasties, to parcel out territories, to round the dominions of their royal or imperial masters with supreme indifference to popular feelings or nationalities; and Prince Metternich was in his glory, at his proudest and highest, when (at the Congress of Vienna) he stood the centre figure of the brilliant group comprising (besides emperors and kings) such men as Talleyrand, Nesselrode, Pozzo di Borgo, Hardenberg, W. Humboldt, Wellington, Castlereagh, and Gentz.

He was admirably suited by birth, social position, character, tone of mind, and training for his post. Born in the purple, a noble of the highest class, he was *grand seigneur* to his finger ends. He naturally wished to perpetuate the state of things in which his lot was so happily cast. He dreaded

(*Schriftstücke*) left by his father, were part in German, part in French, and that the whole are published in this edition in the language in which they were written, with the exception of the autobiography; the French portions of which are given in German for the sake of uniformity; an insufficient reason for what strikes us to be an unsatisfactory arrangement.

change: he was always on the reactionary side, and his voice was uniformly raised in favour of peace, order, and stability. He could understand the claim of a monarch to a detached province or a slice of a neighbouring kingdom; but, from his point of view, the claim of a people to independence or self-government was irrational and inadmissible on the face of it.

Autocracy flavoured by aristocracy, an irresponsible sovereign, if possible an emperor, with hereditary nobles for ministers, formed his beau-ideal of a constitution and a government. He had the singular good fortune, during the greater part of his career, of serving and representing an emperor whose views and principles were, or could easily be brought, in complete accordance with his own. Between them, they managed to restore a shattered empire, to take an effective part in the war of liberation, and to patch up a continental system bearing some external resemblance to that which bound Europe loosely together prior to 1792. But the revolutionary spirit, which he fancied he had quelled, burst out again with irrepressible force before he died: he was one of its most distinguished victims; and we are lost in wonder at the unbroken self-complacency with which he frequently reverts to the distinctive features of his policy, and declares that he never did anything which he would not do again under the circumstances.

In conversation with Varnhagen von Ense, at Baden in 1834, he spoke thus:

"The principles I adopted from the beginning of my career have been tested by all my experience of life and affairs, and I can confidently assert that during twenty-five years that I have been at the head of the Cabinet, I have had nothing to regret. . . . Where all is tottering and changing, it is before all things necessary that there

should be something fixed somewhere, to which the waverer may cling—where the erratic may find a resting point. I have been that something, that principle of permanence and stability.

* * * * *

"I am the man of truth, and I have no cause to fear the light of day. I can stand by everything I have said, and render an account of everything I have done. There is no debate or discussion in which I could not cheerfully engage. It is my greatest disadvantage, that my labours remain secret in the narrow circle of Cabinets: I should only gain by publicity. So far as I am personally concerned, I do not shun the parliamentary tribune—I should even wish for it—if I nevertheless hate it, that is for reasons inherent in the thing."[1]

He used much the same language to Mr. Ticknor in 1835, declaring that lying (*mensonge*) was his detestation, that he had never deceived anybody, and that this was the reason why he had not a personal enemy in the world. In the Preface (*Erklärung*) to the Memoirs, dated December, 1844, he says:

"My life belongs to the time in which it has passed.

"That time is an epoch in the history of the world; it was a period of transition! In such periods the older edifice is already destroyed, though the new is not yet in existence; it has to be reared, and the men of the time play the part of builders.

"Architects present themselves on all sides: not one, however, is permitted to see the work concluded; for that the life of man is too short. *Happy the man who can say of himself, that he has not run counter to the Eternal Right. This testimony my conscience does not deny me.*"

* * * * *

"My life was one of the most active in a time morbid with ill-regulated activity. This narrative shows that from my earliest youth to the thirty-sixth year of a burden-

1. "Denkwürdigkeiten und vermischte Schriften," vol. viii. p. 114.

some ministry, when I write these lines, I have not lived one hour to myself.

"A spectator of the order of things before the Revolution in French society, and an observer of or a participator in all the circumstances which accompanied and followed the overthrow of that order, of all my contemporaries I now stand alone on the lofty stage, on which neither my will nor my inclination placed me.

"I claim therefore the right and the duty to point out to my descendants the course by which alone the conscientious man can withstand the storm of time. This course I have indicated by the motto I have chosen as the symbol of my conviction, for myself and my descendants: 'TRUE STRENGTH LIES IN RIGHT'; save this, all is transitory."

Similar appeals to conscience are plentifully interspersed in all parts of the work, accompanied by solemn avowals of entire freedom from ambition. The effect is the reverse of favourable. "I am strongly disposed to believe that you have spoken the truth," remarked Oldbuck to Edie Ochiltree, "the rather that you have not made any of those obtestations of the superior powers, which I observe you and your comrades always make use of when you mean to deceive folks." On the same principle, we should have been more disposed to believe in the candour and conscientiousness of the veteran diplomatist if he had been more sparing of the professions habitual to his craft; and he could hardly have been ignorant that the flattering testimonials he gave himself were very far indeed from being countersigned by his contemporaries. At the same time, Talleyrand's well-known sarcasm must be taken with many grains of allowance;[1] and, looking either to external or internal evidence,

[1] Comparing Metternich with Mazarin, Talleyrand said: "J'y trouve beaucoup à redire. Le cardinal trompait, mais il ne mentait pas. Or, M. de Metternich ment toujours et ne trompe jamais." The saying, "*L'Autriche triche*," dates from his ministry.

we should say that the most important of the Prince's revelations may be accepted as sound materials for history. Indeed many of them have been so accepted by anticipation: for example, the famous interview with Napoleon at Dresden in 1813, the most interesting particulars of which were freely communicated at the time.

"The epoch which I have especially considered is that between 1810 and 1815; for that period was the most important in my life, and it bears the same stamp in the history of the world. The direction was then given to the forms which things afterwards assumed. Proofs of this exist in the State archives; but they contain only the results, and contribute little towards throwing light on the process by which those results were brought about: for in the years 1813, 1814, and 1815, the monarchs and the leaders of the Cabinets were mostly in the same locality."

The oral communications which passed between him and the monarchs or leaders of Cabinets at this epoch, as well as the degree of influence which he exercised, must be considered in connexion with what may be termed the training passages of his life, which he briefly recapitulates, beginning with his birth and education and saying absolutely nothing about his genealogy.

Clemens Wenzel Neponne Lothar von Metternich-Winnebourg was born at Coblenz, in 1773, the eldest son of Count (afterwards Prince) Francis George. He and a younger brother went through the ordinary studies of the Gymnasium under the guidance of a priest till 1788, when (in his fifteenth year) he was sent to the University of Strasburg, then in high repute. Bonaparte, who had been quartered there with the artillery regiment in which he held his first commission, had just left. They had the same professors for mathematics and

fencing, and as Metternich was passing through Strasburg in 1808, his old fencing-master came to him to recall the circumstance, adding, "I hope that my two pupils, the Emperor of the French and the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, will not take it into their heads to cross swords with each other." Metaphorically speaking, they frequently crossed swords. Metternich takes credit to himself for not being infected by the revolutionary spirit, catching as it was, during the two years he passed at Strasburg, where one of his tutors ended by becoming a terrorist, and the other (a priest and Professor of Canon Law) by forswearing religion altogether. His father was Austrian Ambassador at Frankfort in 1790, when the coronation of Leopold II. took place, and he himself, having only just attained his seventeenth year, was chosen by the Catholic Imperial Courts of the Westphalian Bench to be their master of the ceremonies:

"The coronation of a Roman emperor at Frankfort was certainly one of the most impressive and splendid spectacles in the world. Everything, down to the most trifling details, spoke to the mind and heart through the force of tradition and the bringing together of so much splendour. Yet a painful feeling overshadowed the marvellous picture then presented by the city of Frankfort. A conflagration, which grew with each day, laid waste the neighbouring kingdom. Thoughtful men already saw the influence which this must, sooner or later, exercise beyond the boundaries of France."

His formal education was not yet over, although he had made his first step in public life. He went from Frankfort to the University of Mayence to study law:

"My residence in Mayence was of the greatest use to me, and had a decided influence on my life. My time was divided between my studies and intercourse with a society as distinguished for intellectual superiority as for the social

position of its members. At that time Mayence and Brussels were the *rendezvous* for French emigrants of the higher classes, whose exile was voluntary, not forced as it soon afterwards became, and who had not as yet to struggle with poverty. In my intercourse with the *élite* of this society, I learned to know the defects of the old *régime;* the occurrences, too, of each day taught me into what crimes and absurdities a nation necessarily falls, when it undermines the foundations of the social edifice. I learned to estimate the difficulty of erecting a society on new foundations, when the old are destroyed. In this way also I came to know the French,—to understand them and to be understood by them."

This was no idle boast. His knowledge of the French, his keen insight into their national peculiarities, was subsequently shown in so marked a manner as to compel the reluctant admission of Napoleon. Feeling, he continues, that the Revolution would be the adversary he should have to fight, he set himself to study the enemy and know the way about his camp. He attended lectures and mixed with professors and students of all shades, "carefully watching the effect of the seductive principles to which many youthful minds fell victims." The historian, Nicholas Vogt, whose friendship he zealously cultivated, thus addressed him at this period:

"'Your intellect and your heart are on the right road; keep to it also in practical life, the lessons of History will guide you. Your career, however long it may be, will not enable you to see the end of the conflagration which is destroying the great neighbouring kingdom. If you do not wish to expose yourself to reproaches, never leave the straight path. You will see many so-called great men pass by you with swift strides; let them pass, but do not deviate from your path. You will overtake them, if only because you must cross them on their way back!' The good man was right."

In July, 1792, he was present at the coronation of the Emperor Francis (the Second of Germany and subsequently the First of Austria) in the same capacity as at the corresponding ceremony in 1790; and at a grand banquet in celebration of the event he opened the ball with the young Princess Louise of Mecklenburg, afterwards Queen of Prussia. When the coronation was over, the Emperor and most of the German Princes repaired to Mayence, where the Elector held his Court, then reputed the most luxurious in Germany. It was crowded with French emigrants, who, Metternich thought, were in a great measure answerable for the fatuity which led to the invasion of France. They were confident that the allied army had only to appear on the frontiers, and the *sans-culottes* would lay down their arms. "Frenchmen of that day did not at all comprehend the Revolution, and I do not believe that, with few exceptions, they ever succeeded in doing so."

Despite of bad organisation, and the incapacity of a commander whose military reputation was founded simply on a flattering speech of Frederick the Great, Metternich entertained no doubt that if the Duke of Brunswick, instead of losing time in Champagne, had marched straight to Paris, he would have effected an entrance. "What would have been the consequence of such a success it is difficult to determine, but for my part I feel convinced that the Revolution would not have been suppressed."

He passed his vacations at Brussels with his father, who filled there a position equivalent to the Premiership of the Austrian Netherlands; and, in his eagerness to see everything that was stirring, he was present at almost all the operations of the siege of Valenciennes in 1793:

"I had therefore the opportunity of observing war very closely; and it is to be wished that all those who are called upon to take a leading part in the business of the State could learn in the same school. In the course of my long public life I have often had reason to congratulate myself upon the experience thus gained."

In the winter of 1793 he accompanied the Vicomte Desandroins, charged with a mission to the English Government, to London, where he speedily came to know Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Grey, and many other leading personages. He followed with attention the Hastings' Trial, and frequented the sittings of Parliament as much as possible, with the view of gaining an acquaintance with its mechanism, which, he says, was not without use in his subsequent career. Whilst thus occupied he was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Hague:

"This circumstance becoming known in London, procured me admission to a sphere of society generally unapproachable for a young man of one-and-twenty. I came to know the Prince of Wales, afterwards Regent, then at last King with the title of George IV. Our relations, begun at this time, lasted during the prince's whole life. Great dissensions at this period divided the Royal family of England. The Prince of Wales had taken up the side of the Opposition. My youth restrained me from expressing the profound disapproval which his conduct produced in me; but I took one day the opportunity of saying a word to him on the subject, of which he reminded me thirty years afterwards, and added, 'You were very right, then!'"

He unluckily missed being present at a naval action as well as a siege. Amply supplied with letters of recommendation to the authorities at Portsmouth, he repaired there to witness the departure of the fleet under Admiral (afterwards Lord) Howe, which was about to convoy several hundreds of merchantmen bound for the East and

West Indies. On hearing that the French fleet had left Brest, and that an encounter was probable, he earnestly pressed the Admiral, whose guest he was, to let him remain on board on the chance of witnessing the engagement. "The King," said the Admiral, "told me to let you see everything; but I have to send you back alive, and I cannot take upon myself to expose you to the dangers of a sea-fight." In the ensuing action, the famous First of June, the Admiral's ship bore the brunt of the battle and the greater part of the crew were killed or disabled.

Metternich's embassy to the Netherlands was cut short by the French conquest of Holland; and the left bank of the Rhine, on which most of the Metternich estates lay, was occupied by the French, who paid no respect to property, public or private. It was necessary, therefore, to turn to the family estates in Bohemia, which had brought in little during the last century. They had now to be made the most of. He was despatched to carry out the required measures on the spot, and found on his return to Vienna, after two months' absence, that a marriage had been projected for him with the granddaughter and heiress of Prince Kaunitz, the Minister. More, it would seem, to oblige his parents, than from personal inclination to a tie for which he thought himself too young, he fell in with their arrangements, and the marriage was celebrated on September 27, 1795, at Austerlitz. Then comes a characteristic passage:

"I have already said that the public service presented no attractions for me. I had determined to remain in private life, and to devote my time to the cultivation of the sciences. At the time of which I speak fortune seemed to favour my inclinations, and I made a plan for myself, which I was not permitted to carry out.

"I must also acquaint my readers with other causes which kept me aloof from public affairs. Although still young, placed in a position which allowed me to observe from the highest point of view the course of the greatest events, I found that they were not conducted as they ought to have been.. '*Les affaires, ce sont les hommes;*' affairs are only the expression of the faculties or the weaknesses of men, of their inclinations and their errors, their virtues and their vices. Inaccessible to prejudice, and seeking only the truth in everything, my modesty did not allow me to find fault with persons in power if I was not satisfied with what I saw; on the contrary, I ascribed to the weakness of my own understanding and to my inexperience the feeling which forced me to disapprove of the course they had taken. But neither inclination nor duty led me to acquire the necessary experience. My particular vocation seemed to me to be the cultivation of the sciences, especially of the exact and physical, which suited my taste particularly. I love the fine arts too, so that nothing aroused in me the desire to put my freedom into fetters. The diplomatic career might certainly flatter my ambition, *but during all my life I have never been accessible to this feeling.*"

He diligently attended lectures on Geology, Chemistry, and Physics; and the progress of medical science particularly attracted him. "Man and his life seemed to me to be objects worthy of study. I was happy in this scientific circle, and allowed the Revolution to rage and rave without feeling any call to contend with it. It pleased Providence afterwards to rule quite otherwise." The first intervention of Providence in this direction was his appointment as agent or representative of the Courts of the Westphalian Collegium to the abortive Congress of Rastadt, which his father attended as First Plenipotentiary of the Empire. He was detained there a year and a half (from December 1797 to June 1799), occupied with matters which had hardly the semblance of serious affairs, and amusing himself as he best could with

the mixed society amongst which he was officially thrown. His impressions are given in his letters to his wife. After saying that Bonaparte (who was absent most of the time) never went out without seven or eight aides-de-camp, "all very well dressed, and he with all the seams of his uniform embroidered," the caustic observer contrasts the French Deputies with their future master:

"*December* 9.—This is the second time that I have been going to dine with the French deputies, and at the last moment they have sent excuses to M. de Cobenzl. I declare that in all my life I never saw such ill-conditioned animals. They see no one, are sealed up in their apartments, and are more savage than white bears. Good God! how this nation is changed! . . . All these fellows have coarse muddy shoes, great blue pantaloons, a vest of blue or of all colours, peasants' handkerchiefs, either silk or cotton, round the neck, the hair long, black, and dirty, and the hideous head crowned by an enormous hat with a great red feather. One would die of fright, I believe, if one met the best clothed of them in a wood. They have a sullen air, and seem more discontented with themselves than with any one else."

On December 22, 1797, he writes:

"All they dream of in France at this moment is a descent on England. The wildest projects are formed, and it appears to me that those that are the least so are quite impossible. A certain man Tillorier thinks of going over in a balloon; another, named Garnier, proposes elastic skates; a third pretends to have invented a species of boat to pass under the water without being seen; and the fourth, the maddest of all, would have guns made to carry fifty leagues which shall destroy England from French batteries. You may think these are the plans of some madmen—not at all; these are the project-makers of the day. They say that Bonaparte received in one day more than two thousand projects, plans and letters, directly he arrived in Paris."

Human folly is infinite. When the expedition

to the Crimea in 1854 was announced, the wildest projects and suggestions poured in upon Lord Raglan and the Duke of Newcastle: amongst others, one for taking Sebastopol with bows and arrows.[1] A passage in a conjugal epistle places Metternich in an entirely new light. It was with a start of surprise that we suddenly found ourselves confronted by the image of the embryo statesman with a fiddle under his chin or conducting an orchestra with a roll of music in his hand—in fact, cumulating gifts which Themistocles treated as incompatible:

"We had a concert yesterday, at which I played a good deal. One of the Envoys of the Empire has a young man here with him who has a very considerable talent for the violin, and who will be a perfect master of it, if he applies himself; we arranged a concert for him with some amateurs, and the public paid a small sum for admission. The music was well chosen, and the concert perfect, so that every one was astonished. I conducted the orchestra in the symphonies and the concerted pieces, and I played a quartett with the hero of the evening and two amateurs, which was so good that every one talks of it to-day. It was about the pleasantest evening I have passed in Rastadt, for I like extremely (*à la folie*) to play music."

On his return to Vienna he resumed his former manner of life, cultivating intellectual society and frequenting by preference houses like the Prince de Ligne's and the Princess de Liechtenstein's, where he was sure of good conversation:

"Sometimes I waited on the Emperor, who let no oppor-

[1] Speaking of the arrangement of Lord Raglan's papers, Mr. Kingslake says: "Not less carefully ranged and easy to find, is the rival scheme of the enthusiastic nosologist who advised that the Russians should be destroyed by the action of malaria, and the elaborate proposal of the English general who submitted a plan for taking Sebastopol with bows and arrows."—("The Invasion of the Crimea—The Sources of the Narrative.")

tunity slip of reproaching me with what he called my indolence. One day when I had been speaking of my views on this subject, he said to me, 'You live as I should be happy to live in your place! Hold yourself ready for my orders, that is all I require of you for the present.'"

He speaks in the strongest terms of the weakness and vacillation of the Austrian Cabinet during the first ten years of the conflict with France. These reached their height with the Peace of Luneville (1801), on the conclusion of which Baron Thugut, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, retired, and was temporarily succeeded by Count (afterwards Prince) Trautmannsdorff; one of whose first acts was to send for Metternich to tell him that the Emperor now required his services, and gave him the choice of being Minister at Dresden or Copenhagen, or of remaining at home as Minister for Bohemia to the German Reichstadt.

"I begged him to allow me to think over the matter, and betook myself to the Emperor. I laid before his Majesty openly my ideas as to my future life, and the talents I believed myself to possess, and those which I could not lay claim to. The Emperor received my professions with his accustomed kindness; but when he appealed to my patriotism, I yielded to his will. 'Your Majesty,' said I, 'desires that I should enter a sphere for which I believe I have no vocation; I submit to your commands. I pray your Majesty never to doubt my will, but to distrust my capabilities. I will make the attempt, and your Majesty will permit me to retire from the service when, as I fear, the day comes that I shall not answer your expectations.' The Emperor answered with a smile: 'He who cherishes such fears is not in danger of injuring the public service. I promise you to be the first to tell you if you are found on the wrong road.'".

He decides for the embassy to Dresden as a post of observation which might be turned to good

account, and here, unable (he says) to do anything by halves, and once a diplomatist determined to be one thoroughly, he pauses to state the principles on which his political life has been based. "This statement will serve to clear up many points in the history of my time and explain my own actions." This statement (occupying four pages) strikes us to be little better than a collection of commonplaces. We learn absolutely nothing from it. In her clever and amusing book, "Vienna and the Austrians," Mrs. Trollope reports a conversation with Prince Metternich in 1838: "While talking of some of the strange blunders that had occasionally been made by politicians, he said, as nearly as I can recollect and translate the words (for he conversed with me in French): 'I believe that the science of government might be reduced to principles as certain as those of chemistry, if men, *instead of theorising*, would only take the trouble patiently to observe the uniform results of similar combinations of circumstances.' ".

In noticing this passage in our review of her book, we suggested that the combinations of circumstances never are similar any more than human faces are alike, and that what he recommends, "instead of theorising," is neither more nor less than theorising. Thinking it improbable that he could have talked in this style, we came to the conclusion that Mrs. Trollope had misunderstood him. But that we did her an injustice is clear from the paragraph with which he prefaces the alleged exposition of his system in the Memoirs:

"Here I may be allowed to propound the few principles to which I have reduced the science commonly known by the name of Politics and Diplomacy. Politics is the science of the vital interests of States in the highest sphere. Since, however, an isolated State no longer exists, and is only to

be found in the annals of the heathen world or in the abstractions of so-called philosophers—thus the society of States, this existing condition of the present world, has always been kept in view. Thus, then, has every State, besides its particular interests, also interests which are common to it with other States, whether in their totality or in separate groups. The great axioms of political science are deduced from the knowledge of the true political interests of all States: in these general interests rests the security for their existence, whilst the individual interests,—to which the daily or transitory political movements occasionally lend a great importance, and the promotion of which constitutes political wisdom in the eyes of a restless and short-sighted policy,—possess only a relative and secondary worth."

It is new to us that there is or ever was a science commonly known by the name of Politics and Diplomacy, nor does it simplify a branch of knowledge which from its very nature is incapable of scientific treatment, to be told that "the great axioms of political science are deduced from the knowledge of the true political interests of all States." Then what are these great axioms? According to the Prince, they are that each State has two interests—its individual or separate interest, and the general interest which it has in common with the great family of States:

"History teaches us that whenever the separate come into conflict with the general interests of a State, and the latter are neglected or mistaken in the zealous and exclusive prosecution of the former, this is to be regarded as an exceptional or unhealthy state of things, whose development or speedy amendment ultimately decides the destiny of the State, that is, its impending decline or its recuperative prosperity."

In the ancient world, he continues, the separate interest was paramount, the selfish policy pre-

vailed. In the modern, the comity of nations and regard for the general interest are the rule:

"The establishment of international relations upon the basis of reciprocity, under the guarantee of respect for acquired rights, and the conscientious observance of plighted faith, constitute, at the present day, the essence of politics, of which diplomacy is only the daily application. Between the two there exists, in my opinion, the same difference as between science and art. Just as men daily transgress the laws of civil society, nations only too often act in opposition to the eternal precepts which govern their connection. The faults of men and the faults of States are subject to the same punishments; their whole difference lies in the gravity of the offence, which is proportionate to the individual importance of the offenders.

"When we master these truths, what becomes of the self-seeking policy, of the policy of fantasy or of miserable greed, and especially of that which seeks profit apart from the simplest rules of right; which mocks at the plighted word, and, in short, rests solely on the usurpations of force or craft?"

This doctrine has been familiar enough to speculative politicians at all times, whatever may become of it when it has to be put in practice. Mr. Gladstone reverted to it as of long standing more than once in his recent speeches.[1] Why, then, should Prince Metternich claim a monopoly of it, or set up as the Pharisee statesman on the strength of it:

"After this confession of faith, it may be conceived what I have always thought of politicians of the stamp or, if

[1] "Public policy should be conducted on those principles which constitute virtue in private life. Do not listen to those who set up doctrines which are dangerous to the peace of the world; be sure that no man can rely upon any permanent security for his own rights unless he respects the rights of his neighbours; and no nation can ever be safe in the position it holds among nations, however great and however imposing, unless it recognises those principles of justice and equality which bind together the nations of the world."—"Times," December 10, 1879.

you will, of the value of a Richelieu, a Mazarin, a Talleyrand, a Canning, a Capo d'Istria, or a Haugwitz, and so many more or less famous names. Resolved not to walk in their steps, and despairing of opening a path in harmony with my own conscience, I naturally preferred not to throw myself into those great political affairs, in which I had far more prospect of succumbing materially than of succeeding: I say materially, for I have never been afraid of failing morally. The man of public life has always at command a sûre resource against this danger, that is—retirement."

As he held office for nearly half a century, and did not retire till Vienna was too hot to hold him (in 1848), the inevitable inference is that during the whole time he was conscientiously carrying out his principles, abiding by the broad rules of right and wrong—of justice between man and man, and rigidly subordinating the separate interests of Austria to the general interests of Europe, of mankind. How far he was under a most extraordinary self-delusion, or carried away by a confirmed habit of self-laudation, will appear as we proceed. Let him tell his own story, and it will then be for an impartial posterity to judge whether he uniformly abided by the moral laws which were systematically set aside by the Richelieus, Mazarins, Talleyrands, and Cannings.

He remained at Dresden as ambassador till 1803, when he was transferred to Berlin, where the important duty devolved upon him of persuading Prussia to co-operate with Austria and Russia, instead of waiting to fight Napoleon single-handed. The fatuity which then ruled the Prussian counsels is well known. It was not till after the victory of Austerlitz that she came into the field to be well-nigh annihilated at Jena, when, Metternich thinks, Napoleon reached the summit

of his power. Two months before this battle (October 1806) Metternich, about to exchange Berlin for Petersburg, had been installed at Paris as ambassador, his appointment to this post having been suggested by Napoleon. As usual he protested his insufficiency, and reluctantly gave way when his imperial master set before him the necessity of accommodating himself to his destiny:

"This was, in fact, the beginning of my public life. All that had gone before might have shown the independence of my character. As a man of principles, I could not, and I would not bend when it came to the point of defending them. Within a short space of time destiny had placed me face to face with the man who at this epoch ruled the affairs of the world; I felt it my duty and I had the courage never to offer to mere circumstances a sacrifice for which I could not answer to my conscience both as a statesman and as a private individual. This voice of conscience I followed; and I do not think it was a good inspiration of Napoleon's, when his wish called me to functions which enabled me to appreciate his good qualities but also to become acquainted with his defects, which at last led him to ruin and freed Europe from the oppression under which it languished."

Here he does himself no more than justice. He was undoubtedly a fine observer, gifted with keen insight into character, and he made the best of his opportunities for studying Napoleon, so as to divine with tolerable certainty what his conduct under given circumstances would be. He had need of the utmost circumspection; for Austria, weakened and humiliated by the campaign ending with the Treaty of Presburg (December 1805), was in no condition to risk a renewal of the war, which, on the slightest betrayal of hostile feeling, might be forced upon her. Metternich felt and

knew that it must come sooner or later, and his object was to gain time for the empire he represented to gather strength. There were circumstances in his favour of which he adroitly availed himself. There was the war in Spain, which turned out a much more serious drain on Napoleon's military resources than he calculated when he engaged in it. There was also the growing feeling in France against wars of conquest, the exhaustion of the country by the successive calls made upon it, and the longing for repose manifested even by the great dignitaries, military and civil, who wished to enjoy their recently acquired wealth and honours. Napoleon, on the other hand, was convinced that "glory which advances not, recedes:" that he could only retain the support of the French people by dazzling them, of the army by leading it to fresh victories; and, amidst all his preoccupations, he was fully alive to the Austrian preparations which were silently going on, whilst the Austrian ambassador preserved his usual attitude of calmness and unconcern.

Napoleon's fête day, August 15th, was commonly chosen for the explosions or surprises which his nephew and successor reserved for the first day of the year. On the 15th of August, 1808, after the usual formalities of reception, he advanced towards Metternich, who headed the diplomatic body, and, stopping two feet in front of him, exclaimed in a loud voice and pompous tone: "Well, Monsieur Ambassador, what does the Emperor, your master, want? Does he intend to call me back to Vienna?" The ambassador, not the least disconcerted, answered calmly with the same elevation of voice.

"I did not alter my tone, and turned aside his worthless arguments with the weapon of irony; from time to time

Napoleon appealed to Count Tolstoy as a witness; but when he observed that the Count preserved an unbroken silence, he turned round, breaking off in the midst of a sentence, and strode to the chapel without completing the round of the circle. This scene lasted more than half an hour." *

As soon as Napoleon left the audience chamber, Metternich was warmly congratulated by his colleagues on having given the Emperor a lesson, and in the course of the evening he was assured by the Foreign Secretary, on the part of his imperial master, that nothing personal was meant, the only object being to come to an understanding on the position. This is the account given in the Memoirs. In a despatch to Count Stadion, August 17, two days after the occurrence, the scene is described as having lasted an hour and a quarter, and as having been begun by Napoleon "with an air which did not usually announce the approach of a storm." It is also stated that "the Emperor did not raise his voice a single moment: he never quitted the tone and expression of the most astonishing moderation." Then it must be admitted that the manner ill corresponded with the matter, for (according to this despatch) he angrily threw all the blame of the threatened resumption of hostilities on Austria's eagerness to arm:

"Do you want to attack any one, or are you afraid of some one? Has any one ever seen such haste? If you had put it at a year, or eighteen months, it would have been nothing; but to order everything to be ready on July 16, as if on that day you were to be attacked! You

[1] According to a current version, Napoleon walked up to Metternich, took hold of the collar of his coat, and said: "Mais enfin que veut votre empereur?" "Il veut," was the reply, "que vous respectiez son ambassadeur."—("Nouvelle Biographie Universelle."—Art. "Metternich.")

have by that act given an impulse to the public mind which you will find it very difficult to set at rest?

* * * * *

"I am frank. You are ruining yourselves, you are ruining me. England can give you money, but not enough; and she gives me none. The States of the Confederation, already very unfortunate, are being ruined; and when all the masculine population of Europe are under arms, it will be necessary to raise the women! Can this state of things last? It must bring us to war against our will. What do you hope for? Are you in concert with Russia?"

The division of Europe into Powers of which the strongest should not have more than three or four millions of population, to create a vast empire, to become chief and protector of twenty or thirty small states,—such, Metternich thought, was what Napoleon had been aiming at since the Treaty of Presburg. The reduction of Austria to the condition of a dependent State formed an essential part of this project, and if Spain had not lain heavy on his hands, he would hardly have allowed the Austrian preparations to proceed till the chances of the contest had been pretty nearly equalised. On April 3rd, 1809, a few days before war was declared, Metternich writes to Stadion:

"Napoleon, by his passionate disposition and by his excessive ambition, has provoked these present complications. He believes in his chances of success; on the other hand, he is not deceived about the nature of the contest in which he engages with us and our real means of resistance. He founds his hope of success on his military genius, on the spirit which animates his generals and soldiers. For the first time he begins an immense contest with inferior resources; he hopes to double these by the excess of mobility. He founds his hope on the slowness of our movements, on the repose that we might take after the first success, on our discouragement and on the annihilation of our moral forces, as well as on the paralysis of our

physical forces after the first defeat. The Emperor said lately to some one: 'The Austrians are making a devil of a levy; I may have the disadvantage at first: I shall overtake them.'"

He turned out right, but he incurred a terrible risk. He sustained a defeat at Essling; and at Wagram the Archduke John might well have played the part of Desaix at Marengo instead of (as things fell out) that of Grouchy at Waterloo. Metternich was with his Emperor at Wagram, and in the grey of the early morning of the second day (July 6th) witnessed with the imperial staff the apparently decisive success of the Austrian right wing. The news that reached them, at one o'clock in the afternoon, of the retreat of the army, came upon them by surprise:

"Without losing his self-possession, the Emperor asked the messenger whether the Archduke was only meditating the retreat, or whether it had actually commenced. When the Emperor heard that the army was already in full retreat, he said to the adjutant, 'Very well;' and added, turning to me, 'We shall have much to retrieve.'"

We learn from Gentz, who was in daily communication with the generals, ministers, and other leading personages at Vienna, that all were agreed in throwing the chief blame of the campaign on the Archduke Charles, whose hesitation and incapacity lost Wagram and nearly lost Essling. "Jealousy prevented cordial co-operation between him and his brother the Archduke John, who was paralysed by the refusal (from jealousy) of the Archduke Palatine to send him the cavalry he required, and the battle was lost by the united faults of the three archdukes."

On the 8th of July, 1809, two days after the crowning defeat, Metternich states that he was

sent for by the Emperor, who received him with these words: "Count Stadion has just given in his resignation: I commit to you in his place the Department of Foreign Affairs." He begged his Majesty to reconsider this appointment, on the double ground that he did not feel equal to it and that the time was ill chosen for a change of ministry. He is requested to confer with Count Stadion, who, on his strong remonstrance, consents to delay the formal retirement till the end of the war; it being arranged that Metternich should accompany the Emperor, performing *ad interim* the functions of a Minister of Foreign Affairs attendant on his person. Again, he requests as a favour to be dismissed immediately on its being seen that he is going wrong, and again he disclaims all ambitious views and motives:

"I here avow in all sincerity of my heart that I found nothing to counterbalance the load of responsibility which was laid upon me but the feeling of duty. Free from the stimulus of ambition, as I have been all my life, I felt only the weight of the fetters which were to rob me of every personal freedom, and I was, with more sensitiveness than was natural to me, weighed down under the influence of my new position."

In Gentz's diary we find:

"On the 26th of September, 1809, Count Stadion, during a long and curious conversation at breakfast, said that he had resigned this time irrevocably. Count Metternich, who had returned the same day from Altenburg, accepted the portfolio."

Gentz was in full favour with Stadion when he resigned, and had been employed to draw up his State papers, including the war manifesto. His confidential connexion with Metternich had not

commenced. His leaning therefore was naturally against the incoming minister, of whom he says:

"There are certainly (as proved by extracts which I have made from despatches) some doubtful and ticklish passages in Count Metternich's conduct at Paris; but, in the actual moment, could he refuse the direction of affairs? I find nothing blamable in his conduct, although I sincerely deplore the loss of Stadion, which is, however, but one of the inevitable results of all that has happened through our blindness and our follies."

On the morning of the 4th of October, Gentz had a long conversation with Metternich, who frankly explained the condition of affairs. He believed that the war might be continued with advantage if full reliance could be placed on the generals who were to conduct it and the spirit with which it should be followed up. In speaking of the future, he said that he was far from believing that he should be charged with the portfolio of Foreign Affairs: that he rather expected Napoleon to protest formally against him, denouncing him to Europe as a headstrong and perfidious minister. He added that he would not accept the portfolio from the moment that Napoleon should declare openly against him, even if offered by the Emperor. They met again the same day at breakfast at Count Stadion's; when Metternich put point-blank to Count Stadion what Gentz calls the thorny question from which he himself had shrunk —how Stadion could have been brought to place confidence in the miserable instruments with which he had entered into the war. Stadion, avowing frankly the fatal consequences of the mistake, could only urge in defence or mitigation that, bad as he knew them to be, he had hoped better things of them.

Judging solely from the Memoirs, we should suppose that the clearest understanding prevailed from the first between the Emperor Francis and Metternich: that they quite agreed on the course to be pursued; and that Metternich never had reason to complain of divided counsels, or half-confidences, or indecision or vacillation on the part of his imperial master. Such was not the impression of a close, interested and sagacious observer, who was confirmed by events. On the day of the breakfast, Gentz sets down in his Diary:

"The actual situation of things is a failure. I wrote to-day to some one: 'If you ask who is Minister for Foreign Affairs here, I should find it no easy matter to tell you, although I pass my life with the two men between whom he must be sought. There are moments when one would be so regarded, and others where the other would appear to be the man: others again where neither of the two; finally, many where nobody is.' This is the exact truth. Neither Metternich nor Stadion knows who has drawn up the full powers for Liechtenstein. The Emperor—surrounded by his brothers (there are a half-dozen of them here for his *fête*); or the dying Empress, often delirious, believing herself no longer of this world; or by two animals who accompany him everywhere, Wrbna (brutalised to stupidity) and General Kutschera (!), believing all the time that he is governing—is already but the shade of a sovereign; complete anarchy has replaced the Government."

An unanswerable proof of the state of confusion which prevailed at the Austrian Court and headquarters is given by the manner in which the Treaty of Vienna was (according to Metternich) snatched, stolen, or smuggled, rather than fairly made, by Napoleon. The story is told in the Memoir. Immediately after the Truce of Znaim (July 10th, 1809), a proposal for negotiations came

from Count Champagny to Metternich, who, with the assent of both Emperors, settled with the French minister that they should meet at Altenburg. They met accordingly, and some weeks were wasted in pretences and formalities, which strengthened Metternich's impression that the sole object of the negotiations was to gain time, during which the French army should be reinforced. On Champagny's proposing to him to sign some notoriously false protocols, he said, "Napoleon has the power of putting words into your mouth which your position prevents you perhaps from denying; but what he can do with you, he cannot do to me—he may conquer kingdoms, but never my conscience!"

Affecting impatience at the delay, Napoleon conveyed through the Austrian military commissioner at his headquarters, Count Bubna, a request that the Emperor Francis would send Field-Marshal Prince John of Liechtenstein to Vienna. "The diplomatists," he urged, "do not know how to get through an affair like the present; we soldiers understand one another better in such a matter. Let the Emperor send Prince Liechtenstein to me, and we will end the business in four-and-twenty hours. I will tell him what I wish and what I desire from the Emperor; and what I want he will grant me, because he is upright and wise. What I desire is not the destruction of Austria —but its consolidation." One obvious objection to compliance with this request was that the Field-Marshal was the Commander-in-chief of the Austrian army, and that his absence from his post might be highly inconvenient, if not disastrous, in case of the resumption of hostilities. The Emperor, however, complied with the request without consulting Metternich, who was expressly

assured by a letter, brought by the Field-Marshal on his way to Vienna, that the mission had no other object but to get at Napoleon's intentions, and that the Field-Marshal had orders to listen to everything but not to enter into discussion on any subject. He was expressly cautioned by Metternich to abide carefully by his instructions. But he had been in the habit of seeing only the mere soldier in Napoleon, and thought himself his equal in that capacity. He was therefore easily led into playing the crow to the fox. The negotiations at Altenburg were suspended: nothing was heard from the Field-Marshal, whose recall was resolved upon; and Metternich states that he was directing all his intention to the warlike preparations for which the means at his command were immense.

"On October 14, towards evening, I was taking a walk along the road from Totis towards Vienna, when I saw carriages approaching, which I recognized as those of Prince John Liechtenstein. As soon as the Prince saw me, he stopped his carriage, jumped out, and said, 'I bring peace, but my head along with it: the Emperor will dispose at his pleasure of both one and the other.'"

What had happened was this. Napoleon, declining to confer personally with the Field-Marshal, referred him to the Duc de Bassano, who told him he must wait the arrival of the Count Champagny, and on the Field-Marshal intimating an intention to consider his mission at an end and leave Vienna, Bassano told him that this would be regarded as a breach of the truce, and entail all sorts of evil consequences for which he would be held responsible. Placed in this dilemma, the embarrassed soldier-diplomatist consented to wait.

"After the arrival of Count Champagny, the conferences began, under the name of Preliminaries, which were con-

cluded on the night of October 13 and 14 with the signing of a document which the French Minister called the 'Project for a Treaty of Peace' to be laid before the Emperor of Austria. After signing this document, *to which Prince Liechtenstein assigned this and no other meaning*, he returned home at 5 o'clock in the morning; he had ordered his post-horses for 10 o'clock, when he suddenly at day-break heard the firing of cannon, and on asking what this firing meant, was told it announced the signing of peace to the capital of Austria. *He wished to call Napoleon to account for this on the spot*, but Napoleon had just left Schönbrunn with his retinue!

"This, known to only a limited circle, is the history of the Peace of Vienna of October 14, 1809; a Treaty of Peace full of unworthy artifices, having no foundation in international law.

"The Emperor's decision under the circumstances could not be doubted. Without compromising himself and his Empire in the most dangerous manner, he could not recall the end of the war and undo the conclusion of a peace which had been already announced, amid the rejoicings of the people, in the capital and in more than a third part of the country still remaining to him. The Emperor ratified the treaty."

Metternich goes on to say that with this event the provisional character of the functions assigned to him at once terminated: that he thenceforth appeared in the character of Minister of Foreign Affairs, and took possession of the portfolio with more self-confidence than he had expected in the previous July. The mighty antagonist, with whom it was his destiny to contend, had fallen in his eyes; and "before my conscience" the cause he was to uphold had proportionally risen. Gentz, however, states that in the course of a long walk on Friday, the 5th of October, Metternich told him that Stadion would leave the next day, and at 3 P.M. of that day Gentz left Vienna with the fallen

Minister, and accompanied him as far as Kromorn on his way to Prague.

"I shall never," he adds, "forgive Metternich the indifference and the levity with which he sees Count Stadion depart, and the really shocking confidence with which he undertakes so terrible a task as that of the direction of affairs at this moment. I do not wish ever to nourish the suspicion that he has contributed in any way to this scandalous reverse of Stadion. His ostensible conduct is enough for me."

In the entry for the same Friday he states that, at a council held that day under the presidency of the Emperor, Metternich was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Metternich obviously leaves the precise date of the appointment in doubt to avoid the responsibility for the peace. But there is nothing in his ostensible conduct to warrant the severe reflections of Gentz, who evidently was not aware of the manner in which Stadion had resigned directly after the catastrophe of Wagram and only retained office to save appearances. The farewell words addressed to him by the Empress of Austria were: "Dear Stadion, I am sorry you have had so little energy." The treaty, or project of treaty, was signed by the Field-Marshal and Count Bubna, the military commissioner. Gentz, who had his information direct from both, does not confirm Metternich's statement that the negotiators were tricked and did not know what they were signing. On the contrary, they took credit for having exceeded their instructions in order to secure peace. On the 22nd of October (eight days after the peace), Gentz breakfasted at Metternich's with the Field-Marshal, who told him that the amount of the money contribution was the article that

weighed heaviest upon his mind as exceeding his instructions when hesitating whether he should affix his signature; and that he had proposed to the Emperor Francis to refuse the ratification and send him and Bubna to some fortress, if the peace appeared unacceptable. The Emperor did not go further than utter some expressions of discontent to the principal negotiator, but disgraced the second, Bubna, who, if guilty at all, was guilty in the minor degree. The grand offence, in his Majesty's eyes, was agreeing to pay a war indemnity of eighty-five millions of livres instead of thirty, to which they were limited by their instructions.

In his first and abortive meeting with Prince Bismarck, M. Jules Favre is reported to have said, "Take all our money; we submit, but not an inch of our territory, not a stone of our fortresses." The Emperor Francis thought more of his money than of his territory, his fortresses, or his people; for by the treaty he ceded 42,000 square miles of territory with a population of three millions and a half. The fortifications of Vienna were blown up, and by a secret article the army of Austria was limited to 150,000. Under the Treaty of Presburg (December 25th, 1805), Austria had been despoiled of 28,000 square miles (including Venice and the Tyrol), with a population of more than two millions and a half, and subjected to a war contribution of 1,600,000 florins.

It must be owned, then, that Metternich's administration began under the most trying circumstances; and that seldom has a more difficult task been undertaken by a Minister than that of restoring so shattered an empire to more than its pristine state of power, influence, and authority. Considering the instruments with which he had to

work, and the redoubtable adversary who was watching him—like the beast of prey ready to pounce on the victim which shows signs of life—we should say that it was a more difficult task than Prince Bismarck's when he undertook to reconstruct the German empire with Prussia for its head. Compare Austria after the peace of 1809 with Austria after the Congress of Vienna in 1815. The difference is as much owing to Metternich as the regeneration of a country can ever be to one man, and forms a title to a proud position amongst statesmen which few below the highest order will contest with him, although it was attained rather by temper, moral courage, sagacity, and consummate prudence, than by energy, daring, vastness of resource, or by any of the qualities that are commonly called great.

This may be in part collected from the despatches and other documents comprised in this publication; but will hardly be learnt from the autobiographical portion. When Goldsmith was asked the meaning of the word *slow* in the first line of "The Traveller"—

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, *slow*"—

he was giving an explanation which weakened its force, when Johnson interrupted him saying: "No, Sir, you do not mean tardiness of locomotion: you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude." We are tempted to interrupt Prince Metternich in the same manner when he explains on what he relied to raise the fallen State.

"The return of the Emperor to his capital was like a triumphal procession. The populace there, as in the provinces, did not look beyond the present moment, satisfied with being relieved from the presence of an enemy who

carried refinement, in making use of all the resources of the country occupied by him, to the very highest degree. Napoleon, in the eyes of Europe, passed for an irresistible power, under the yoke of which all must bow. The feeling of the masses was no longer to escape this fate, but to lighten the burden as much as possible. My thoughts necessarily soared higher. Under the load of enormous responsibility weighing upon me, I found only two points on which it seemed to me possible to rest, *the immovable strength of character of the Emperor Francis,*[1] *and my conscience.*"

The appeal to conscience may pass. It is like Corporal Nym's, "and there's the humour of it," which had become a catchword or inveterate trick of speech. But "the immovable (or unshakable, if we may be allowed the word), strength of character of the Emperor Francis!" who had no strength of character, nothing that looked like it, or could pass muster for it, besides a passiveness, a submissiveness to events, which looked like philosophy till decision and action were required! Fortunately his tone of mind, so far as calmness and moderation were concerned, agreed with Metternich's, who, playing a waiting game, rarely required more of him than to let things pass and put his dignity in his pocket when the welfare of his people was at stake. His daughter's marriage with the imperial upstart is an example. The first intimation of Napoleon's wishes in this respect came from Napoleon to Madame de Metternich, who had remained in Paris:

"At a masked ball, at Cambacérès, to which my wife had received a very pressing invitation, a mask, in whom she immediately recognized Napoleon, took hold of her arm, and led her into a private room at the end of the suite of apartments. After some jokes of no importance,

[1] *Die unerschütterliche Character-Stärke.* In the French version, the expression is *inébranlable énergie.*

Napoleon asked her, whether she thought that the Archduchess Marie Louise would accept his hand, and whether the Emperor, her father, would agree to this alliance. My wife, very much surprised by this question, assured him that it was impossible for her to answer it. On that, Napoleon asked further whether she, in the place of the Archduchess, would bestow her hand upon him. My wife assured him she would refuse him. 'You are cruel!' said the Emperor to her; 'write to your husband and ask him what he thinks of the matter.' My wife refused to do this, and pointed out that Prince Schwarzenberg was the organ through which he should approach the Imperial Court. Neither did she delay to inform the Ambassador, who was present at the ball, of what had passed between her and the Emperor."

Prince Schwarzenberg had been appointed Ambassador at Paris, on the nomination of Metternich, who prides himself, with justice, on the selection. The morning after the ball Prince Eugéne presented himself at the Ambassador's, and made the proposal in form "in the name of the Emperor, and with the knowledge of his mother, the Empress Josephine." As soon as the news reached Metternich he repaired to the Emperor Francis, who, after a pause of reflection, asked the Minister what he would do in his (the Emperor's) place. The Minister replied that this was one of the cases in which the Emperor must decide for himself: "Your Majesty is Ruler and Father; to you alone it belongs to consider what is your duty." "I leave the decision in my daughter's hands," cried the Emperor warmly; "for as I will never constrain her, I desire, before I consult my duty as a monarch, to know what she decides for herself. See the Archduchess, and let me know what she says to you. I will not myself speak to her on the subject, lest it should seem as if I wished to influence her decision."

Metternich went at once to the Archduchess, and laid the matter plainly before her. She listened with calmness, and then asked: "What does my father wish?" She was told that her father wished to have her decision on a matter so important for the destiny of her whole life: "I wish only what it is my duty to wish," answered the Archduchess; "where the interest of the Empire is concerned, that interest must be consulted, and not my will. Ask my father to consult his duty as a ruler, and subordinate to that any interests connected with my person."

When this was reported to the Emperor he had no alternative but to come to a resolution:

"Whilst you have been with her I have been thinking how to decide. My consent to the marriage would secure to the Empire some years of political peace, which I can devote to the healing of its wounds. All my faculties are devoted to the welfare of my people; I cannot, therefore, hesitate in my decision. Send a courier to Paris, and say, that I will accept the demand for the hand of my daughter, but with the express reservation, that on neither side shall any condition be attached to it: there are sacrifices which must not be contaminated with anything approaching to a bargain."

"This," are the concluding words of the narrative in the Memoirs, "is the truth with regard to the marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess Marie Louise."

That this narrative at best only presents us with a summary in the shape of dialogue of what actually took place, may be no grave impeachment of its accuracy, but unluckily it is irreconcilable, as regards material facts, with the correspondence between Metternich, Madame de Metternich, and Prince Schwarzenberg. In the letter from Paris, January 3rd, 1810, containing the first intimation

of the proposal, Madame de Metternich states expressly that it did not come from Napoleon at a ball, but from the Empress Josephine at Malmaison in these words: "I have a plan which occupies me entirely, the success of which alone would make me hope that the sacrifice I am about to make (the divorce) will not be a pure loss: it is that the Emperor should marry your Archduchess. I spoke to him of it yesterday, and he said his choice was not yet fixed, but he believes that this would be his choice, if he were certain of being accepted." From Metternich's despatches to Prince Schwarzenberg, it is clear that the whole matter had been fully discussed and arranged before the Archduchess was consulted. On Feb. 14th, 1810, he writes:

"Our last despatches will have shown that our august master, having only the well-being of his people in view, would not refuse to give the Archduchess to the Emperor of the French. But as her Imperial Highness was not, at the time of the departure of the last courier, informed of a question which for some time has occupied the whole of Europe, I was not able to speak positively of her consent."

When the marriage was arranged, Metternich wrote to his wife:

"The new Empress will please at Paris, and ought to please by her great sweetness and simplicity. Rather plain than pretty in the face, she has a very fine figure, and when she has been a little *habillée, arrangée,* &c., she will do admirably. *I have earnestly entreated her to engage a dancing master as soon as she arrives, and not to dance before she has learnt to dance well.*"[1]

Not to insist on specific concessions was deemed the best mode of dealing with Napoleon: the grand purpose of the marriage, from the Austrian

[1] Capefigue assigns a floating *mot* to Lady Castlereagh: "Il fallait livrer une vierge d'Autriche au Minotaur pour l'assouvir!"

point of view, being to obtain a respite from his aggressive policy. Metternich was all along persuaded that Napoleon was overdrawing upon his destiny: that he was overtasking the resources of France: that all Europe had begun to regard him as an incubus to be shaken off: that a Nemesis was impending over him by which Austria would regain her independence, if she could remain quiet till he was powerless to keep her down.

What were Napoleon's motives for the marriage besides the gratification of his vanity and his need of an heir? How far would his future policy be moulded by it? Would he now be content to settle down like an old established and recognized Sovereign? Or did he hope to use Austria as a help or stepping-stone to the universal dominion which was or had been his dream? These are the questions which puzzled Metternich, and which for the guidance of his own course he deemed it of paramount importance to solve. He therefore determined, with the consent of his Imperial Master, to go to Paris at the same time as the new Empress, and remain there till he had discovered the true state of the case:

"If," remarks Gentz, "some wholly unforeseen mischance does not occur, this journey of Count Metternich cannot but do good. It is hardly possible that the defects of his character should spoil altogether the just and wise views with which he starts. His father, Prince Metternich, is charged with the portfolio during the absence of the son. I had some long and tiresome conversation with him this evening!"

Napoleon welcomed the Ambassador-Extraordinary with visible signs of satisfaction, and indulged him with long conversations, in which he frankly unfolded his views. Indeed his frankness went so

far as to admit that if, in September 1809, the Austrians had recommenced "hostilities and beaten him," he should have been *lost:* a word which he withdrew, thinking he had said too much, replacing it by "very much embarrassed."

"As a special sign of favour, Napoleon proposed to Prince Schwarzenberg (then Austrian Ambassador in Paris) and me to abolish the mediatisation of our families, and to enrol us as sovereign members of the Rhenish Confederation, a proposal which we both, in consideration of our official position, declined in the most polite manner."[1]

Nothing struck Metternich more than the erroneous views which Napoleon had formed of England, of our natural resources, and our moral character. That he should bring England to reason by means of the Continental blockade, "this he regarded as a mathematical certainty." He declared that he never seriously contemplated an invasion of England, except in aid of an insurrectionary movement which he was given to believe was on the cards. But no reliance whatever can be placed upon these apparently frank effusions of his, by which he was wont to palliate his failures. Equally fallacious was his conviction that Alexander of Russia, whom he had found so pliable at Tilsit, would either not fight with France or give way at the first victory, which he had no doubt of gaining.

Early in October, 1810, Metternich, conceiving the object of his journey achieved, had an audience to take leave, and returned to make his report to his Emperor and resume the portfolio of the Foreign Office. The purport of his report was

[1] The imperial abbey of Ochsenhausen was erected into a principality and granted to Prince Metternich, the father, as a compensation for the lordships of Winnebourg and Bilstein, ceded to France by the Treaty of Luneburg. This (in 1803) brought the title of prince into the family.

that Napoleon was meditating a great blow against Russia: that the following year, 1811, would probably be consumed in preparations; and that the campaign would begin in the spring of 1812. How was Austria to act? To take a side or observe a strict neutrality? Principle apart, France offered great temptations, for France alone could reinstate Austria in the territory that had been wrested from her. The whole of the Illyrian provinces had already been held out by Napoleon as a bait. But in dismissing this alternative, Metternich gave signal proof that his appeals to conscience were sometimes something better than a form. In the report to his Imperial Master he says:

"The peculiar characteristic of Austria's position is the moral height from which the most adverse circumstances could not displace her. Your Majesty is the central point, the real, the only remaining representative of an old order of things founded on eternal unchangeable right. All eyes are fixed on your Majesty, and in this character lies that for which nothing can compensate.

"On the day when Austrian troops shall fight in the same ranks with French and confederate troops in a war of destruction, your Majesty will have laid aside this character. In a moral sense we should in this case lower ourselves to the baseness of the confederates, and in a political, down to all the late faults of the Russian Cabinet. To such a part we could only be compelled by the actual impossibility of doing otherwise."

The actual impossibility came to pass: Austria announced an armed neutrality: Napoleon demanded an auxiliary army of thirty thousand men, which the Emperor Francis granted, without formally giving up his character as a neutral:

"All history has not recorded so strange a political situation, and it probably never will record a second ex-

ample of the same kind. It was the result of circumstances, and a remarkable illustration of a period fantastic in every respect, and afflicted with every kind of abnormal condition. In the imposition of an auxiliary army from Austria Napoleon sought, not a material strengthening of his forces, for this did not seem to him to be necessary, but a moral guarantee for the restraint of the other part of the Austrian army within the boundaries of their own kingdom.

By tacit understanding, therefore, the Austrian contingent took no active part in the invasion, and suffered little in the retreat. It quietly fell back upon Gallicia. The new ground to be taken by Austria was at once marked out by Metternich.

"'The political position of the Imperial court is that of an armed neutrality. This position, if persevered in, would degrade the Austrian Power into a mere negation. This could be changed only by a rapid transition, or by a course of moderation which secures to the Emperor free action in the future. Rapid transition would make Austria a member of the Northern alliance, or lead to a union with France: while the latter would be impossible, the former is open to us. The transition from neutrality to war lies in the armed mediation."

It was as the representative of an armed mediation, therefore, that he repaired to the memorable interview with Napoleon at Dresden on June 27th, 1813, and it is admitted on all hands that he played the very difficult part he had undertaken with consummate judgment and skill. It was an encounter which would have gladdened the heart of their old fencing-master. His aim throughout was to put Napoleon in the wrong without coming to a downright breach which might necessitate immediate action; for Metternich never expected to bring him to reason, and was mainly anxious to justify Austria in openly joining the Coalition so

soon as her preparations were complete. The account of what passed is given with substantial accuracy by M. Thiers, but it is well to have the most important passages direct from the best authority, although there is a slight discrepancy between the brief abstract of the conversation sent to the Emperor Francis the day after (June 28th), and the detailed report in the Memoirs.[1] In the abstract, the serious part of the colloquy was begun by Metternich saying, "It depends on your Majesty," said I to him, "to give peace to the world, to establish your government on the surest foundation—that of universal gratitude. If your Majesty loses this opportunity, what limit can there be to revolutions?" The Emperor replied that he was ready to make peace, but perish sooner than make a dishonourable one; adding that he would not give up an inch of ground: that he would only make peace on the basis of the *statu quo antebellum.* In the Memoirs it is Napoleon who begins:

"Napoleon waited for me, standing in the middle of the room with his sword at his side, and his hat under his arm. He came up to me in a studied manner, and inquired after the health of the Emperor. His countenance then soon clouded over, and he spoke, standing in front of me, as follows:

"'So you, *too,* want war; well, you shall have it. I have annihilated the Prussian army at Lützen; I have beaten the Russians at Bautzen; now you wish your turn to come. Be it so; the rendezvous shall be in Vienna.

[1] We learn from one of the editor's notes that this conversation was first reduced to writing by Metternich in 1820 and freely communicated. It was, we believe, so reduced in French, and should certainly have been given as written instead of being translated into German. Capefigue states that Metternich gave him a *résumé* of the scene at Johannisberg in 1839, and reported Napoleon as having said, "Ah, Metternich, how much has England given you to take part against me in this manner?" According to Capefigue's version, the doors were locked.

Men are incorrigible: experience is lost upon you. Three times have I replaced the Emperor Francis on his throne. I have promised always to live in peace with him; I have married his daughter. At the time I said to myself you are perpetrating a folly; but it is done, and to-day I repent of it!'

"This introduction doubled my feeling of the strength of my position. I felt myself, at this crisis, the representative of the collective European society. If I may say so—Napoleon seemed to me small!"

War and peace, was the calm reply, lay in his Majesty's hand. The world required peace. In order to secure this peace he must reduce his power within bounds compatible with the general tranquillity.

"'Well now, what do they want me to do?' said Napoleon, sharply; 'do they want me to dishonour myself? never! I shall know how to die; but I shall not yield one handbreadth of soil. Your sovereigns, born to the throne, may be beaten twenty times, and still go back to their palaces; that cannot I—the child of fortune; my reign will not outlast the day when I have ceased to be strong, and therefore to be feared. I have committed one great fault in forgetting what this army has cost me—the most splendid army that ever existed. I can fight with man, but not with the elements; the cold has ruined me. In one night I lost thirty thousand horses.'"

He reverted so frequently to this topic that hours were wasted on it and others wholly irrelevant to the matter in hand. On his saying that he had repaired his losses, and had a fresh army on foot, Metternich suggested that fortune might play him false a second time, as in 1812.

"'In ordinary times armies are formed of only a small part of the population, to-day it is the whole people that you have called to arms. Is not your present army an anticipated generation? I have seen your soldiers: they are children. Your Majesty has the feeling that you are

absolutely necessary to the nation: but is not the nation also necessary to you? And if this juvenile army that you levied but yesterday should be swept away, what then?'

"When Napoleon heard these words he was overcome with rage, he turned pale, and his features were distorted. 'You are no soldier,' said he, 'and you do not know what goes on in the soul of a soldier. I was brought up in the field, and a man such as I am does not concern himself much about the lives of a million of men.'[1] With this exclamation he threw his hat, which he had held in his hand, into a corner of the room. I remained quite quiet, leaning against the edge of a console between the two windows, and said, deeply moved by what I had just heard, 'Why have you chosen me to say this to within four walls; let us open the doors, and let your words sound from one end of France to the other. The cause which I represent will not lose thereby.'"

In M. Thiers' account of this scene, it is two hundred not a million of lives for which Napoleon professes indifference: there is no mention of a coarser expression, and instead of flinging his hat into a corner of the room, it is left in doubt whether he did not let it drop as if he expected Metternich to pick it up.[2] "When," he continued, "I married an Archduchess I tried to weld the new with the old, the Gothic prejudices with the institutions of my century: I deceived myself, and I, this day, feel the whole extent of my error. It may cost me my throne, but I will bury the world beneath its ruins." The conversation lasted from a quarter to twelve to half-past eight in the evening.

"When Napoleon dismissed me, his tone had become calm and quiet. I could no longer distinguish his features. He accompanied me to the door of the ante-room." Holding

[1] (*Note by Metternich.*)—"I do not dare to make use here of the much coarser expression employed by Napoleon."

[2] "Il jeta ou laissa tomber son chapeau que M. de Metternich ne ramassa point."—*Thiers.*

the handle of the folding-door, he said to me, 'We shall see one another again!'"

"'At your Majesty's pleasure,' was my answer, 'but I have no hope of attaining the object of my mission.'

"'Well, now,' said Napoleon, touching me on the shoulder, 'do you know what will happen? You will not make war on me?'

"'You are lost, Sire,' I said, quickly; "I had the presentiment of it when I came; now, in going, I have the certainty.'"

They had another meeting at Dresden, when it was arranged that the truce should be prolonged till the tenth of August, which was fixed as the last day for the negotiations. At a preliminary meeting of the negotiators towards the end of July at Prague, Caulaincourt, the chief French Plenipotentiary, came without his credentials, but was nevertheless anxious to take part in the conference. Metternich, familiar with the imperial tactics, treated the non-arrival of the credentials as a breach of the truce.

"I had the passports prepared for Count Narbonne in his capacity of Ambassador for the Imperial court, and I put the finishing touch to the Emperor's war manifesto. These documents I despatched as the clock struck twelve on the night of August 10. Then I had the beacons lighted, which had been prepared from Prague to the Silesian frontier, as a sign of the breach of the negotiations, and the right of the Allied armies to cross the Silesian frontier."

"The joy of the allies," says Capefigue, "was inexpressible; one should hear Count Pozzo de Borgo record the magical effect produced by the despatch of Count de Metternich arriving in the middle of the night in a country-house in which were reposing the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, the Comte de Nesselrode, M. de Hardenberg, and the états-majors of the coalesced armies!

They embraced as if Europe was saved and Napoleon overthrown."

Twenty thousand copies of this war manifesto were printed and circulated. When a copy, posted up in Paris, was brought by Savary to Napoleon, he exclaimed: "No one but Metternich can have concocted this document: talking of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees is a thorough piece of cunning. It could only enter into the head of a man who knows France as well as he does."

When all hope of effective negotiation was at an end, the difficulty arose of bringing the coalesced monarchs to act in concert, and Metternich had a harder task, requiring even more command of temper and finesse, in conflict with the headlong impetuosity of the Czar than in his diplomatic duels with Napoleon. In a carefully-drawn portrait, he says:

"The Emperor Alexander certainly possessed mind, but his mind, refined and keen as it was, had no depth; he was as easily led astray by an excess of distrust as by an inclination to erroneous theories. His judgment was always influenced by fanciful ideas; he seized upon them as if by sudden inspiration, and with the greatest eagerness; and they soon gained weight enough to rule him, and make the subjection of his will an easy matter to the originators."

At Töplitz it was agreed that the command-in-chief of the allied armies should be given to Prince Schwarzenberg. But shortly after the crossing of the frontier, Alexander sent for Metternich to say that a new arrangement was indispensable, as he had made up his mind that the conduct of the war must be entrusted to Moreau under him (the Czar) as generalissimo. Metternich told him at once that such an arrangement was wholly inadmissible and that, if insisted on, it would compel

the withdrawal of Austria. After a long pause, during which he seemed lost in profound thought, the Emperor at last broke silence, saying, "Well and good, we will postpone the question, but I make you responsible for all the mischief which may result." Two days after this, Moreau was mortally wounded by the side of the Emperor Alexander. When he met Metternich the next day, he said to him, "God has uttered his judgment: He was of your opinion!"

Alexander had been brought up by La Harpe, who had imbued him with many of his own speculative opinions and retained an extraordinary influence over his pupil. La Harpe was now with him, and the main source of his political inspiration. A Swiss by birth, La Harpe was anxious that the allied armies should keep clear of Switzerland, where their appearance might produce popular manifestations fatal to the new order of things. He therefore persuaded Alexander that the contemplated plan of crossing the Rhine at Schaffhausen and Basle should be given up as a breach of neutrality, although it had been ascertained that the allies would be well received and indeed hailed as deliverers by the confederate cantons. The Czar only gave way upon an understanding that permission to cross the bridge at Basle should be obtained. The troops crossed according to the original plan, and it fell to Metternich to inform Alexander of the fact:

"The Emperor was very much agitated by this news; when he had collected himself he asked how the army had been received. 'Amid cheers for the Alliance, your Majesty. The Confederate troops in a body have joined our flag, and the people came in crowds from all sides to bring provisions to the army, for which we paid in ready money.'"

"I could easily read in the Emperor's features the conflicting feelings which this news excited. After a longer pause, he took my hand and said: 'Success crowns the undertaking: it remains for success to justify what you have done. As one of the Allied monarchs I have nothing more to say to you: but as a man I declare to you that you have grieved me in a way that you can never repair.'"

Besides expectations held out to La Harpe, Jomini, and others, he had given an express promise to his sister, the Grand Duchess Marie of Weimar, that he would never allow the allied armies to enter Switzerland.

Still more startling was the personal position he took up when the Coalition were brought face to face at Langrès with the question what was to be the future dynasty or form of government in France after the expulsion of Napoleon. His plan was to summon an assembly of deputies, and leave the formal government and the selection of a ruler to them.

"The Republic is at an end. It has fallen by its own excesses. The Prince whom the nation will give to itself will have less difficulty in establishing his authority. The authority of Napoleon is broken, and no one will have anything more to do with it. A more essential point will be to direct the assembly aright. I have in readiness the man most suitable for this, most fitted for an affair which would perhaps be impossible to a novice. We must entrust the direction of this matter to La Harpe."

Here again Metternich was obliged to press mildly, but firmly, the danger of a general break up; upon which Alexander calmed down, and said, "I do not insist on my ideas against the wish of my allies: I have spoken according to my conscience; time will do the rest; it will also teach us who was right."

Metternich held to the restoration of the Bour-

bons, not only as an article of his Conservative creed, but from a conviction that the revolutionary spirit had been thoroughly crushed by Napoleon, and that the French preferred the monarchical form of government, although eager to get rid of their existing ruler with his ruinous ambition and his never ceasing wars. The inexhaustible vitality of imperialism is certainly a strong symptom that although monarchy—that is, legitimate or constitutional monarchy—has lost ground amongst them, they have a marked predilection for autocracy.

At Basle a welcome colleague and coadjutor arrived in the person of the English Plenipotentiary:

"I found Lord Castlereagh little initiated in the real state of affairs on the Continent. His straightforward mind, foreign to all prejudice and prepossession, and his justice and benevolence, gave him a quick insight into the truth of things. I soon saw that his ideas about the reconstruction of France in a manner compatible with the general interests of Europe in no respect differed from mine."

Even more dangerous and embarrassing than the erratic course of Alexander was the eagerness of the Prussians to be first in Paris, which they had destined for plunder—an eagerness of which Napoleon took advantage in the memorable campaign of 1814. In the Council of War at Bar-sur-l'Aube, where the King of Prussia loudly contended for a simultaneous advance on Paris, it was decided that each army should decline a battle, except in concert with the other, and that a certain latitude of movement should be left to Blücher. After the affair at Arcis, it will be remembered, Napoleon, instead of interposing between the invaders of his capital, fell back, leaving

the road open; his calculation being that Schwarzenberg would not advance at the risk of having his rear threatened and his communications cut off. On this occasion he was fairly out-generalled, and on hearing that Schwarzenberg, taking advantage of his retrograde movement, was marching on Paris, he exclaimed: "A fine move! I should not have expected it from a general of the Coalition." According to Metternich, the chief credit of this move is due to the Austrian Commander-in-Chief. Nothing is said touching the celebrated mission of Baron de Vitrolles, or of any message from Talleyrand; nor is it likely that Schwarzenberg could have been moved by political considerations in his strategy.

On being apprised of this move, the Emperor Francis and Metternich left Bar for Dijon, where they remained till they heard of the capitulation of Paris, when Metternich made the best of his way to the grand scene of action, in company with Castlereagh and Hardenberg. Immediately on his arrival (April 10th), he went to the Emperor Alexander, who had taken up his abode at Talleyrand's, and learned to his dismay that the autocrat had already more than half completed the arrangement by which Napoleon, after abdicating, was to be located at Elba. To the obvious objection that he would not long remain quiet there, Alexander replied that he (Napoleon) had given his word, the word of a sovereign and a soldier, which it would be insulting to doubt. When Metternich proposed waiting till he had consulted his Imperial Master, Alexander replied warmly:

"This cannot now be done. In the expectation of your arrival, and of Lord Castlereagh's, I have put off the signature of the treaty for several days; this must be brought to a conclusion in the course of the evening; the

marshals must deliver the act to Napoleon this very night. If the signing of this act is not completed, hostilities will begin again to-morrow, and God knows what the result may be. Napoleon is at the head of his army at Fontainebleau, and it is not unknown to him that the act is approved by myself and the King of Prussia; I cannot take back my word."

Metternich still declined affixing his signature till he had consulted Schwarzenberg and Castlereagh:

"After this consultation, I returned to the Emperor Alexander. I said to him, 'The negotiation between your Majesty, the King of Prussia, and Napoleon has gone too far for my opposition to stop it. Prince Schwarzenberg has taken part in the preliminary discussions; the conference in which this treaty is to be signed has actually met. I will go to it, and there place my name to a treaty which in less than two years will bring us back again to the battle-field.'

"Events proved that I had made a mistake of only a year. The treaty was signed in the course of that evening."

The Congress of Vienna, at which Metternich presided, was opened on the 3rd of November, 1814. In a Mémoire drawn up at his (Metternich's) request, and printed amongst his documents, dated February 12, 1815, Gentz says:

"The grand phrases of 'reconstruction of social order,' 'regeneration of the political system of Europe,' 'a lasting peace founded on a just division of strength,' etc., etc., were uttered to tranquillise the people, and to give an air of dignity and grandeur to this solemn assembly; but the real purpose of the congress was to divide amongst the conquerors the spoils taken from the vanquished."

He goes on to show that each of the Powers had some separate interest at heart, except perhaps England; and England is accused by M. Thiers of pressing the forced union of Belgium and Holland

to provide a secure inlet for her manufactures and prevent the renewal of the continental blockade. Russia and Prussia having combined to appropriate Poland and Saxony, the three other great Powers, England, Austria, and France, were banded together to oppose force to force, and a breach was imminent, when the escape from Elba threw everything again into disorder. One of the problems of history is through or by whom, and when, the news of this event first reached Vienna. Sir Walter Scott states that it was first made known to the Congress by Talleyrand on March 11th. Metternich states positively that it reached him early on the morning of the 7th through the Austrian Consul-General at Genoa: that he first communicated it to the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia, who all three sent immediate orders to prepare for the renewal of the war.

"Thus war was decided on in less than an hour. When the Ministers assembled at my house, the event was unknown to them. Talleyrand was the first to enter. I gave him the despatch from Genoa to read. He remained calm, and the following laconic conversation took place between us:

"*Talleyrand.*—'Do you know where Napoleon is going?'

"*Metternich.*—'The report says nothing.'

"*Talleyrand.*—'He will embark somewhere on the coast of Italy, and throw himself into Switzerland.'

"*Metternich.*—'He will go straight to Paris.'

"This is the history in its entire simplicity."[1]

The work of the Congress was resumed and completed in 1815, and Metternich had ample reason to be satisfied with it, as it gave to Austria not only all she had lost since the commencement of the revolutionary war, but much, Venice for

[1] The same account of the arrival of the news was given by Metternich in a letter to Varnhagen von Ense, dated March 27th, 1840. "Aus dem Nachlass Varnhagen's von Ense." Leipzig, 1865; p. 118.

example, to which she had not the shadow of a right. It also gave a large slice of Saxony to Prussia; it virtually confirmed the partition of Poland; it handed over Genoa to Piedmont; it wedded Belgium to Holland; it formed Germany into a Confederation, in which Austrian influence was to preponderate as if for the express purpose of preventing German unity. In short, it was a settlement which aimed at nothing but satisfying the territorial greed of the principal parties; there was no thought of natural congruity or cohesion, of nationality or self-government; no more regard for the feelings and wishes of the population of the transferred districts than of the live-stock on an estate. The only Power that made any show of disinterestedness was England, who, after surrendering the greater part of her conquests, made the abolition of the slave-trade her standing-point.

What Burke said of Lord Chatham's Cabinet might be said of the Vienna Congress: "It put together such a tesselated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white, that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on." The so-called settlement had no one element of stability: it crumbled away piecemeal, and long before Metternich's death there was little of it left but the framework of a treaty without vitality or force. Yet he points to it as a masterpiece of diplomacy, a monument of political foresight, whose consummate excellence is proved by its durability:

"There was no doubt that if the Congress confined itself to the limits of calm calculation, it would be exposed to great opposition. The longest time of political peace which Europe has ever enjoyed would, however, suffice to tranquillise the conscience of the enlightened monarch (Francis)

and that of his assistant, even if the work of the Congress had not remained triumphantly fireproof in the years 1848 and 1849!"

Was the work of the Congress fireproof in 1848, when the Emperor of Austria was driven from his capital, when Metternich had to take refuge in England, when the sole hope of restoring the Empire in its integrity rested on Radetsky? Or, in 1849, when, without Russian aid, the House of Hapsburg would have lost the brightest jewel in its crown? As well might it be said that the work remained triumphantly fireproof in 1830, when its pet creation, the Kingdom of the Low Countries, was broken into two. In Italy again, as in Naples and Piedmont in 1822, Parma and Modena in 1827, the fire was rapidly spreading when Austrian troops acted as extinguishers.

In reference to the *mot* of the Prince de Ligne, "Le Congrès danse mais ne marche pas," Metternich apologetically points to the number of crowned heads with their retinues, and other illustrious visitors, for whom the Imperial Court was bound to provide recreation, adding that the festivities had no connexion with the labours of the Congress, as is proved by these having been completed in five months. Some entries in Gentz's Diary tell a different story:

"*September* 12*th*, 1814.—Went to Prince Metternich: long conversation with him, not (unhappily) on public affairs, but on his and my relations with Madame (the celebrated Duchess) de Sagan.[1]

"14*th*—Returned to Metternich; conversation with him—alas!—on the unhappy *liaison* with *la* Windischgrätz, which still appears to interest him more than the affairs of the world.

[1] This lady divorced so many husbands, each of whom she pensioned off, that it was said of her, "*Elle se ruine en maris.*"

"22*nd*.—Dined with Metternich at Nesselrode's, who informs me of his definitive rupture with the Duchess, *which is at present an event of the first order*.

"*Sunday, November* 6*th*.—Dined at Metternich's with Wenzel, Liechtenstein, Binder, Neumann, &c. Long conversation with M. on his affairs of the heart.

"*Friday*, 11*th*.—Visit to the King of Denmark; talked an hour with him. Then Metternich: long conversation, *constantly turning more on the confounded woman than on business*.

"13*th*.—Went out at eleven. At Metternich's. Returned. At half-past one at Talleyrand's. From three to four, curious conversation with the Duchess de Sagan on her fatal history with Metternich. Dined at Count Bernstorff's; Count Clam with me. At eight, general conference at Metternich's! *Fate of Genoa decided*. Returned at eleven and worked at the *procès-verbal* till two in the morning.

"*Monday* 24*th*.—With Wissenberg to Metternich's. Long conversation with him, principally on his affair with Wilhelmine.

"*Saturday, September* 29*th*.—The conference has lasted till 12½. Then private conference of an hour with Castlereagh and Metternich on Poland. Then an hour more with Metternich on his affair with the Duchess.

"*Dec.* 29*th*.—Went to M. de Metternich's at eleven: found him *au lit* with *la* Nesselsucht. Long conversation with him."

Hardly a day passes without dinners, balls and festivities, at which all these great personages, supposed to be absorbed in the destinies of nations, make a point of being present. Gentz had been named Secretary to the Congress by acclamation: he knew everything that was passing, both before and behind the scenes, and this is his concluding reflection on the year 1814:

"The aspect of public affairs is melancholy: not as at other times by the imposing and crushing weight suspended over our heads, but by the mediocrity and inaptitude

of almost all the actors; and as I have nothing to reproach myself with, the intimate knowledge of this pitiable course of events, and of all these paltry creatures who govern the world, far from afflicting me, is a source of amusement, and I enjoy the spectacle as if it was given expressly for my entertainment."

In the summer of 1815 the Emperor Alexander requested Metternich to come to him, and after explaining that he had a great matter in hand on which monarchs only could decide, intimated a wish to speak to the Emperor Francis. After the lapse of some days Metternich learnt from the Emperor Francis that he had seen Alexander, and received from him a paper, which had given rise to grave reflection. A cursory perusal sufficed to show Metternich that it was nothing more than a philanthropic aspiration clothed in a religious garb, supplying no materials for a treaty. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia took nearly the same view of it, but eventually agreed to sign it, with the alteration of some passages and the omission of others, out of deference to their imperial colleague.

"This is the history of the 'Holy Alliance,' which even in the partial feeling of its originator had no other object than that of a moral demonstration, whilst in the eyes of the other persons concerned the document had no such meaning, and therefore does not deserve the interpretation which was afterwards put on it by party spirit.

"The most unanswerable proof of the correctness of this statement exists in the circumstance that never afterwards did it happen that the 'Holy Alliance' was made mention of between the cabinets, nor indeed could it have been mentioned. Only the parties hostile to the monarchs used it as a weapon for the calumniation of the purest intentions of their opponents.

"The 'Holy Alliance' was not an institution to keep down the rights of the people, to promote absolutism or

any other tyranny. It was only the overflow of the pietistic feeling of the Emperor Alexander, and the application of Christian principles to politics.

"From a union of religious and political-liberal elements the idea of the 'Holy Alliance' was developed under the influence of Frau von Krüdener and Monsieur de Bergasse. No one has a more intimate knowledge than myself of everything relating to this 'loud-sounding nothing.'"

Assuming this to be true, it goes far towards justifying Gentz's reflection—an echo of Oxenstiern's—on the amount of folly which predominates in the government of the world.

Alexander is the hero of another strange episode. He came one day, towards the commencement of the Congress, to the Emperor Francis, to announce that, conceiving himself personally offended by Metternich, he had resolved to challenge him to a duel. The alleged offence was something said to Hardenberg. The Emperor Francis, after vainly trying to soothe his imperial brother, told him that the challenge, if given, would certainly be accepted. Alexander actually went the length of sending Count Ozarowsky, one of his Adjutants-General, to Metternich, to demand an explanation, which was refused in the required shape:

"Count Ozarowsky retired. A few moments afterwards his Imperial Majesty sent word to me that he would not appear at the ball in my house, to which all the Princes and all the members of the Congress were invited for that very day.

"The same day I saw the Russian ministers, and informed Count Nesselrode of what had happened. He said he had not received any instructions from the Emperor with regard to this affair. The conferences went on as if no difficulties at all had been raised, and the result was that half of Saxony remained to its King."

They met as usual for the despatch of business, but their intercourse continued cold and formal till

the interview in which Metternich communicated the news of the escape from Elba. At its conclusion the Emperor said to him: "We have still to adjust a personal difference. We are both Christians, and our sacred law commands us to forgive offences. Let us embrace, and let everything be forgotten." Metternich answered that he did not accept the forgiveness, but agreed to forget; upon which the Emperor embraced him, and requested that they should be friends once more. This incident is valuable, if only as showing the social footing on which Metternich stood with sovereigns.

The Memoirs or Autobiography forming Book I. and occupying 265 pages, concludes with the Congress of Vienna. Book II. (65 pages), entitled "Gallery of Celebrated Contemporaries," contains "Napoleon Bonaparte, A Portrait," with incidental sketches of his Court and family, and "Alexander I., Emperor of Russia, A Portrait." Book III. (occupying the concluding 44 pages of the first volume, and the whole of the second), is entitled "Collection of Writings from the First Period of Metternich," and the contents are of the most miscellaneous description; mostly correspondence and despatches, of which we have made occasional use. We regret that want of space prevents us from paying due attention to the Portraits, which are marked by a degree of literary skill rare amongst statesmen, clearness of judgment, and fine discrimination of character. They bear ample testimony to the qualities by which the writer was enabled to check the outbursts of imperial volition, or mould it in trying emergencies to his purposes.[1]

[1] The portrait of Napoleon contrasts curiously in several points with that drawn by Madame de Rémusat in her Memoirs, so far as they have gone. Thus Metternich says: "Napoleon was not irreligious in the

The two volumes now before us comprise only the first part of the Memoirs. Three parts are yet to come and, we are given to understand, speedily: Part II., comprising the epoch from 1816 to 1848; Part III., from 1848 to June 11th, 1859 (day of Metternich's death). Part IV., Miscellaneous Writings. But he himself has indicated the epoch from 1810 to 1815 as the most important of his life, and it may be doubted whether the promised continuation, whatever its historical value, will add to his reputation for political foresight or sagacity. He could never read the signs of the times until they were inscribed in letters of fire upon the wall. It was his boast to Mr. Ticknor that he only laboured for the morrow, and did not even venture to think much of the day following.

The only plausible defence of his reactionary and repressive home policy, to say nothing of his resistance to popular rights all the world over,—literally from Poland to Peru, is suggested by his half apology to M. Guizot: "I have often governed

ordinary sense of the word. He would not admit that there had ever been a genuine atheist; he condemned Deism as the result of rash speculation. A Christian and a Catholic, he recognised in religion alone the right to govern human society." Madame de Rémusat says: "I know not whether he was deist or atheist. He was ready enough, amongst his intimates, to laugh at everything relating to religion, and I will venture to say that he thought the immortality of his name more important than that of his soul. When the priests raised the people against him in Spain: when he met with an honourable resistance on the part of the French bishops: when he saw the cause of the Pope embraced by many, he was quite confounded, and was heard to say more than once: "I believed mankind more advanced than they are in reality" (vol. ii. p. 369). They agree as to his want of manners. "It is difficult" (says Metternich) "to imagine anything more awkward than Napoleon's manner in a drawing-room. . . . Out of his mouth there never came a graceful or even a well-turned speech to a woman." This is confirmed by Madame de Rémusat, who says that, even at balls and concerts, no one felt at ease in his society. On the whole, the portrait by the lady, although a professed admirer, is much the most unfavourable of the two. We learn from her, amongst other personal peculiarities, that "Il salissait vite, et beaucoup, tout ce qu'il portait."

Europe: I have never governed Austria." But he was appointed House-, Court-, and State-Chancellor in 1821: President of the Ministerial Conferences for Home Affairs in 1827: and the death of the Emperor Francis and the accession of Ferdinand (1835) made no apparent change in his position, which lasted thirty-nine years, and might have lasted many more had he not been overthrown by a revolution from without.

That his gracious master could be obstinate occasionally is shown by an incident for which we are indebted to the Editor. On June 25th, 1812, Metternich addressed a formal petition to the Emperor Francis, stating that the President of the Exchequer had refused him a permit for a small cask of foreign wine on two grounds—1. That the quantity, only the weight, was specified; 2. That under an imperial rescript no one was to import more than an eimer and a half. The petitioner then set forth that one of the duties of his post (as Foreign Secretary) was to entertain guests for whom foreign wine was indispensable; that an eimer and a half was as good as none at all; and it concludes by praying that his Imperial Majesty would be pleased to order that the Foreign Secretary should give no foreign wine at all, or to exempt him from the restriction. The only notice the Emperor took of this petition was an autograph missive to the President of the Exchequer, ordering that no exception whatever should be made.

If the historical estimate of Prince Metternich should eventually prove unfavourable, it will not be from any indifference or neglect on his part. Independently of these Memoirs with their illustrative documents, he has seldom missed an opportunity of self-laudation or self-defence. In the course of three or four conversations in 1835, he told

Mr. Ticknor three or four times over that he was always calm and moderate, that he loved truth and detested falsehood. "I am passionate about nothing: therefore I have no follies to reproach myself with. But I am very often misunderstood. I am thought to be a great absolutist in my policy. But I am not." What was he at the Congress of Carlsbad or the Congress of Laybach? "It is true," he continues, "I do not like democracies: democracy is everywhere and always a dissolving, decomposing principle: it tends to separate men: it loosens society. This does not suit my character; I am by character and habit constructive." He should have said "*re*constructive," for his only notion of construction was to rebuild upon old lines and foundations with the least possible approach to novelty.

It will hardly be denied in any quarter that he was remarkable amongst statesmen for cultivation and accomplishment. He was conversant with several branches of science; he was no mean proficient in music; he drew and designed well; he wrote with the ease and correctness of an author by profession; and when (1812) he was appointed Curator of the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna he showed by his mode of discharging the duties of the post that (to use his own words) it had opened up to him "a most congenial sphere of activity." In his conversations with Varnhagen von Ense and other men of letters he frequently figures as a well-read and discriminating critic.

Varnhagen von Ense, who had several long and intimate conversations with him at Baden in 1835, did not know what to make of his overflowing egotism and, assuming his self-satisfaction to be genuine, remarks:

"In point of fact, it may be replied that nothing in his long career has really prospered with him: his whole administration shows a chain of things coming to pass, which he did not wish, which he has as long as possible resisted; in all directions he has always sacrificed and abandoned as much as he defended and saved. . . . All this is undeniably true and striking. But I believe it is only a one-sided view. Allowance must be made for the circumstances in which he has been placed, and we must bear in mind how incoherent and heterogeneous is the composition of the State which he represents, what efforts and address were required of him to maintain in a tolerable situation, and in its ancient importance, this wreck of another time in the midst of a new creation. Whoever gives full weight to these considerations, may find reason to believe that Metternich in his position has done wonders, and that, especially as regards what he has not been able wholly to prevent, he has worked powerfully and averted infinite evil—*that is, what appeared such to him and his.*"

The qualifying clause, which we print in italics, is a material deduction from the laudatory portion of the paragraph; for no class of public men have done more evil than those who thought they were doing good. Nor was Metternich one of those who were open to conviction, who could see the error of their ways, and concede reform to avoid revolution. He told Varnhagen von Ense that he never was and never could be one of the "juste milieu."

"Whoever has a principle, must go with it to the extreme, not hold by a middle, of which there is none in truth, only a semblance, only a miserable holding-together of contradictory conclusions."

His claim to an elevated niche in the Temple of Fame, therefore, can scarcely be made to rest on the soundness of his principles or the comprehensiveness of his views. To appreciate the real nature of the services which he rendered not

merely to Austria but to civilisation, and fix his relative importance amongst his contemporaries, we should ask ourselves what would or might have come to pass between 1810 and 1815, had there been no one like him to watch Napoleon, to control Alexander, and keep the Emperor Francis firm. Nor should the influence he exercised for high, well-chosen and well-understood ends be depreciated, because it was less owing to intellectual superiority than to personal advantages, inborn or acquired—to look, air, tone, and consummate grace of manner, the best inheritance of aristocracy. It was one of the *pensées* of Pascal that, if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the whole face of Europe would have been changed. Is it more paradoxical to say that the whole face of Europe might have been changed if Metternich had been a short thickset man, with plain features and goggle spectacles, like Cavour; or abrupt, downright, uncompromising, and peremptory, like Prince Bismarck? There are times when the efficiency of an instrument depends more on its smoothness and polish than on its strength. We recently reviewed the life of a remarkable and richly gifted person, the Comte de Broglie, whose entire career was marred by the want of self-command and tact. We have here, in Prince Metternich, the contrasted example of one who, by the complete possession and opportune exercise of those qualities, was more than once enabled to play a great part, and effect great things without ever arriving at what can fairly be called greatness.

CHARLES, COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT.[1]

(*From the Quarterly Review, April*, 1873.)

WHEN the Count and Countess of Montalembert were in England in 1839—when she was in the bloom of her beauty and he in the fulness of his fame—they breakfasted one morning with Rogers, who, on their leaving the room, turned to one of the remaining guests and said, "I envy that young man, not for his youth, nor for his fame, nor even for his handsome wife, but for his faith. He seems to believe in something, and *that* makes a man really happy." This remark was addressed to Rio, the author of "Christian Art," and the conversation having just before turned on a fine specimen of the pre-Raphaelite school deeply imbued with the religious feeling, there can be no doubt as to the description of faith which struck Rogers. It was a faint reflection of that deep impulsive passionate feeling that animated Montalembert through life: faith, uncompromising, unhesitating faith in Christianity as embodied in *the* Church, the Holy Catholic Church, which sat enthroned on the seven hills and (as he thought) was asserting no

[1] *Memoir of Count de Montalembert, Peer of France, Deputy for the Department of Doubs. A Chapter of Recent French History.* By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "The Life of Edward Irving," "S. Francis of Assisi," &c. In 2 Volumes. Edinburgh and London, 1872.

more than a rightful claim in eternally parodying the language of Rienzi, when, unsheathing his maiden sword, he thrice brandished it to the three parts of the world, and thrice repeated the extravagant declaration, "And this, too, is mine."[1]

Montalembert believed equally and implicitly in her divine origin and her beneficial influences, in her purity, vitality, durability, and impeccability. She was the same to him in her triumphs and her trials, in her victories and her defeats, in the noonday splendour and the lurid eclipses of her sun. Like the cavalier who was ready to do homage to the crown hanging upon a bush, his reverence for the tiara was in no respect diminished by its falling on an unworthy head—by finding amongst the successors of St. Peter a Farnese or a Borgia, a Gregory, a Sixtus, or a Leo, whose crimes and vices, grasping ambition, scepticism, and immorality, were the scandal of their contemporaries. It was still the true, the blessed and blessing, the *allein seligmachende* (alone bliss-bestowing) Church, whether labouring for evil or for good; whether paving the way for the Reformation or laying the ground for a reactionary movement against the heretics. In his eyes to elevate the Church was to diffuse Christianity, and to aggrandise the Papacy was to elevate the Church. He could not, or would not, see that the Pope who placed his sandalled foot upon the neck of an Emperor was actuated by the self-same ambition and arrogant lust of power as the Emperor (Napoleon) who inflicted a series of degrading indignities on a Pope. His whole heart and soul are with St. Columba and the other monks of the West, who first carried the glad tidings of the Gospel to the rugged isles of which

[1] Gibbon, vol. viii. p. 239, Dr. W. Smith's edition.

this empire is made up. Nor was his glowing imagination less excited by the great deeds and heroic sacrifices of Loyola and his disciples, to whom human happiness and genuine religion were as nought compared with the prosperity of that famous and irrepressible Society of Jesus, so aptly compared to a sword with the handle at Rome and the point everywhere.[1]

It is a moral problem which we shall not attempt to solve, how he kept the dark side of the picture out of sight: how he palliated or disguised to himself the crying and manifold abuses of the spiritual power with which ecclesiastical history is blotted over: how he escaped the strictly logical consequences of his convictions: why, in a word, he did not become a bigot like so many others with heads as clear, hearts as warm, and motives as disinterested as his own. There is Sir Thomas More, for one, who presided at the torture of a heretic, if he did not lend a hand to tighten the rack; and the Comte Joseph de Maistre, for another, a man of the kindliest and most loving nature, who, besides proclaiming the hangman the keystone of the social edifice, declared the "Novum Organum" to be simply worthy of Bedlam, and the "Essay on the Human Understanding" to be "all that the absolute want of genius and style can produce most wearisome." Montalembert was the very personification of candour. He hated intolerance; he shuddered at persecution; he had none of the arrogance or unbending hardness of the dogmatist;

[1] The precise words of M. Dupin in 1825 were, "Une épée dont la poignée est à Rome et la pointe partout." But the originality of the phrase, like that of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander, has been impugned, and there is a printed letter of J. B. Rousseau, dated March 25, 1716, in which he says, "I have seen in a little book, 'L'Anti-Coton,' that the Society of Jesus is a sword, the blade of which is in France and the handle at Rome."

he was singularly indulgent to what he deemed error; the utmost he would accept from the temporal power, from the State, was a fair field and no favour; the Church, he uniformly maintained, far from having any natural affinity with despotism, could only blossom and bear fruit in an atmosphere of freedom; whilst liberty, rational liberty, was never safer than under the protecting shadow of her branches—

> "Nusquam Libertas gratior exstat
> Quam sub rege pio."

If he waved the consecrated banner of St. Peter with the one hand, he carried *La Charte*, the emblem and guarantee of constitutional government, in the other; and his life and character would be well worth studying, if no higher or more useful moral could be drawn from them than that it is possible to reconcile a dogmatic, damnatory, exclusive system of belief with generosity, liberality, Christian charity, patriotism, and philanthropy.

The materials for his life are, fortunately, ample. Indeed, a memoir might be compiled from his journals, letters, speeches, introductions to his principal works and other self-revealings, which would present most of the essential qualities of an autobiography. There are numerous incidental allusions in contemporary publications; and graceful sketches of his career and character have been contributed by his friends.[1] Mrs. Oliphant, the author of the work named in the footnote at the beginning of this article, was personally acquainted

[1] The best is by M. Fossier in the "Correspondant," in four parts. See the Numbers for May, June, September, and November 1872.

The *catalogue raisonné* of Montalembert's published writings, including his pamphlets and contributions to Reviews, in the "Revue Bibliographique Universelle," fills five closely printed pages of small type.

with him; she translated two volumes of his "Monks of the West"; she wrote with the aid and under the sanction of the surviving members of his family; she had access to the best sources of information, and she has made an excellent use of her opportunities. She treads firmly upon difficult ground; she exercises her own right of judgment with praiseworthy independence; and her language is free, clear, and spirited. She has consequently produced a very valuable and most interesting Memoir, to which there is only one marked objection: the almost inevitable result of her own formed habits, her modes of thinking, and her sex. She is the author of some excellent novels, besides the two "Lives" mentioned in her title-page; and the woman, the novelist, the religious biographer, may simultaneously be traced in her treatment of Montalembert: giving an undue preponderance to the romantic, sentimental and sensational elements or aspects of character, and placing the clerical enthusiast in broad relief. In the following sketch—our limits forbid it to be more—we shall endeavour to redress the balance by giving the orator, statesman, author, and accomplished man of the world, his due.

A noble French and a noble Scotch race met in the person of Charles Forbes René de Montalembert, who was born in London on the 15th of May, 1810. The Montalemberts can be traced back to the Crusades, the proudest boast of an ancient family in France. It was one of the same stock to whom Francis I. alluded in his memorable challenge: "Here are four of us, gentlemen of La Guyenne: J. Sauzac, Montalembert, and La Chasteigneraye, ready to encounter all comers." The paternal grandfather of our hero was an emigrant; his maternal grandfather a retired

Indian merchant or civil servant; and Mrs. Oliphant, after expatiating on "the beautiful melancholy face, replete with tragic associations," of the expatriated noble, exclaims:

"Thus stands Jean de Montalembert at one side of the portal; and on the other James Forbes, with trim peruke and calm countenance, strong in English order, prosperity, and progress, expecting nothing but good, hearing of nothing but victory, raises with cheerful confidence the curtain of life for the new actor about to step upon that tragic stage. No young beginner could have had predecessors more perfect in their typical character; no new soul could have more perfectly embodied in one those two great currents of the past."[1]

The father, Marc René, the son of Jean, had served with the British army in India, and thus, it would seem, became acquainted with Mr. Forbes. Instead of settling down in England, he and his wife were constantly on the move. By some lucky accident he carried the first news of the abdication of Napoleon to Louis XVIII.; and in due season he was rewarded for his zeal and fidelity by being named a peer of France and minister plenipotentiary to Stuttgart.

We must suppose that the Scotch wife was as much absorbed by political movements and intrigues as the French husband, and was equally ready to throw off the parental cares and duties which might have interfered with the exciting stir and bustle of her life; for, from the time he was fifteen months old, the boy was given over entirely to the keeping of James Forbes, who had already

[1] In a letter, dated 26th June, 1869, Montalembert wrote to the present Earl of Granard, who had sent him a copy of the Memoirs of the family:—"Vous voulez bien, my Lord, me rappeler que je suis issu par ma mère de la même souche que vous. J'ai en effet toujours entendu ma mère, née Forbes, et mon grand-père maternel, s'enorgueillir de leur descendance des comtes de Granard."

afforded the strongest and strangest manifestation of interest by dedicating to him, when scarcely a year old, the great work ("Oriental Memoirs" in forty-two volumes quarto) by which the name of Forbes was to live for ages to come. He watched over his young charge with the fondest affection; but Charles was eight when it was finally determined, after a painful struggle for both, that he should go to school at Fulham, and the event is thus announced in a letter, dated Albemarle Street, 28th April, 1818, from the grandfather to the mother:

"The day of our separation arrived last week, to me a trial of no common kind, for except at short intervals, I have never lived alone for fifty-one years until now, and I feel it deeply. I told him I would take him after breakfast, or, if he liked it better, he might dine with me and we would go to the school in the evening. He hesitated a little and then said: 'As I am to go, I had rather go at once.'"

They set off accordingly, and, when about half way, the boy suddenly flung his arms round the grandfather's neck and adjured him by the love of truth which he had so sedulously inculcated, to answer one question truly:

"'You know, my dear grandpapa, that I have left my papa and mamma, my brother and sister at Stuttgart, to be your child; and now you and I are everything to each other until we see them again. Tell me therefore—but you must tell me truly—if since we left Paris I have been the boy you expected and wished me to be, and if you love me as much as when we were there all together?' It was almost too much for me; but I could with truth assure him that he had been all, and even more than all, I anticipated. Then said he, 'I am the happiest boy in the world, nor shall I drop one tear when you leave me;' nor did he."

He lost his affectionate grandfather in the course

of the following year, and forthwith took up his abode in Paris with his father and mother, who were too much occupied with diplomacy and society to pay much attention to the bringing up of their children: Charles, Arthur (two years younger), and Elise. The first glimpses we get of his mental progress are from the diaries which he began keeping when he was thirteen, and continued with occasional breaks through life. At this early age he anticipated the conclusion to which a grave scholar and statesman was brought by experience—that life would be tolerable but for its amusements; and he appreciated time like a grey-headed philosopher. More than one record of a so-called pleasure party concludes: "Day lost, like so many others." He was already a politician and a proselytizing one; for we find him exacting an oath of eternal fidelity to the Charter from his little brother, who, puzzled and half frightened by his earnestness, recoils with a protest: "Mais qu'est-ce que c'est que la Charte?" Charles knew very well what it was, for in September, 1824, there is an entry that Louis XVIII. died after a long illness, which he endured with an heroic patience worthy of the august author of the "Charte Constitutionnelle."

He was fourteen when the Abbé Nicolle, head of the Collége Sainte-Barbe, induced his parents to place him under a regular course of study, and was at the pains of examining him from time to time to judge of his proficiency. To the entry of one of these examinations, when M. Nicolle expressed himself satisfied, he appends, "which is more than I am myself." He is wearied to death by what is called society, regards the theatre as a penance, and is absolutely indignant at the notion that *he* should be supposed to need distraction or could

find enjoyment in un-idea'd idleness. It was the remark of Falstaff, "There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof;" but Montalembert was rather a serious and thoughtful than a demure boy. There was a strong dash of romance in his day-dreams and self-communings; and his reading was calculated to foster the imagination as well as to mature the judgment and supply the memory with facts. It appears from the Journal that he had read Shakespeare's best plays carefully and critically. The "Tempest" he finds "sublime in some parts, but in others ridiculous:" the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "*un peu ennuyeux:*" "Twelfth Night" "mediocre;" but "King Lear," "sublime;" "Hamlet," "divine;" and "Othello," "*too* touching."

It is a curious fact that his "De l'Avenir politique de l'Angleterre" was dimly foreshadowed in a diary of his fifteenth year, in which *à propos* of a work on English institutions (De Lolme) he sets down, "Few works have produced so much impression upon me as this. It has convinced me of what I had long suspected, that England is the first nation in the world."

A French college has something in common with both an English college and an English public school, without exactly resembling either. Montalembert entered the Collége Sainte-Barbe (now Rollin) at sixteen and left it at nineteen. Amongst the warm and lasting ties he formed there was his friendship for M. Léon Cornudet, who, along with many other interesting memorials of their boyish days, has published (in the "Contemporain") a solemn league and covenant by which they pledged themselves to God and each other, to serve their country to the best of their ability, and consecrate their lives to the cause of God and Freedom. This

document was suggested and drawn up by Montalembert, who proposed that they should sign it in their blood; to which his calmer associate objected, that blood drawn for such a purpose was not exactly the same as blood shed for a great cause on a battle-field; and the two signatures were affixed in ordinary ink. He was seventeen at the date of the signature, and about the same time (April 23, 1827) he wrote down amongst the meditations in his commonplace book,—

"God and Liberty—these are the two principal motive-powers of my existence. To reconcile these two perfections shall be the aim of my life!"

Going over these memorials of the past in long after years, he has written opposite this entry, in red ink, the word *Déjà!!!* It is certainly a most remarkable anticipation of what was to come; and we should be puzzled to specify another career or character of anything like the same eminence which was so clearly shadowed out at every step of its formation or its growth. We call especial attention to this phenomenon, for it is the best answer to the imputations so frequently levelled at his consistency. His probable liability to them even then dawned upon him: "What shall I do? What will become of me? How shall I reconcile my ardent patriotism with religion?" He would neither have found nor feared any difficulty of the kind if he had meant religion in the broad sense of the term. He was clearly speculating on the difficulty of reconciling love of country with ardent uncompromising devotion to the Catholic Church. In August, 1828, he records a fixed determination to write a great work on the politics and philosophy of Christianity, and, with a view to its completion, to waste no more time on the politics or history

of his own time. Three notes of admiration in red ink are set against this entry in the original journal. He attends the debates in the Chamber of Peers, and finds them *d'une médiocrité effrayante.* In fact his thoughts, his plans, his subjects of interest, were those of a matured intellect, of a formed man, who felt "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" within the walls of a lecture room; and we can well believe that it was a glowing recollection of what he had suffered from want of free expansion for body and mind at Sainte-Barbe, in the universitarian barrack as he called it, that made him long after exclaim at Eton: "What a difference between this place and the houses where we were educated —true prisons walled up between two streets in Paris, everywhere surrounded by roofs and chimneys, with two rows of miserable trees in the midst of a paved or gravelled court, and a wretched walk every week or fortnight among the suburban lanes!"

Yet he quitted Sainte-Barbe with regret. His pained and softened fancy ranged over and reproduced hours upon hours of consciously improving study or delightful interchange of heart and mind; and he must now look his last of the familiar places and faces, must break away from his books and his loved companions, to be thrown upon the wide world, and become more deeply impressed than ever with "the profound uselessness of life." "*Je me fais vieux,*" he sets down; giving vent to a sentiment of frequent recurrence in the mouths of young people in their teens. Far from looking forward with fervent expectations of enjoyment to his approaching introduction to society, he foresaw no gratification in mingling undistinguished in a crowd:

"I can imagine Pitt or Fox coming out of the House of

Commons where they had struck their adversaries dumb by their eloquence, and enjoying a dinner-party. I can imagine Grattan amusing himself, after fifty years of glory, playing hide-and-seek with children. But for an obscure and unknown individual, lost in the crowd of other men, or at the best numbered only among the *élégants* who feel themselves obliged to wander every evening into three or four houses where they are half stifled under pretence of enjoying themselves, I see neither pleasure nor honour in it. I see only a culpable loss of time, and mortal weariness."

In this mood he starts to join his father, then French ambassador at Stockholm, *viâ* Belgium and Holland, lingering on the way to see everything worth seeing, and duly recording his impressions as they arise. Received at once into the gay circles of the Swedish capital, he was with difficulty induced to lay aside his stiffness and reserve; his manner naturally enough gave offence to the light-hearted and haply frivolous companions who were forced upon him: he was voted a prig; and it was not till some time after his arrival, when his really gentle and unassuming nature began to be recognised, that one of the leading *belles*, the Comtesse d'Ugglas, ventured to confide to him that she had thought. him *pédant et altier*. This was a stunning blow to his self-love, and a valuable lesson which (he intimates) he was not likely to forget. Happen what might, in whatever society, congenial or uncongenial, he might be thrown, he would never merit the description of *pédant et altier* again. He actually consents to take part in a special quadrille, got up for a ball at the French embassy, "where," he says, "we were to have the absurdity of dancing before the king and queen;" the ladies initiated him into its mysteries, and (as he confesses with a mixture of shame and

complacency) it went off very well. All this time he was studying the institutions of the country, drawing grave political conclusions, and keeping his enthusiasm for great things alive by corresponding with his friends. "Do not, I beseech you," he writes to Rio, "abandon yourself to that political discouragement which Burke justly calls the most fatal of all maladies. Do not despair of the cause which you have adopted, or give up sound principles, because a generation without faith and without soul seems to dishonour them by pretended attachment."

In another letter to Rio he says, "I am reading Kant, which I find horribly difficult. M. Cousin recommended me to give myself up to this study; but I shall not follow his advice." He distrusted Kant's philosophy, as tending to undermine faith, and he lent a ready ear to the Abbé Studach, of whom he says, "I have made a precious discovery here, that of a Catholic priest, who is at the same time a philosopher, and who believes that faith may be reached by knowledge. His toleration is as great as his knowledge." The abbé brought him acquainted with a school, boasting numerous disciples in the Bavarian and Austrian universities, which undertook to combine religion with philosophy; but metaphysics were never much to his taste, and he was wont to arrive at conviction by a shorter road than argument. Truths divine did not come to him mended by the tongue of a theologian; they came by insight, by intuition, by inspiration; and they went forth from him with the lightning flash of genius, in spontaneous and irresistible bursts. Burke and Grattan attracted him far more than Kant and Schelling. "Grattan above all," says Rio, "as the unwearied champion of the greatest of causes, acquired rapidly the

grandeur of the hero of a crusade to the eyes of his young admirer, whose enthusiasm, heightened day by day by the fame of O'Connell's patriotic oration, led him a little later to make an excursion, full of attractions for him, into the country of that great man."

Steeped to the lips in Irish oratory, he resolves to write a history of Ireland, which was to be partly founded upon the speeches of Grattan, and to include translations of the most remarkable passages. This plan, including a journey to the Green Isle—this *projet adorable*—was suddenly suspended by a domestic bereavement. The failing health of his only sister, Elise, four or five years younger than himself, to whom, since he was domesticated with her at Stockholm, he had become passionately attached, required a warmer climate, and the duty devolved on him of accompanying her and her mother across Germany to the South. They arrived at Besançon on the evening of the 29th October, 1829. She asked him to sit up with her that night, to which the mother objected, and she was left to the care of her maid; but in the middle of the night he was summoned to what in a few hours was to be her death-bed. The Cardinal de Rohan, Archbishop of Besançon, administered the last sacraments, and offered whatever consolation could be afforded to the brother and mother; but Montalembert left Besançon in the deepest compunction and despondency, heartbroken at the thought that, unconscious of her danger, he had reluctantly abandoned his Irish expedition to accompany her.

Many months ensued before he could shake off his melancholy, brace his mind for a fresh effort, or even fix it on a definite object. He was left free to choose a career, but was utterly unable to

make a choice. At one time he was disposed to take holy orders; at another he commenced the study of the law; and under a passing impulse he thought of joining the army of Algiers as *simple soldat*. There is a well-known saying of his, quoted by M. Fossier, "Je suis le premier de mon sang qui n'ai guerroyé qu'avec la plume; mais qu'elle devienne un glaive à son tour." He had no real military ardour, and the pen in his hands was a more trenchant weapon than the sword.

During this interval of suspense he wrote an article on Sweden, which was submitted to M. Guizot, as editor of the "Revue Française," for insertion in that periodical. It was accepted upon condition that it should be cut down to half its length; and he submitted to this Procrustean process, the most painful act of self-sacrifice that can be imposed on a young writer, with an expression of despair, "*Encore une illusion perdue.*" Finding it still too long, M. Guizot ruthlessly struck out those very passages which Montalembert considered the gems of the composition, especially a spirited sketch of the soldier king of Sweden, Bernadotte, whom he describes as a true Gascon: "He told my father that he considered himself the natural subject of Charles X., and that, should that monarch ever require his services, he would leave his throne to his son, and hasten, a simple soldier, to offer his sword to his native Sovereign."

About the same time Montalembert formed his first connection with the "Correspondant" by contributing to it an article on Ireland which was by no means an unqualified success; for he subsequently records of this and the Swedish article that one of his friends found the first wearisome and the second commonplace. His father, however, who happened to be in Paris at this time,

was delighted by the article on Ireland, as indicating a talent which he had never suspected in his son; and the literary aspirant was cordially received as a *confrère* by the leading men of letters —Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, and Lamartine.

Had he foreseen the dangers impending over his cherished Charter, it may be doubted whether he would have left Paris on his Irish expedition till the cloud had burst or blown over. But it was at London, where he had just arrived, that he heard the startling news of the Revolution of July, which, at the first blush, he was disposed to hail as "a sublime victory." Mortified at not having been present to aid in it, and eager to retrieve the lost opportunity, he immediately returned to Paris, where his ardour rapidly cooled down, after a calm view of the situation in reference to the personal as well as public consequences which it involved. His father was on the eve of resigning his post as ambassador: his brother, one of the royal pages, had escaped through a window at the peril of his life, and was equally without a career. The abolition of the hereditary peerage was threatened, and, with it, the road to distinction on which he had confidently reckoned. The cause of the Church was not likely to be advanced by the change of dynasty, and, as to freedom, he was not many days in arriving at the conclusion that "it never gains by such violent movements; it lives by slow and successive conquests, perseverance, and patience." In a word, the glorious Three Days grew less and less glorious as he dwelt upon them; his sympathies, by some law of his nature, were invariably with the losers in the political conflict; *Je n'aime pas les causes victorieuses*, was his frequent avowal:

"Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

In this state of uncertainty as to the line he should take in French politics, his views reverted to Ireland, and in the August of that momentous year, 1830, he is crossing the mountains of Kerry, on his way to "interview" the Liberator. He travelled on horseback with a lively and intelligent Irish boy for his guide. The weather and the splendid scenery were at their best. His spirits rose, his bosom swelled, his expectations were on tiptoe, when he dismounted from his hired steed at Derrynane. But here, alas! the picturesque part of the pilgrimage ended, and the prosaic reality began. The motley frieze-coated throng that besieged the entrance, squabbling and vociferating about their own petty grievances, was not a favourable example of a nation rising in its majesty for the vindication of its rights; and the figure of the great man himself, which had loomed so grandly at a distance through the mist, was reduced to very moderate dimensions by proximity and familiarity. Nor was his enthusiasm revived by seeing O'Connell, soon afterwards, the centre of a numerous and disorderly meeting, at which, adapting his tone to his audience, he exhibited the rude coarseness of the demagogue and indulged in language rather vernacular than high-toned. But his inexperienced critic lived to learn that popular influence is not obtained or retained by pure patriotism or heroic flights, any more than revolutions are made with rose-water; and due reflection brought him back to his original conviction that O'Connell was the heaven-born advocate of the most sacred of causes—a man to whom no impartial historian would refuse the epithet of "great."

Mrs. Oliphant thinks that it was this visit to Ireland that decided the future of Montalembert.

He had come to see the Liberator and was disappointed, but he had seen the Island of the Saints, the island in which Liberty was making common cause with Faith, in which the standard of patriotism was waved from the altar by the priest; and he came back burning with eagerness to bring about a conjunction of the same kind in France. But if the train was laid in this fashion, it was fired by his being brought into simultaneous contact with two men who more or less influenced all the remainder of his life. These were the Abbé de la Mennais and the Père Lacordaire.

Félicité de la Mennais, born 19th June, 1782, at Saint-Malo, was the son of a shipowner who had received letters of nobility from Louis XVI., so that he was legally entitled to the noble prefix which, in a fit of democratic equality, he laid aside after 1834. Neglected by his father, whom he had offended by refusing to engage in commerce, he was adopted by an uncle, who left him to himself with the use of a good library. His unguided reading was of the most desultory kind, until he was fifteen, when, resolving to pursue a regular course of study, he took up his abode with his brother in a retired house near Dinan, where, besides amassing an immense amount of classical and general erudition, he mastered the Fathers and historians of the Church. He took the tonsure in 1811, and entered the little seminary of Saint-Malo, founded by his brother, but made no further step in the ecclesiastical profession till 1815, when he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Rennes, having first written to his sister that it most assuredly was not his taste that he indulged in deciding for it.

A tract, in which he had assailed Napoleon at the beginning of 1814, compelled him to take

refuge in England during the Hundred Days, and for some time after his return and settlement in Paris he was glad to earn his livelihood as an assistant tutor to the Abbé Carron in a school. One fine morning he awoke and found himself famous, or (to use his own words) he found himself invested with the power of Bossuet. The first volume of his "Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion" burst upon the religious world like a thunderclap, and gave him European celebrity as much by the opposition it excited as by the admiration it called forth. The second (1820) and the two concluding volumes (1824) were equally successful, and on his first visit to Rome, although half of the conclave were against him, the Pope, Leo XII., declared him the "last Father of the Church," offered him a cardinal's hat, and hung up his picture amongst the chosen saints in his cabinet.

"Le Père Lacordaire," by Montalembert, is rather a biographical essay, composed as a vehicle for personal reminiscences, than a biography. Left to discover as we best may when and where Lacordaire was born—he was born at Recey-sur-Ource, Côte-d'Or, the 12th March, 1802—we are told that no adventure, no stroke of fortune, no passion, occurred to trouble the course of his boyhood:

> "Son of a village doctor, brought up by a pious mother, he had, like all the young people of his day, lost the faith at school, and had not recovered it either at the law school or the bar, in which he was enrolled for two years. To all outward seeming, nothing distinguished him from his contemporaries. He was a deist, as all the youth were then; he was, above all, liberal, like the whole of France, but without excess. He has said it again and again: no man or book was the instrument of his conversion. A sudden

and secret flash of grace opened his eyes to the nothingness of irreligion. In a single day he became Christian and, the very next day, from Christian he wished to be priest. Seminarist at Sulpice in 1824, ordained priest in 1827, convent almoner in 1828, college almoner in 1825, he seemed not to depart on any side from the ordinary course of things and men. There was nothing singular about him but his liberalism. By a then unheard-of phenomenon, this convert, this seminarist, this almoner of nuns, insisted on remaining liberal as in the days when he was only student and advocate. . . .

"He comprehended, then, in his youth and in his solitude, that of which no one around him seemed to have a glimpse: first, that the Church, after having given liberty to the modern world, had the right and the imperious obligation to invoke it in her turn; secondly, that she could no more invoke it as a privilege, but only as her part in the common patrimony of the new world.

"M. de la Mennais, then the most celebrated and the most venerated of the French priests, starting from the opposite pole, had arrived at the same conclusion. It is that which had all of a sudden brought him into proximity with the obscure almoner of the Collége Henri IV. It was upon this ground that they both planted the banner of the 'Avenir.'"

The first number of the "Avenir" appeared on October 15, 1830. The Church was then at a low ebb in France: it was not popular with the people, and it was kept in strict subordination to the State. All ecclesiastical dignitaries were appointed by the Government. The priests could hardly venture into the streets in the dress of their order for fear of insult, and when the cholera was raging in Paris they had to be smuggled into the hospitals, dressed as laymen, to administer the last Sacraments when required. Then, again, they were practically excluded from any interference in the national education, which was under the control of the University and the Minister of Public Instruction. No school

could be opened without a licence, and no licence was given for denominational schools, or for any distinct religious teaching, except in the seminaries, in which none but youths intended for the ecclesiastical calling were received. In fact, the only accessible education for the laity at large was the mixed or "godless" system which the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland have so indignantly repudiated; with the aggravation, constituting a real grievance, in France, that those who were dissatisfied with it were not permitted to provide a substitute at their own expense.

The triumvirate, therefore, had plenty of useful work cut out for them which they might have performed without hurrying into extremes; without flying in the face of lawful authority on the one hand, or venturing to the utmost verge of intolerance on the other. In most of their grand efforts they contrived to do both. We take, by way of specimen, the first article by Lacordaire which is quoted with commendation by his young admirer. The subject was the refusal of a priest to bury a man who had died without calling in the aid of religion, and the forcible introduction of his remains into a church by the sous-préfet. The form adopted was an apostrophe to the priesthood:

"One of your brethren has refused to a man who died out of your communion the Christian service for the dead. *Your brother has done well;* he has acted as a free man, as a priest of the Lord, determined to keep his lips pure from servile benedictions. Woe to him who blesses against conscience, who speaks of God with a venal heart! Woe to the priest who murmurs lies at the edge of a coffin! who conducts souls to the judgment of God through fear of the living or for a vile fee! *Your brother has done well.* Are we the sextons of the human race? Have we made a pact

with them to flatter their remains—more wretched than the courtiers to whom the death of the prince gives the right of treating him as he deserved by his life. *Your brother has done well;* but this shadow of a proconsul believed that so much independence was not becoming in a citizen so vile as a Catholic priest. . . . .The domicile of the citizen cannot be violated without the intervention of justice. Justice has not been so much as summoned to say to religion, 'Veil thy face a moment before my sword.'"

Precisely the same appeal might be made and the same range of sympathies invoked, should sepulture in a church or churchyard be denied (as it frequently has been) to those who, like players, died in an unhallowed vocation, or like many of the greatest men in all domains of genius, departed this life without due preparation by a priest. The Archbishop of Paris did well who sought to deny sepulture in holy ground to Molière; the Curé of Saint-Sulpice did well who denied it to Adrienne Lecouvreur; the Dean of Westminster did well who excluded the bust of Byron from Westminster Abbey; and, despite of the church which he erected to God, Voltaire should have been buried like a dog.[1]

Sir George Beaumont used to tell a story of his asking the Pope to authorise a Protestant burial-place at Rome; and the reply of the Holy Father, that he could not bless a locality for such a purpose, but had no objection to curse one, if, in default of *consecrated* ground, the heretics were content to repose in *desecrated.* The editors of the "Avenir" appear to have been moved by the

[1] The dying words of Voltaire, when spiritual aid was pressed upon him, were, "*Laissez-moi mourir en paix.*" He was buried in haste and surreptitiously in the Abbey of Scellières, of which his nephew, the Abbé Mignot, was Commendator, only a few hours before the arrival of a prohibitory mandate from the bishop of the diocese to the prior. No attempt, according to Mr. Morley, was made to obtain Christian burial for Rousseau.

same spirit as this Pope: only they were serious and his Holiness was laughing in his sleeve.

It was the favourite theory of Lacordaire that great causes were to be fought out, as in ancient Rome and England, in legal proceedings before the tribunals in the full light of publicity; he was fond of reverting to his old profession of advocacy in which he shone, and he was never better pleased than when brought into open conflict with the *procureur du roi*. The Government was ready enough to give him the opportunities he sought, and on the 31st of January, 1831, he appeared with de la Mennais before the Criminal Court to answer for two articles bitterly assailing the King for exercising the constitutional right of nominating bishops. He made a spirited defence, and they were both acquitted.

"'The decision was not given till midnight,' says Montalembert. 'A numerous crowd surrounded and applauded the victors of the day. When it had dispersed, we returned together alone, in the darkness, along the quays. When we reached his threshold I hailed in him the orator of the future. He was neither intoxicated nor overwhelmed by his triumph. I saw that for him the little vanities of success were less than nothing, mere dust of the darkness. But I saw him at the same time eager to spread the contagion of courage and self-devotion, and charmed by those evidences of mutual faith and disinterested tenderness which shine in young and Christian hearts with a glory purer and more delightful than all victories.'"

This victory encouraged the party to a fresh and original enterprise. Besides founding the "Avenir," they had formed a society called *Agence de la liberté religieuse*, which publicly announced that, *attendu que la liberté se prend et ne se donne pas*, three of their members would open a school, free and gratuitous, at Paris, by way of testing the

right. The school was opened on the 7th May, 1831, after due notice to the prefect of police, by three members of the society, Lacordaire, M. de Coux, and Montalembert, who succinctly relates what followed:

"The Abbé Lacordaire delivered a short and energetic inaugurative discourse. We formed each a class for twenty children. The next day a commissary came to summon us to decamp. He first addressed the children: 'In the name of the law I summon you to depart.' Lacordaire immediately rejoined: 'In the name of your parents, whose authority I have, I order you to remain.' The children cried out unanimously: 'We will remain.' Whereupon the police turned out pupils and masters, with the exception of Lacordaire, who protested that the school-room hired by him was his domicile, and that he would pass the night in it, unless he was dragged out by force. 'Leave me,' he said to us, seating himself on a mattress he had brought there, 'I remain here with the law and my right.' He did not give way till the police laid hands upon him; after which the seals were affixed and a prosecution was forthwith commenced against the schoolmasters."

Soon after the commencement of the proceedings, Montalembert's father died; he succeeded to the peerage with its privileges, and the trial consequently took place before the Chamber of Peers on the 19th September, 1831, when, after a touching allusion to his great bereavement and an exposition of the reasons which induced him to claim the judgment of his peers, he said:

"'It is sufficiently well known that the career on which I have entered is not of a nature to satisfy an ambition which seeks political honours and places. *The powers of the present age, both in government and in opposition, are, by the grace of Heaven, equally hostile to Catholics.* There is another ambition not less devouring, perhaps not less culpable, which aspires to reputation, and which is content

to buy that at any price: that, too, I disavow like the other. No one can be more conscious than I am of the disadvantages with which a precocious publicity surrounds youth, and none can fear them more. But there is still in the world something which is called faith—it is not dead in all minds; it is to this that I have early given my heart and my life. My life—a man's life—is always, and especially to-day, a poor thing enough; but this poor thing consecrated to a great and holy cause may grow with it; and when a man has made to such a cause the sacrifice of his future, I believe that he ought to shrink from none of its consequences, none of its dangers.

"'It is in the strength of this conviction that I appear to-day for the first time in an assembly of men. I know too well that at my age one has neither antecedents nor experience; but at my age, as at every other, one has duties and hopes. I have determined, for my part, to be faithful to both.'"

The sentence was a fine of a hundred francs.

He thus, on the most solemn occasion of his life, deliberately took his stand upon the principles to which he persistently adhered to his dying day; and the nobility of thought, the moral courage, the spirit of self-sacrifice which actuated him, are beyond cavil or dispute, whatever may be thought of the prudence or wisdom of his course. He here states that the powers of the present age, both in government and in opposition, were, by the grace of Heaven, equally hostile to Catholicism. Twelve years later, he stated that the press, the public, the learned bodies, the councils of state, were against him on the same subject in the proportion of ninety-nine to a hundred. How did this come to pass in a Catholic country? Or in what sense are such expressions to be understood? What he meant was, that the vast majority of French Catholics were opposed to his description of Catholicism; that they agreed with Bossuet rather

than with de Maistre or de la Mennais; that they were Gallican, not Ultramontane, and were instinctively swayed by the apprehension so sensitively alive in England at this hour; namely, that what his *beau idéal* of a Church meant by liberty was, that she herself should be left free as air, whilst all other freedom of thought or action should be held dependent on her will. "When I mention religion," said Thwackum, "I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England." Montalembert went still further, for he identified religion and Christianity with the small section of the Catholic Church which then agreed with him. No wonder, therefore, that more lukewarm or (as we should say) more reasonable Catholics stood aloof.

He became a little more practical when he had to legislate upon the same subject, but in these *Avenir* days he and his clique exulted in their unpopularity. They longed to be persecuted, to be (metaphorically) stoned like St. Stephen or imprisoned like St. Paul. Then the agitation and excitement of the expeditions undertaken for the propagation of their principles, far more than compensated for the discomfort and fatigue. Montalembert took charge of twenty-two departments, which he visited from time to time, when the means of communication were very different from now. "There were neither railways nor telegraphs, and in our propagandist journeys we took three days and three nights to go in execrable diligences from Paris to Lyons." His English habits of neatness and cleanliness added to the irksomeness, and we find Lacordaire rallying him on *tes toilettes de deux heures.* "But what life,"

he continues, after detailing these petty miseries, "what life in the soul, what ardour in the intelligence! what disinterested worship of our flag, of our cause! what deep and fruitful furrows sunk in the young hearts of that time by an idea, by a deed of self-devotion, by a great example, by an act of courage or of faith!" It is the tone of the Frenchwoman regretting the tumultuous sensations of her stormy youth: "*Oh, l'heureux temps quand j'étois si malheureuse,*" or of the poet recalling the first awakening of his senses or his heart:

"Oh, who would not welcome that moment returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life through his fame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame?"

"I shall be pardoned," writes Montalembert, "for dwelling upon the events of this year, which were so memorable for us. There is no man, however obscure and little worth his life may have been, who does not at the end of his days feel himself drawn by an irresistible current towards the moment when the first fire of enthusiasm awoke his soul and trembled on his lips; there are none who do not breathe with a sort of intoxication the perfume of their recollections, and who do not feel themselves tempted to boast beyond measure of their charm and brilliancy. Happy and sad days, we say to ourselves—days devoured by work and passion, days such as one sees but once in one's life!"

A month after his appearance before the Chamber of Peers, Lacordaire wrote, "Cruel as Time may be, he will take nothing from the delights (*délices*) of the year which is just over; it will be eternally in my heart, like a virgin who is just dead."

These halcyon days were now rapidly coming to

an end. The circulation of "L'Avenir" never reached 3000; instead of being self-supporting, it was a drain on the scanty resources of the society; which, having also to sustain the expense of prosecutions and propagandism, broke down. As the little band had contrived to place themselves very much in the position of Ishmael, and the clergy, headed by the episcopacy, were among the fellest of their foes, further appeals to an enlightened public were voted nugatory; and they formed the extraordinary step of submitting the crucial questions in dispute to the Pope. His Holiness was to decide whether "L'Avenir" was or was not entitled to the support of the Catholic world, and the journal was to be suspended till his sovereign will and pleasure should be made known.

The suggestion came from Lacordaire: "We will carry our protest, if necessary, to the City of the Apostles, to the steps of the Confessional of Saint Peter, and we shall see who will stop the pilgrims of the God of Liberty." No one thought of stopping them; the more's the pity, for this expedition was a blunder of the first magnitude, conceived in utter ignorance or forgetfulness of that traditional policy of Rome which Lord Macaulay deems a main cause of her durability and strength. "She thoroughly understood what no other Church has ever understood, how to deal with enthusiasts. In some sects, particularly in infant sects, enthusiasm is suffered to be rampant. In other sects, particularly in sects long established and richly endowed, it is regarded with aversion. The Catholic Church neither submits to enthusiasm nor proscribes it, but uses it." She used Ignatius Loyola and St. Teresa; she would have used John Bunyan, John Wesley, Joanna Southcott, Selina Countess of Huntingdon, and

Mrs. Fry. The founders of "L'Avenir" were just the sort of enthusiasts she wanted, so long as they could be kept within bounds: so long as they did no more than assert her paramount title to a *veto* on ecclesiastical appointments, and protest against her exclusion from the schools. But it was a very different matter to insist on her resenting the denial of her privileges by shaking off all connexion with the State or by refusing any revenue or mundane advantages at its hands.

Alluding to the prefect who figured in the burial case, Lacordaire told the priests, "You would have made him turn pale if, with your dishonoured God, staff in hand and hat on head, you had carried Him to some hut built with planks of fir, vowing never to expose Him a second time to the insults of the temples of the State." This, Montalembert remarks, was tantamount to telling the clergy bluntly that they must renounce the budget of worship, "sole remaining wreck of their ancient and legitimate patrimony, sole guarantee of their material existence, renounce even the churches of which the State assumed to be the proprietor, to enter in full possession of the invincible forces and inexhaustible resources of modern liberty." Language of the same tendency has recently been used by a section of the Anglican Church, because they could not force their own peculiar views upon the rest.

Nor did "L'Avenir" stop here. It contended that no good or sound institution, sacred or profane, had anything to fear from the utmost freedom of inquiry, much less an institution like the Holy See, founded on the eternal rock of truth:

"Moreover, it is not true in any sense that the evil is stronger than the good, and that the truth fights on earth with arms the inequality of which requires to be repaired

by the aid of absolute power. If it were so, the truth would be very badly off, for absolute power has never worked but for itself. Is it by the aid of absolute power that Christianity was founded? Is it by the aid of absolute power that the heresies of the Lower Empire have been surmounted? Is it by the aid of absolute power that the Arians of the West were converted? Is it by the aid of absolute power that the philosophy of the eighteenth century has crumbled into dust? *Persecuted truth has triumphed everywhere over protected and powerful error.* Such is history. And now we are told that, if truth is reduced to combat error with its own weapons in the open light of day, all is lost."

If the Pope and his advisers had been equally confident that the Church of Rome owed no more to absolute power or authority than the primitive Church of Christ, or would rise the higher if cut free from its temporalities, they would have wished nothing better than the support of an organ like "L'Avenir." But they would have been unaccountably wanting in the sagacity for which Lord Macaulay gives them credit, had they not penetrated to the fallacy of such arguments at a glance and drawn a widely different moral from history. They could not shut their eyes to the fact that spiritual supremacy attained its loftiest pitch in the Dark Ages, and has everywhere declined in proportion to the spread of knowledge. If it owes nothing to absolutism, does it owe anything to democracy? As well say at once that it has gained by the Reformation. The Pope, Leo X., who patronised literature and the arts, simply prepared the way for Luther.

Intelligent travellers have declared that in travelling through Central Germany or Switzerland, looking merely to the external aspect of the country and the people, they could tell whether any given principality, canton, or district, was

Catholic or Protestant. There was no mistaking the signs of industry, enterprise, and intellectual life in the one nor the dearth of them in the other. Are Spain, Portugal, Naples, held in subjection to Rome by or through liberty? Or is it possible to contend that the Catholics have been worsted in Great Britain and Northern Europe because the fair field of free discussion has been denied to them? What are the chances that a free (free and not dominant) Church in a free people (the devise of "L'Avenir") would remain *the* Catholic Church? Is the habit of passive obedience, or the habit of inquiry, best adapted to prepare the human mind for the doctrine of Infallibility? "Persecuted truth has triumphed everywhere over protected and powerful errors." But in which character does the Papacy figure in history?—as protected and powerful error, or persecuted truth?

Lacordaire and de la Mennais arrived at Rome on the last day of 1831. They were speedily rejoined by Montalembert, who had made a short stay at Florence. "From our arrival," he says, "the reserve with which we were everywhere received made it clear that we should not obtain the desired response. After having required of us an explanatory memoir, which was drawn up by Lacordaire, they left us three months without a word. The Cardinal Pacca wrote M. de la Mennais that the Pope, whilst doing justice to his services and his good intentions, had been displeased at seeing us stir up controversies and opinions to say the least dangerous: that, however, he would have our doctrines examined, and that, as this examination might be long, we might return to our own country. The Pope afterwards consented to receive us; he treated us with the familiar kindness

which was natural to him; he made us not the semblance of a reproach, but neither did he make the slightest allusion to the business which had brought us to Rome."

This, although far from a brilliant or flattering solution, was the most favourable they had any ground to hope. Lacordaire was quite prepared for it; and, on the whole, hardly regretted that he had come. It was his first visit to Rome, and he was not only vividly impressed by the genius of the place, but juster and broader views of ecclesiastical policy broke upon him. "The journalist, the bourgeois of 1830, the Democrat-Liberal, had comprehended at the first glance not merely the majesty of the supreme Pontificate, but its difficulties, its long and patient designs, its indispensable *ménagements* for men and things of here below. In this noble heart the faith of the Catholic priest and the sense of duty had instantly got the better of all the fumes of pride, all the seductions of talent, all the intoxication of the struggle: with the penetration bestowed by faith and humility, he anticipated the judgment on our pretensions which has been ratified by time, that grand auxiliary of the Church and of Truth."

Not so de la Mennais, whose pride was mortified to the quick. His position was widely different from that of his young and comparatively obscure associates. He, "the last of the Fathers," to be neglected and snubbed on the scene of his former glories, in the very Vatican where his portrait had been hung by pontifical grace among the Saints! In vain did Lacordaire repeat, "One of two things: either we should not have come, or we should submit and hold our tongues." No, de la Mennais would not hear of silence or submission. He replied, "I will hasten and provoke an immediate

decision, and I will await it at Rome; after which I will consider what is to be done." Lacordaire left Rome for France, saying, "Silence, next to speech, is the second power of the world." The Abbé waited four months, and then, losing patience, left Rome, openly announcing his intention to return to France and recommence the publication of "L'Avenir." Montalembert had remained, and now left with him. They took Munich on their way, where accidentally (he says, providentially) they fell in again with Lacordaire; and the three were together when they were overtaken by the Encyclical epistle of 15th August, 1832, directly provoked by the parting threats of de la Mennais and manifestly condemning, without naming, most of his new doctrines. "Our submission (writes Montalembert) was immediate and unreserved. It was immediately published, and we returned to Paris, 'vanquished victors over ourselves,' according to the expression of him amongst us who had so well foreseen and accepted the defeat." He added, with Montaigne: *Il y a des défaites triomphantes à l'envi des victoires.*

The enforced submission of de la Mennais was hollow and formal. In his inmost soul he had already broken with the Church, and sworn war to the knife against his clerical brethren. Within three years he published his "Paroles d'un Croyant,"—a complete manual of socialism, a wild diatribe which would have satisfied even the philosopher who longed for the day when the last king would be strangled with the entrails of the last priest. Seven crowned heads are in consultation over a bowl of blood, with a human skull for a drinking-cup, round a throne of human bones, with their feet resting on a reversed crucifix. The question is how most effectively to enslave the

minds and bodies of men; and it is carried *nem. con.* that they must begin by abolishing the religion of Christ:

"Then the seventh, having like the others drunk in the skull, spoke thus with his feet upon the crucifix. 'No more Christ: there is war to the death, eternal war between him and us. But how to detach the people from him. It is a vain attempt. Then what is to be done. Listen to me: we must gain the priests of Christ with property, honour, and powers. And they will command the people in the name of Christ to be submissive to us in all things, do what we like, ordain what we like. And the people will believe them, and obey by conscience, and our power will be firmer than ever.' And all replied: 'It is true: let us gain the priests of Christ.'"

This publication left Montalembert, who had faithfully stood by de la Mennais through good and evil report, no alternative but to concur with Lacordaire in separating from him.

It would be taking a most erroneous view of Montalembert's character to suppose that the affair of the "Avenir" or the expedition to Rome exclusively occupied his attention or his time. Like our present Premier (Mr. Gladstone), he had the invaluable gift of being able to prevent or relieve any undue strain upon the mind by incidental objects of interest. He could say with Fénélon: "*le changement des études est toujours un délassement pour moi.*" During the interval before leaving Paris, in the very heat of the struggle, he kept up his communication with the literary world, mixed in the society of the noble Fauxbourg, attended the debates in the Chamber of Peers (in which he was disqualified from taking part till twenty-five), and was occasionally seen at those places of amusement which formed the chief attractions of his equals in rank and age. He

has a discriminating eye for genius and pretension, ugliness and beauty. He has a marked liking for Victor Hugo, but then Victor Hugo at that time was expecting the regeneration of the world to emanate from the Church of Rome, and dreamt of a confederation of nations under the presidency of the Pope. He sets a black mark against one *salon* by saying that he met in it only "obscure doctrinaires and ugly women." "It is pleasant," says Mrs. Oliphant, referring to the Journal, "to find our young champion of the Church betrayed into warm though momentary commendation of Taglioni, whose modest and poetic grace of movement was so different from the bacchanalian feats of the more recent ballet. He declares with fervour that nobody has danced like her since the epoch of Christianity, and that she is divine." [1]

We have said that he lingered at Florence on his way to Rome. He lingered there as well to enjoy the society and co-operate in the pursuits of his learned and accomplished friend, Rio, as to indulge in a newly-formed friendship of that intense, devoted kind of which we read in ancient story but find few examples in our tamer, colder, more matter-of-fact society. "You know," he had written to one of his first friends, M. Cornudet, "you know that friendship is the only movement of the soul in which excess is permissible." He had not yet tried love, although he yearned for it. This new friendship is recorded, portrayed, and illustrated with grace, refinement, and delicacy of touch, in the "Récits d'une Sœur," a romance of real life; in which scenes of pure affection and simple pathos, softened by melancholy and elevated

[1] This goddess of the dance, reduced in circumstances by an unmerited reverse of fortune, is now (1873) earning her livelihood as a dancing-mistress in this Metropolis!

by faith, supply the almost total absence of passion, incident and plot. It is the story of Albert de la Ferronays and his young bride—their courtship, their marriage, and his death in the bloom of youth—

> "Manibus date lilia plenis,
> Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
> His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
> Munere."

It is told by his sister, Mrs. Augustus Craven, and told inimitably well; but we must warn off the novel readers whose taste has been formed in the sensational school—*procul, oh! procul este, profani.* They must chasten their thoughts, repent their sins, and get absolution before they venture upon it, or they will be found soliloquising like Guinevere:

> "I thought I could not breathe in that pure air,
> That pure serenity of perfect light,
> I wanted life and colour—"

The main bond of union between Montalembert and Rio was their common view of Art: they were unwearied in their investigations and inquiries; and we suspect that Montalembert was quite as much interested in the establishment of their favourite æsthetic theory, as in the vindication of "L'Avenir." This was, that Art, in all its forms or manifestations, came nearest to perfection in proportion to the amount of Christianity with which it was imbued or permeated; and M. Fossier claims for them the credit of being the first to perceive and prove that there is a Christian art, as there is a Christian literature or a Christian civilisation. But was it ever denied that there is an art which sprang from Christianity, Roman Catholic Christianity, and is marked by the ascetic

character of that faith? Henry Heine, accepting it as a recognised fact, says (in 1835) that it was necessary as a wholesome reaction against the gloomy colossal materialism which had unfolded itself in the Roman empire and (he might have added) against the sensual materialism of Greece. "The flesh had become so wanton in the Roman world, that the monastic discipline might well be necessary to mortify it. After the feast of a Trimalchion, there was need of a fasting regimen." After pointing out the signs of it in poetry, he says, "Less favourable was this religion upon the plastic arts. For these two were obliged to represent the victory of spirit over matter. Hence in sculpture and painting those frightful subjects: martyrdoms, crucifixions, dying saints, and mortification of the flesh. Verily, when one goes through many a picture-gallery, and sees nothing represented but scenes of blood and torture, one might believe that the old masters had painted their pictures for the gallery of an executioner." But it was in architecture that the influence was most marked:

"When we now enter an old cathedral, we hardly feel any longer the exterior sense of its stone-work symbolicism. Only the general impression strikes immediately into the soul. We here feel the elevation of the spirit and the prostration of the flesh. The interior of the cathedral is itself a hollow cross, and we there walk in the very instrument of martyrdom. The variegated windows cast their red lights upon us, like drops of blood: funeral hymns are trembling round us; under our feet, tombstones and corruption; and the spirit struggles with the colossal pillars, towards heaven, painfully tearing itself asunder from the body, which drops, like a worn-out garment, to the ground."[1]

[1] *Zur Geschichte der Neueren Schönen Literatur in Deutschland.* Paris and Leipzig, 1833.

The distinction between sacred music and profane is self-evident. Every one sees the incongruity of playing "The Last Rose of Summer" or "Cherry Ripe" on an organ in a church. And every one will see on reflection the equal incongruity of replacing "The Descent from the Cross" in the Cathedral at Antwerp, by one of Titian's voluptuous beauties or a bacchanalian piece by Rubens. Yet M. Fossier asks as if he was contending against a paradox: "Is it true, yes or no, that a church is not a theatre? Given this, is it true, yes or no, that in the house of prayer, every thing ought to incline us to pray,—the painting, the statues, the music,—all like the architecture? Is it true, yes or no, that consequently the Christian subjects ought to be treated with absolutely the same absence of faith as the mythological subjects? Is it true that the image of Jesus Christ ought not to be that of Jupiter, nor the image of the Virgin that of Venus?" But no one says they ought. Neither ought pictures painted for altar-pieces to be hung up over mantel-pieces in dining-rooms; nor is the enjoyment of a company met for social pleasure in a saloon or ball-room promoted by the representation of bodily suffering—of a saint on a gridiron or a martyr without his skin.

Montalembert distinguishes the schools thus: "Fra Angelico and the Dispute of the Holy Sacrament, there is Christian art. The form studied for itself, studied anatomically, as in the 'Last Judgment' of Michel Angelo, there is the naturalist school. The Fornarina sitting for the portrait of the Virgin—then the infamous imaginations painted by Julio Romano,—there is the Pagan art." Is this quite fair? Are not the masterpieces of Rubens and Titian as much Pagan

art as the "infamous imaginations" of Julio Romano? And are these, and such as these to be proscribed, along with the Venuses and Apollos, because the contemplation of them does not dispose to prayer? The truth is, he would fain apply to art the same exclusive principle which he applied to education; it must be entirely pervaded by what he calls Christianity, or it is nought. At one of Rogers's breakfasts, Rio was asked what he thought of the pictures. He had his choice amongst masterpieces of all sorts. He led the inquirer up to two specimens of the pre-Raphaelite school, and said they were the only pictures in the collection that interested him. Montalembert in Overbeck's studio was animated by the same feeling: Overbeck, so famed a painter of Christianity, that people in the streets pointed him out with: *Tiens, voilà Jésus-Christ.* Besides Fra Angelico, Perugino, Cimabue, Giotto, and Fra Bartolomeo, Montalembert must have held in especial reverence the painter Lorenzo Lotto, who went to Loretto to die painting the Virgin so as to be occupied with her to the last.

"I remember," says the Duc d'Aumale, "the misadventure of an amateur of my acquaintance who tried hard to make him admire a Venus of Annibal Carrachi. To some extent the subject, to a great extent the name of the painter, had caused M. de Montalembert to turn from it, and nothing could bring him back; neither the testimony of Bellari who had described this picture as a capital work, nor the observation that the master had for once emancipated himself from his banality, from his ordinary coldness—that his picture was living, animated, coloured like a Veronese. Trouble thrown away! it was vain to talk of the Venetians to our illustrious colleague

unless they made part of the group of the Bellini, so that the epithet *Quattro centisto* could be applied to them. Even Titian was condemned. At last the amateur produced a final argument, which seemed irresistible: the picture had been painted for a Cardinal! I dare not tell you, gentlemen, how this statement was received: the word 'Pagan' was pronounced."[1]

Some thirty years since the lower limbs of several allegorical female figures in St. Peter's were suddenly invested by papal order with robes or petticoats of tin, plastered over so as to resemble marble; and about the same time the King of Naples caused green muslin drawers to be distributed among the *danseuses* at San Carlos, with an especial injunction that they should never appear on the stage without this habiliment. These innovations were popularly attributed to Montalembert, who, on a second visit to Rome, had been received with marked favour by his Holiness. He was certainly guiltless of the green muslin drawers; his recollection of Taglioni would have saved him from such a solecism. But he may have recommended the tin petticoats in St. Peter's, and he might have been right; for without being a devotee of Christian art, a man of taste and feeling might have been scandalised at seeing (what he could hardly help seeing) the Madonna in the guise of a Venus, with Faith, Hope, and Charity in the undress and attitude of the three Graces or the three heathen goddesses contending for the apple.

[1] *Discours prononcés dans la Séance Publique Tenue par l'Academie Française pour la Réception de M. le Duc d'Aumale. Le 3 Avril*, 1873. Montalembert was elected member of the Academy in 1852, when the reply to his *Discours de Réception* was made by Guizot. He was succeeded on his death by the Duc d'Aumale, who admirably discharged the pleasing duty of giving a biographical and critical sketch of his predecessor.

Coleridge used to say that an old Gothic cathedral always looked to him like a petrified religion. The Gothic is certainly the style of architecture which harmonises best with seriousness and solemnity: St. Peter's, St. Paul's, and the Cathedral of Florence, are rather palatial than ecclesiastical, and there is an Oriental look about the domes. Montalembert's enthusiasm, therefore, took a right direction in the eloquent appeal, entitled, "Du Vandalisme en France,"[1] in which he called on the French to respect their architectural treasures, especially their grand old cathedrals, as preservatives of their faith as well as monuments of their history.

It was during one of the frequent tours he made to inspect mediæval buildings and monuments that he was inspired with the conception of his first sustained and eminently successful effort in literature, the "History of Saint Elizabeth." The opening sentences of the Introduction are these:

"'On the 19th of November, 1833, a traveller arrived at Marbourg, a town in the electorate of Hesse, situated upon the beautiful banks of the Lahn. He paused to examine the church, which was celebrated at once for its pure and perfect beauty, and because it was the first in Germany where the pointed arch prevailed over the round in the great renovation of art in the thirteenth century. This church bears the name of St. Elizabeth, and it was on St. Elizabeth's Day that he found himself within its walls. In the church itself, which, like the country, is now devoted to the Lutheran worship, there was no trace of any special solemnity, except that in honour of the day, and contrary to Protestant custom, it was open, and children were at play in it among the tombs. The stranger roamed through its vast, desolate, and devastated aisles, which are still young in their elegance and airy lightness. He saw placed against a pillar the statue of a young woman in the

[1] "Revue des Deux Mondes," March, 1833.

dress of a widow, with a gentle and resigned countenance, holding in one hand the model of a church, and with the other giving alms to a lame man. . . . The lady is then depicted, fairer than in all the other representations, stretched on her bed of death midst weeping priests and nuns; and lastly, bishops exhume a coffin on which an emperor lays his crown. The traveller was told that these were events in the life of St. Elizabeth, queen of that country, who died on that day six hundred years ago in that very town of Marbourg, and lay buried in that very church.'"

After his first visit to the church, he went to a bookseller and inquired if there was a "Life of St. Elizabeth." The bookseller mounted to his garret and brought down a pamphlet covered with dust. "Here is a Life of her," he said, "if you care about it: it is never asked for here." Montalembert possessed himself of it as a prize, and found it the cold lifeless composition of a Protestant. But the sympathetic chord was struck, and he set about the study of her career with hourly increasing eagerness, consulting traditions, visiting every place that she had hallowed by her presence, and ransacking all the books, chronicles, and manuscripts in which mention was made of her, or which threw light on her contemporaries and her age. What is really most valuable and most characteristic in his book is that which elucidates her age, especially the Introduction (135 pages royal octavo), in which he seeks to prove that the thirteenth century, in which she flourished, has been shamefully calumniated; that it was not merely the age in which the Papacy attained its culminating point of pride and power, but the age in which Christian literature and art, that is to say, what he deems the best and purest literature and art, approached nearer to perfection than they have ever approached since or are likely to approach again.

He is strong, indeed unassailable, in Gothic architecture; for almost all the finest cathedrals in Germany, France, Belgium, Spain, and England, were built or founded in the thirteenth century; strong in painting, for he can point to the early schools of Siena and Florence; strong in poetry, if we allow him Dante, born in 1265, and bear in mind the legendary poets and the "Niebelungen;" but singularly weak, we think, when he tries to make out that this was also the age of social progress or legislation, and that the successors of St. Peter, who, like Innocent III., aspired to universal empire, were simply doing their duty in that state of life to which God had called them; that, in claiming to hold all the kings of the earth in humiliating vassalage, they had not a spark of mundane ambition and were merely vindicating the sacred liberties of the Church.[1]

Whilst he was occupied with St. Elizabeth, he joined his friends Albert and Alexandrine, the hero and heroine of "Le Récit d'une Sœur," at Pisa, and she writes: "How he loves this St. Elizabeth! He collects the smallest, the most minute details about her. He told me the other day a story of a knight who wore the colours of a saint who appeared to him in a dream." There is another letter of hers which pleasantly illustrates the playfulness and versatility of his mind and character:

"'We all went to the Cascine: then (which amused us

[1] "Pour lui (Innocent) la chrétienté entière n'est qu'une majestueuse unité, qu'un reul royaume, sans frontières intérieures et sans distinction des races, dont il est le défenseur intrépide au dehors, et le juge inébranlable et incorruptible au dedans" (p. xiii). He did this, "quoique sans cesse menacé et attaqué par ses propres sujets, les turbulents habitants de Rome." He was not particular as to means, for "il correspondait même avec les princes musulmans, dans l'intérêt de paix et *de leur salut*." Of Honorius III. it is said, "Malgré sa douceur, il se vit forcé de mettre l'empereur, une première fois, au ban de l'Eglise, en laissant à Grégoire IX. le soin de continuer le combat." Le pauvre homme!

much) we all went to order a bonnet for me. At dinner Albert suddenly took the resolution of going to a ball which was to be given that evening, but which we had all three declined. I resisted, fearing that it might do him harm; but he insisted, and ending by saying, "Je le veux." He told my maid to prepare everything, and by degrees I allowed myself to be persuaded into the pleasant annoyance of making myself as pretty as possible ("*je me laissai faire la douce violence*"). This occupied me entirely for two hours. To make the joke complete, we forced Montal to go with us. We had hard work to succeed in this, for he had nothing to put on. Albert lent him almost everything. Then it was necessary to get a shoemaker for him, and a hairdresser to cut his hair. All this amused us immensely; and the end of all, which made us laugh more than all the rest, was that, recollecting all at once that we had no servant, we took the shoemaker's boy with us in that capacity to go with us to the ball!'"

In May 1835 he attained the age (twenty-five) at which a French peer was permitted to join in the debates: the right of voting being suspended till thirty. He broke ground as a debater on the 8th September, 1835, in opposition to a measure for the restriction of the press proposed by the Broglie and Thiers ministry. This was followed by other speeches, all of a liberal tendency, the general effect of which is described by Sainte-Beuve:

"'When he reappeared in the Chamber,' says Sainte-Beuve, 'he had the right to say anything, to dare anything, so long as he retained that elegance of aspect and diction which never forsook him. He could utter with all freedom the most passionate pleadings for that liberty which was the only excess of his youth. He could develop without interruption those absolute theories which from another mouth would have made the Chamber shiver, but which pleased them from his. He could even give free course to his mordant and incisive wit, and make personal attacks with impunity upon potentates and ministers. In

one or two cases the Chancellor called him to order for form's sake; but the favour which attends talent carried everything before it. His bitterness—and he was sometimes bitter—from him seemed almost amenity, the harshness of the meaning being disguised by the elegance of his manner and his perfect good grace.'"

There is one remarkable quality in which Montalembert's writings, including the earliest, resemble Bolingbroke's. They are rhetorical and declamatory; they might be delivered as speeches, or parts of speeches, with full effect. To become an orator, the writer obviously wants nothing but voice, manner, and readiness, which Montalembert never wanted. We are, therefore, surprised to learn from competent authorities (M. Fossier, confirmed by Mrs. Oliphant) that he began by speaking from copious notes, and did not trust to improvisation till it was forced upon him by the exigencies of debate. When what may be called his oratorical education was complete, he could not only introduce a prepared passage so as not to betray the preparation—which a master of the art, Lord Brougham, pronounces its highest achievement—but turn every passing incident or interruption to account, and reply with telling force upon the instant to all or any who roused his indignation or his scorn.

About the end of the debate on the *Droit d'Enseignement* in 1844, which had called out all his powers, he was fairly entitled to take rank amongst the best French orators of his day: none of whom, however, except perhaps Berryer in the Chamber of Deputies and Dupin at the Bar, could be placed in the highest class: the habit of reading speeches (hardly extinct yet), and of speaking from the tribune, having checked the progress of parliamentary oratory in France. Montalembert

did not shine by lofty sustained imagery, like Burke and Grattan, the objects of his early admiration; nor by polished rhetoric, flights of fancy, or strokes of humour, like Canning. His strength lay in earnestness, ready command of energetic language, elevation of thought and tone, rapidity, boldness, conviction, passion, heart. His vehemence, his *vis vivida*, was power; when he warmed to his subject, he carried all before him with a rush. He had all, or almost all, that is comprised in the *action* of Demosthenes. Sainte-Beuve says:

"He has few gestures, but he possesses the most essential qualities which produce successful action. His voice, pure and sustained (*d'une longue haleine*), is distinct and clear in tone, with a vibration and accent very suitable to mark the generous or ironical meaning of his speeches. The son of an English mother, he has in his voice, through its sweetness, a certain rise and fall of accentuation which answers his purpose well, which lets certain words drop from a greater height and resound further than others. I ask pardon for insisting upon these particulars; but the ancients, our masters in everything, and particularly in eloquence, gave a minute attention to them."

It was Berryer who said: "A man has always the voice of his mind. A mind clear, distinct, firm, generous, a little disdainful, displays all these sentiments in its voice." An example of each of Montalembert's merits might be supplied from his speech on the Liberty of the Church (16th April, 1844), in which he proudly vindicated the position of the small minority whom he represented in the Chamber:

"'Allow me to tell you, gentlemen, there has arisen amongst you a generation of men whom you know not. Call them néo-Catholiques, Sacristans, Ultramontanes, as you like: the name is nothing to the purpose: the thing exists. This generation would willingly take for devise the

words with which the manifesto of the generous Poles who resisted Catherine II. in the last century began: "We who love liberty more than everything in the world, and the Catholic religion still more than liberty."

"'We are neither conspirators nor flatterers; we are found neither in street tumults nor in ante-chambers; we are strangers to all your coalitions, to all your recriminations, to all your struggles of cabinet, of parties; we have been neither to Ghent nor to Belgrave Square.[1] We have made no pilgrimages except to the tombs of apostles, of pontiffs, and of martyrs; we have there learned, with Christian and legitimate respect for established powers, how they are resisted when they fail in their duties, and how they are survived!

* * * * *

"' . . . . In this France, which has been wont to produce only men of heart and spirit, we alone, we Catholics—should we consent to be but fools and cowards? Are we to acknowledge ourselves such bastards, so degenerated from the condition of our fathers, that we must give up our reason to rationalism, deliver our conscience to the university, our dignity and our freedom into the hands of lawmakers whose hatred for the freedom of the Church is equalled only by their profound ignorance of her rights and her doctrines? What! because we are of those *who confess*, do they suppose that we rise from the feet of our priests ready to hold out our own wrists to the handcuffs of anti-constitutional legalism? What! because the sentiment of faith reigns in our hearts, do they suppose that honour and courage have perished there? Ah, let them undeceive themselves. You are told: Be *implacable*.[2] Well, be so; do all you will and all you can. The Church answers you by the mouth of Tertullian and the gentle Fénélon, "You have nothing to fear from us; but we do not fear you." And for me, I add in the name of Catholic laymen like myself, Catholics of the nineteenth century—We will not be helots in the midst of a free people. We

[1] M. Guizot joined Louis XVIII. at Ghent during the Hundred Days; and the Legitimists had recently been crossing the Channel in great numbers to do homage to Henri V. whilst occupying a house in Belgrave Square.

[2] An expression of Dupin's.

are the successors of the martyrs, and we do not tremble before the successors of Julian the Apostate. We are the sons of the Crusaders, and we will not fall back before the sons of Voltaire!'"

Estimated by its electrical effects on the audience—the best test of eloquence—his speech on the affairs of Switzerland must be regarded as his masterpiece. A league of cantons, the Sonderbund, formed to resist the Federal Diet, had been put down by an armed force, much as the Southern Confederacy was put down in the United States. It was practically the triumph of the radicals over the conservatives and Catholics, so that all Montalembert's warmest sympathies were enlisted for the Sonderbund. The conquerors, moreover, had been guilty of great excesses, and the religious orders had been the chief sufferers. The question arose as one of foreign policy in the debate on the Address, January 11th, 1848, and its real importance lay in its connection with the doctrines which revolutionised the greater part of Europe within the year. This was the aspect in which Montalembert presented it:

"'Believe me, gentlemen, I do not come here to expose a religious or Catholic grievance. Yes, Catholicism has been wounded in Switzerland, as all the world knows; but all the world knows also that the wounds and the defeats of religion are not incurable or irreparable wounds; that at bottom it is her vocation to be wounded, persecuted, oppressed. She suffers from it, but only for a time. She is cured of it, she recovers, she comes out of these trials more radiant and more strong. But do you know what does not recover so easily, what cannot with impunity be exposed to such attacks? It is order, it is peace; it is above all, liberty, and this is the cause which I come to plead before you, it is this which I come to deplore and vindicate with you.'"

* * * * *

"'Let no one say, as certain generous but blind spirits

have said, that radicalism is the exaggeration of liberalism; no, it is its antipodes, its extreme opposite. Radicalism is nothing more than an exaggeration of despotism: and never has despotism taken a more odious form.' "

* * * * *

"'No one can have more right than I have to proclaim this distinction, for I defy any man to love liberty more than I have done. And here it must be said, I do not accept, either as a reproach or as praise, the opinion expressed of me by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, that I was exclusively devoted to religious liberty. No, no, gentlemen: that to which I am devoted is liberty in itself, the liberty of all and in everything. This I have always defended, always proclaimed: I who have written so much, spoken so much—too much, I acknowledge—I defy any man to find a single word from my pen or from my lips which has not been devoted to the cause of freedom. Freedom: ah! I can say it without phrases (*sans phrase*). She has been the idol of my soul; if I have anything to reproach myself with, it is to have loved her too much, to have loved her as one loves when one is young, that is, without measure, without limit. But I neither reproach myself for this, nor do I regret it; I will continue to serve Freedom, to love her always, to believe in her always; and it is my belief that I have never loved her more, never served her better than on this day when I am doing my best to unmask her enemies, who deck themselves out in her colours, who usurp her flag to soil it, to dishonour it!'"

According to the contemporary reports, the delivery of this speech was repeatedly interrupted by the enthusiasm of the audience. Half the peers rose to their feet; exclamations were heard from every corner of the Chamber. Pasquier left his place to compliment the orator: the ministers hurried up to him for the same purpose. M. Guizot, speaking for his colleagues, said:

"'I do not share all the ideas of the honourable speaker; I do not accept the reproaches he has addressed to the Government. But he has given expression to too

many great, good, and useful truths, and he has spoken with a sentiment too sincere and profound to make it possible to raise any debate with him at this moment. I cannot introduce a purely political and still less a personal question, after what he has just said. I have no reply to make to M. de Montalembert.' "

This completes the parallel with the greatest success ever attained in the English Parliament, Sheridan's Begum speech, when Pitt moved the adjournment of the debate, on the ground taken by M. Guizot. In recording this great event in his journal, Montalembert expresses his ineffable satisfaction at having executed justice on *ces scélérats*, the Swiss radicals, with whom he classed their patron and prompter (as he designated him), Lord Palmerston.

We have anticipated a little to classify his oratory. A man like Montalembert cannot be happy or content unless his heart is occupied, as well as his imagination and his intellect: he must have an object of affection as well as of ambition; and even friendship, the truest and warmest, will not suffice. "I have never been able to touch a woman's heart," is his sorrowful entry in 1834; forgetting to add that he had never tried or never set the right way about it. How could he touch a living woman's heart when his own was with a dead saint? "Saint Elizabeth," he rapturously exclaims, "she is my only friend." If saints in heaven are permitted to befriend their worshippers on earth, it may have been she who, by some miraculous influence, brought about his sudden and most auspicious attachment to her descendant, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Count Félix de Merode, whom he met for the first time in the spring of 1836, and married in the following August.[1]

[1] The Belgian family of de Merode is one of the noblest in Europe,

Immediately after their marriage the young couple started for Italy, by way of Switzerland. They passed the Christmas at Rome, where he had three interviews with the Pope, who quietly talked over the old affair of "L'Avenir," and expressed his warm approval of the course which Montalembert had subsequently pursued in religious matters. They are back in Paris in May, 1837, and, according to his biographer, "there followed a few years of tranquil domestic existence, not without movement and that *bruit* which, from his earliest days, Montalembert had acknowledged to love—but still calm, disturbed by no clamour of perpetual publicity, with time in it for much literary work and much family enjoyment."

In 1849 he came to England to attend the deathbed of his mother, accompanied by his wife and brother-in-law, Count Werner de Merode. The melancholy occasion prevented them from going into society, and we learn from Rio that they accepted only two invitations from London acquaintance—the one being Rogers, with whom they breakfasted;[1] and the other "a young member of Parliament destined to the greatest political position of our time," Mr. Gladstone. In February, 1840, he writes to an English friend, Mr. de Lisle Philipps, that his chief occupation and interest since he left England had been the direction and maintenance of the "Univers," the journal which, under M. Veuillot, was eventually to become the bitterest of his assailants and calumniators.

and connected with many princely houses. Monsignor de Merode, the honoured counsellor of the Pope, is the brother of Madame de Montalembert.

[1] This is the breakfast mentioned at the beginning of this article... Rio, in his printed narrative, has given rather a melodramatic turn to the incident and made Rogers talk of "that immovable and cloudless faith." Our version, copied from one of Montalembert's letters, gives it as it was related to him at the time.

The breach between him and the extreme section of the clerical party arose out of the settlement of the education question by the arrangement which he called the "Concordat d'Enseignement" and they designated as a base compromise of the best interests of the Church. The main object, the liberty of teaching, was undoubtedly attained by it: attained by his unceasing devotion to the cause till it was practically won by effort upon effort, speech upon speech, during the most brilliant phase of his parliamentary career. It was the varied powers he displayed in its advocacy, coupled with the personal sacrifices exacted by it and made without murmuring, that elicited the glowing encomium of Count Molé in 1844: "What a pity that he has so little ambition! And yet it is fine! If I was but forty, I would desire no other part (*rôle*) than that of M. de Montalembert." He was mortified, no doubt, at the manner in which he was assailed after the passing of the *Loi Falloux*, which he might be excused for thinking ought to have been the *Loi Montalembert*; but his sympathising biographer is surely hurried into an unconscious exaggeration when she says:

"He was thus left victorious, yet defeated, upon the ground he had so long and so gallantly held. The victory was won, but the leader was left alone upon the field of battle. Curiously significant, like the dramatic winding up of a tragedy, was this strange success. He won it—but in winning it, came not only to the end of his campaign, but to an end of his power; he had succeeded in the object which he had pursued for twenty years; but his political position was gone, and his power over. Never was there a more singular situation. In conquering he fell."

His power over the ultras of the clerical party was at an end, but his political position, which

did not depend upon them at any time, was rather strengthened by their defection. "Now," writes Sainte-Beuve in November 1849, "he is followed willingly by men of all parties. Not only the eloquence and brilliancy, but the meaning, of his noble speeches is accepted and acknowledged. He has ceased to see everything from one point of view." The Chamber of Peers had been abolished, and these noble speeches were addressed to popular assemblies, which (adds the same fine observer), so differently composed and so stormy, suited him marvellously. "He did not fear interruptions but liked them: he found in them (he said) great honour and great pleasure." In a debate on the Irremovability of the Magistrature, April, 1849, after alluding to the assimilation of religion to justice in the expressions "temple of the law," "sanctuary of justice," "priesthood of the magistracy," he continued:

"'Yes, gentlemen, revolutions have passed over the head of the priest without bending it. I ask you so to act as that they may pass over the head of the judge without striking it. Let the stream of progress—if there is progress—let the destinies of the nation, that which is invariable, if you like it better, in the destinies of the nation—roll its course between two immovable banks, between the temple of the law and the temple of God—between the sanctuary of justice and the sanctuary of truth—between the priesthood of the priest and the priesthood of the judge.'"[1]

In the debate on the Prince President's letter to Edgar Ney, imposing what were deemed insulting conditions on the Pope, he said:

"'You deny it; you deny moral force, you deny faith, you deny the empire of the pontifical authority over souls

[1] "Entre le *sacerdoce* du prêtre et le *sacerdoce* du juge." No speakers or writers of the higher class suffer so much in translation as the French.

—that empire which has subdued the proudest emperors. Well; be it so; but there is one thing which you cannot deny, it is the weakness of the Holy See. It is this weakness, understand, that constitutes its insurmountable strength against you. Yes, truly, for there is not in the history of the world a greater or more consolatory spectacle than the embarrassment of strength in conflict with weakness.

"'Permit me a familiar comparison. When a man is condemned to struggle against a woman, if that woman is not the most degraded of beings, she may defy him with impunity. She tells him, "Strike! but you will disgrace yourself, and you will not conquer me." Well, the Church is not a woman; she is more than a woman, she is a mother. She is a mother—the mother of Europe, of modern society, of modern humanity. It matters not that one is an unnatural son, a rebellious son, an ungrateful son, one always remains son; and there comes a moment in every struggle against the Church when this parricidal struggle becomes insupportable to the human race, and when he who has maintained it falls overpowered, annihilated, be it by defeat, be it by the unanimous reprobation of humanity!'"

This impersonation of the Church, which exactly fell in with the feelings of the majority, was followed by a triple salvo of cheers. When he sat down, Berryer hurried up to him and said, "Your strength lies in this, that you are not absolute but resolute." Thiers said, "He is the most eloquent of men, and his speech the finest I have ever heard. I envy him for it; but I hope the envy is no sin, for I love the beautiful, and I love Montalembert."

What really lowered his political position, and lessened public confidence in his sagacity, was his conduct in reference to the *coup d'état*. Two days after its occurrence, December 4, he wrote to M. Fossier, "Je n'ai su, ni conseillé, ni approuvé ce qui s'est fait." But he allowed his name to remain on the Consultative Commission for some

days, and was cajoled into the semblance of acquiescence till the confiscation of the Orleans property. His reasons were fully stated in his published letter, dated December 12, recommending the re-election of the President. These may be summed up in his dread of Socialism and his gratitude for services rendered to Catholicism: "The liberty of instruction guaranteed; *the Pope re-established by French arms*; the Church restored to its councils, its synods, the plenitude of its dignity; the gradual augmentation of its colleges, its communities, its work of salvation and mercy." He concluded in these words: "In the mighty struggle between the two powers which divide the world, I believe that, in acting thus, I am as I ever have been, for Catholicism against Revolution."

The bitter truth soon broke upon him, that he had been acting for Catholicism against liberty; and during the whole remainder of his life he struggled manfully to repair or atone for his mistake. The anti-imperial feeling of the Academy made his election to it in 1852 doubly welcome as a tribute to his personal integrity, as well as to his literary and oratorical distinction: and his inaugural address (Feb. 5th) was fully equal to his fame. One of the most telling passages was that in which, after showing to what France had been brought by revolutionary excesses, he said:

"Whether in the end we are to be conquered or conquerors, is the secret of God. The grand point is not to have ourselves prepared the catastrophe to which we succumb, and, after our defeat, not to become the accomplice or the instrument of the victorious foe. I remember, as bearing on this, a fine reply attributed to the most chivalrous of our revolutionists, to M. de la Fayette. He was asked ironically what he had been able to do for the

triumph of his liberal doctrines under the First Empire, and he replied, '*Je me suis tenu debout.*' It strikes me, gentlemen, that this proud and haughty expression might serve for the devise and summary of your history. The Académie Française has also the right to say, '*Je suis restée debout.*'"

In July, 1857, he writes from Vichy that, after twenty-six years of public service, he has been set aside in the recent elections; "and this, thanks to the Clergy of Franche-Comté, half of whom voted against me, and the other half stayed at home; such has been the result of the influence of the 'Univers,' and of its calumnies and denunciations for the last seven years against me and my friends." He was defeated by a Government candidate, and he used to relate an incident showing that other causes than clerical animosity were at work. On the day of election a party of gendarmes were marched into the principal town of the department, and drawn up in the square before the polling-place. "Why did you not keep your promise?" asked Montalembert of a peasant proprietor, who had promised to vote for him and then voted the other way. "Oh, Monsieur le Comte, the *gendarmes!*"—"Did they say anything?"—"No, Monsieur le Comte."—"Did they do anything?"—"No, Monsieur le Comte."—"Then why did you not vote as you promised?"—"Oh, Monsieur le Comte, *ils étaient toujours là.*"

He called a visit to England "taking a bath of life," in allusion to the bracing effect of its social and political atmosphere on one who had been breathing the impure and depressing air of despotism. He took one of these baths in 1855, and made the acquaintance of the *scélérat* Foreign Secretary, of whom he writes, "I had yesterday a long conversation with Lord Palmerston, and I

must acknowledge that, in spite of the repugnance which I have for his political principles, it would be difficult to find a man more agreeable, more *spirituel* or *younger*, notwithstanding that he is seventy-three."

He wished to see Woolwich Arsenal, and went down with a friend. They got there during the dinner hour, and whilst waiting for the reopening of the workshops sat down upon one of a range of cannon, with a conical pile of shells in front. He began to talk of England, her grandeur, her resources, her free institutions; and discoursed so eloquently that his companion earnestly pressed him to give body and durability to his observations by making them the basis of a book. "Gibbon states that the idea of writing his 'Decline and Fall' first started to his mind as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol. Why should not the idea of an Essay on the Future of England first start to the mind of an illustrious foreigner sitting on one of the emblems and materials of her naval and military power?" [1] He laughed at this grandiloquent parallel, but took the hint, and wrote "L'Avenir politique de l'Angleterre," a book in which he indicates with instinctive sagacity the felicitous concurrence of circumstances, habits, and modes of thoughts that have made the British empire what it is. He was bitterly assailed on both sides of the Channel, especially for what he said about the Churches; and we have a letter now before us, dated La Roche-en-Breny, January 3rd, 1856, in which he writes, "This act has been, and deserves to be, looked upon as an act of foolhardiness. I have to contend both in Europe and

[1] "It was as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the 'Decline and Fall' first started to my mind."—*Gibbon's Memoirs.*

America with the whole weight of *religious* prejudice against Protestant England, and of *political* prejudice against English freedom or English ambition."

What turned out an act of still greater foolhardiness was an article in the "Correspondant" of October, 1858 (published separately in England), entitled "Un Débat sur l'Inde au Parlement anglais," which he made the vehicle of such exasperating allusions to the Imperial *régime* that it provoked a prosecution. He was defended by Berryer, and gave his own evidence as to the exact meaning of the inculpated passages, which no English judge or jury could have held libellous, but he was found guilty, and the sentence on *him* was six months' imprisonment with a fine of 3000 francs: one month's imprisonment and a fine of 1000 francs on the publisher. The sentence, after being confirmed on appeal, was remitted by the Emperor. This article contained an admirable account of the debate in question—the debate on Mr. Cardwell's motion of censure on Lord Ellenborough's proclamation—with sketches of the several speakers, in his best manner.

The two first volumes of his "Monks of the West" (from St. Benedict to St. Bernard) appeared in 1860; the third, in 1865; the fourth and fifth, in 1867. The subject of the three last is the conversion of England by the monks; which is brought down to the death of the Venerable Bede in 735. "This great monument of history, this great work interrupted by death," says M. Coclin, "is gigantic as an uncompleted cathedral." It is certainly a vast conception, a durable, if unfinished, monument of energy, zeal, literary skill, research, learning, eloquence, and (we must add) credulity. His principal authorities are necessarily

monkish chronicles, eked out by legends and traditions as fabulous as those of the Round Table. But he puts implicit faith in all of them: rarely, if at all, applies the test of conflicting evidence or internal improbability: is never staggered by any amount of miracles; and is so ready to give his saints, male and female, credit for supernatural powers that it is fortunate the story of St. Dunstan's conflict with the Devil did not come within his range, for he would most assuredly have adopted it as a fact. His chapter on "Les Religieuses anglo-saxonnes" is principally composed of the adventures of Saxon princesses who leave their fathers or husbands and their homes, to lead a kind of life which, without Divine interposition, would be dangerous in the extreme. Thus Frideswilda, founder and patroness of Oxford—"that is to say of one of the most celebrated seats of learning in the universe"—being out on the ramble, is pursued and on the point of being overtaken by a rude suitor, when she prays to St. Cæcilia, who saves her by striking the brute blind, but restores his sight at the subsequent intercession of the intended victim when she is safe. Feeling thirsty, she prays for water, and there instantly bubbles up a spring which continued during six centuries to attract crowds by the fame of its healing qualities:

"But of all the miracles collected after her death none touches us like that which, related during her life, especially contributed to aggrandise her reputation for sanctity. It chanced one day that an unhappy young man suffering from leprosy met her. As soon as he caught sight of her, he cried out: 'I conjure you, Virgin Frideswilda, by the Almighty God, to give me a kiss in the name of Jesus Christ His only Son.' The maiden, subduing the horror inspired by this hideous malady, drew near to him, and

after marking him with the sign of the cross, impressed a sisterly kiss on his lips. Very soon afterwards the scales of the leper's skin fell off, and his body became healthy and fresh as that of a child."

This is one specimen amongst a hundred. The admixture of legendary lore lends additional attraction to the biographical portions, which read like so many prose idylls, except where they are interspersed with sketches of customs or manners, descriptions of scenery, and elaborate dissertations to prove that the monks, through a long succession of ages, have done more for European civilisation than all the economists and calculators, reformers and scientific discoverers, put together. This, indeed, is the moral of the book, which can only be even plausibly deduced by confounding the monks congregated in richly endowed monasteries with the monks errant or missionary monks: these two classes having about as much to do with each other as the Templars settled on the banks of the Thames with the Knights Templar who fought for the Temple, or the modern knights of Malta or St. John with those who formed the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks.

In illustration of the services rendered to agriculture, he says, "Wherever there is a luxuriant forest, a pure stream, a majestic hill, we may be sure that Religion has left her stamp by the hand of the monk." Is not this very like saying that they managed to possess themselves of the finest parts of the country? They reclaimed a great deal of waste ground, but their agriculture does not appear to have been of an advanced description, and he commends one religious community for doing the work of oxen by harnessing themselves to the plough.. In regard to learning, they kept the lamp burning with a feeble and flickering light;

but it was beside the purpose of their institution to cultivate profane literature or to educate the laity; and the little they did in either direction may be inferred from the condition of literature prior to its revival, and the want of education in the people. Till the end of the fifteenth century every one who could read—"a mark (says Blackstone) of great learning in those days of ignorance and her sister superstition" was allowed the benefit of clergy, it being taken for granted that every one who could read must be a clerk in holy orders.[1] This is quite decisive on the point. To establish the value of monastic establishments as inexhaustible reservoirs of prayer, Montalembert appeals again to legends and traditions:

"During a thousand years, and in all Catholic nations, princes were seen emulously recurring to the prayers of the monks, and taking pride in their confidence in them. At the apogee of the feudal epoch, when the fleet of Philip Augustus, sailing towards the Holy Land, is assailed in the sea of Sicily by a terrible tempest, the king reanimates the courage and confidence of the sailors by reminding them what intercessors they had left on their native soil. 'It is midnight,' he said; 'it is the hour when the communists of Clairvaux rise to chant unctions. These holy monks never forget us. They are going to *appease* (*sic*) Christ: they are going to pray for us; and their prayers are going to rescue us from danger.'"[2]

[1] The distinction between laymen and clergymen as regards benefit of clergy was first drawn by 4 Hen. VII. c. 13.

"Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."

Douglas in *Marmion*. Gawain was a bishop.

[2] The authority is a Latin poem, "Guillelm. Bretonis Philippidos." It proceeds:

"Vix bene finierat, et jam fragor omnis et æstus,
Ventorumque cadit rabies, pulsisque tenebris,
Splendiflua radiant et luna et sidera luce."

Why did Montalembert break off at the miracle, which was quite in his way?

After stating that an analogous trait is related of Charles V.—who, it will be remembered, ordered prayers to be offered up for the release of his own prisoner, the Pope—the author proceeds, "Like these chiefs, the whole Society of Christendom, during the whole of the middle age, showed itself penetrated with this confidence in the superior and invincible power of monastic prayer; *and this is why they endowed to the best of their ability those who interceded the best for them.*" The mercenary character of the intercession, therefore, in no respect deducted from its efficacy; and no king or emperor need fear shipwreck if he or some well-advised predecessor had retained a sufficient number of monks to get up in the middle of the night to pray for him.

The fifth volume concludes with a touching and really beautiful allusion to a family incident, which is thus related by his friend, M. Cochin:

"'One day,' says M. Cochin, 'his charming and beloved child entered that library which all his friends know so well, and said to him, "I am fond of everything around me. I love pleasure, wit, society and its amusements; I love my family, my studies, my companions, my youth, my life, my country: but I love God better than all, and I desire to give myself to Him." And when he said to her, "My child, is there something that grieves you?" she went to the book-shelves and sought out one of the volumes in which he had narrated the history of the Monks of the West. "It is you," she answered, "who have taught me that withered hearts and weary souls are not the things which we ought to offer to God."'"

After describing the agony inflicted on both mother and father by this event, Montalembert exclaims, "How many others have undergone this agony, and gazed with a look of distraction on the last worldly appearance of a dearly beloved

daughter or sister." Yet it never once occurs to this warm-hearted, noble-minded man that a system which inflicts such agony on so many innocent sufferers, which condemns to the chill gloom of a cloister what is meant for love and light—which runs counter to the whole course of nature—may be wrong.

During the last eight or ten years of his life he was suffering from the malady of which he died; and on February 10, 1869, he writes to one of his most valued English friends, Lord Emly: "My unfortunate state is just the same as it has been for the last three years. I have no chance, no hope, and I think I may sincerely say, no wish to recover." His capacity for intellectual exertion was necessarily impaired, but his conversation was never more brilliant than during the afternoons when his health permitted him to hold a sort of reception round his sofa. The only difference was that it had a shade of sadness, and turned by preference on questions in which grave and high interests were involved. In earlier days and happier times, it was sparkling with fancy and humour, as well as replete with thought: he could talk equally well like an Englishman with elliptical breaks, or like a Frenchman with continuity and flow; he told an anecdote with inimitable apropos, and although not a word or gesture belied the inborn courtesy of his race, he would occasionally throw in a dash of irony, which scarce suspected, like the onion atoms in Sydney Smith's salad,[1] imparted a delicate flavour to his style. There are two contrasted occasions, respectively illustrative of both manners, which vividly recall his image;

[1] "Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole."
Recipe for a Winter Salad.

a dinner at 16, Upper Brook Street, in 1854, when he was gay, glancing, animated, varied, and satirical: an afternoon in his own library in the Rue du Bac in 1867, when, discussing with General Changarnier and an English friend the political situation and the errors which led to it, he said, "I formed a wrong estimate of our imperial master's honesty; you, Thiers, Berryer, and other leaders of the party of order, of his capacity."

It is painful to reflect that his spirit was not suffered to pass away in peace: that his dying hours were troubled by an imperative call to choose his side in a wantonly provoked schism. He died on the 15th March, 1870, and his memorable letter on Papal infallibility is dated February 28th, just sixteen days before his death. That letter was declared unsatisfactory at Rome; but, in reply to a visitor, who ventured to catechise him on his death-bed, he is reported to have given in his unconditional adhesion to what confessedly he did not understand. "You will submit so far as form goes," said the visitor; "but how will you reconcile that submission with your ideas and convictions?" "I will make no attempt to reconcile them. I will simply submit my will, as has to be done in respect to all other questions of the faith. I am not a theologian; it is not my part to decide on such matters. And God does not ask me to understand. He asks me to submit my will and intelligence, and I will do so." But how could he submit his intelligence? For what was it given him if God did not ask or expect him to understand?

Even this was not enough. He was still suspected of contumacy, of having in some way asserted some liberty of thought, and the intended funeral celebration in his honour as a Roman citizen was suddenly

countermanded. The highest tribute of ecclesiastical respect which the Catholic Church accords to a faithful son was denied to his memory: to the memory of one who had devoted his whole life to her cause, who had dared impossibilities for her sake, who had given up to her what was meant for mankind, and thereby abdicated that place amongst practical statesmen and legislators which, apart from her blighting influence, his birth, his personal gifts, his high and rare quality of intellect, his eloquence, his elevation of purpose, his nobility of mind and character, must assuredly have won for him.

LORD MELBOURNE.[1]

(*From the Quarterly Review, January*, 1878.)

WILLIAM, Lord Melbourne, occupied a peculiar as well as eminent position amongst the most distinguished of his contemporaries. The social aspect of his career is quite as striking as the political. Indeed, he interests less as a statesman than as a man; and in the narrative of his life, his personal qualities should stand out in broad relief. It has been truly said of him that he rose to be Prime Minister of England without commanding eloquence or lofty ambition—lazily and loungingly, as it were—by the spontaneous display of fine natural abilities, by frankness, manliness, and good sense. To realise, to appreciate him, we must have his look and manner before us; we must know not only what he said but how he said it. It is difficult to recall a speech of his, or a scene in which he figured, without recalling his fine form and features, without involuntarily reverting to Pope's well-known lines:

> "Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
> Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power:

[1] *Memoirs of the Right Honourable William, Second Viscount Melbourne.* By W. M. Torrens, M.P. In 2 vols. London, 1878.

Seen him uncumbered with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe."

Personal intimacy, therefore, was an almost indispensable qualification in a biographer, to which we do not understand Mr. Torrens to lay claim; nor has he had access to the correspondence in the possession of the family. But he has some marked qualifications for such a task, especially the invaluable one of a long practical acquaintance with the administration of affairs and the working of our system of government. He was appointed a Commissioner of the Poor Law Inquiry in Ireland in 1835. We find him private secretary to Mr. Labouchere (Lord Taunton) in 1846, and member for Dundalk from 1848 to 1852. He has represented Finsbury since 1865, and has carried or suggested more than one important measure of legislation. He is also the author of several works, historical and economical, giving ample evidence of acquirement and capacity. As might be expected, he has produced a book which will command and reward attention. It contains a great deal of valuable matter and a great deal of animated, eloquent writing. The chief objection to it is its length. One volume would have contained all that is individually applicable to Lord Melbourne, and it was worse than superfluous to take us over ground (Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, for example) which we have trodden so often of late years that we could find our way across it blindfold. Although he is a declared, decided Whig, his views are broad and tolerant, and we seldom see reason to find fault with his tone; but it is the soundness of his information, the authenticity of his statements, that we shall not unfrequently be compelled to question as we proceed.

In the summary we are about to attempt of the leading events of Lord Melbourne's life, we assume that our readers know as much as they care to know of the general course of legislation, the ministerial changes and the party conflicts, of his time; and we shall keep constantly before us what ought to be the distinctive aim and purpose of biography.

A preliminary chapter of the "Memoirs" is devoted to the manor of Melbourne, the family through which it passed to the Lambs, the gradual rise of the Lambs till they reached the peerage, and the acquisition by an ancestor of Brocket Hall. Melbourne came to them from the Cokes: Sir John Coke, the "Sir Plume" of the "Rape of the Lock," devised it to his son, with remainder to an only daughter Charlotte, who, in 1740, married Matthew Lamb, the son of a Mr. Lamb who is described as a practitioner (*i.e.* an attorney) of long standing in Southwell. He had a brother named Peniston, who, we are told, was admitted to practise at the Bar about 1714, when, having long been qualified to earn a considerable income by what is called pleading under the Bar, "he went on pleading and demurring, weaving settlements and ravelling threads of adverse wills, till, looking upon parchment, he had ceased to view and half forgotten that there was any shire in the realm but that in which he laid the venue of his life." Still, "as his balance rose at Child's, he dreamed pleasant dreams of estates thereafter to be settled strictly in tail male on his own or his brother's progeny;" and, dying unmarried, he left his accumulated wealth to be laid out in land to be settled on his nephew Robert, and, failing issue by Robert, on Matthew in tail male. "This condition proved to be the golden hinge on which

eventually the gate of splendour opened to the family." This Peniston died in 1734. Matthew followed his uncle's calling, and became known as a careful energetic man, who had a taste for the improvement of land and an instinctive faculty for developing its resources:

"For many years he is understood to have acted as confidential adviser to Lords Salisbury and Egmont in matters relating to their extensive estates; and being ever careful to turn opportunities to account, he profited largely by the knowledge thus gained of men and circumstances."

Unless he is much belied, he feathered his nest pretty handsomely at their expense. A visitor at Brocket was surprised at being told by the gamekeeper that a right of fishing through a portion of the property, quite up to the park, belonged to Lord Salisbury. When this was mentioned to Lord Melbourne, he replied with characteristic frankness: "Well, I believe my grandfather did the Salisburys out of some land in that direction, and was generous enough to leave them the fishing."

Brocket was purchased by Matthew of the representatives of Sir Thomas Winnington in 1746, and all the farms originally belonging to the estate were gradually got back and reannexed. Not long afterwards, the Melbourne estate devolved upon him by the death of his brother-in-law. He had sat for Stockbridge, a hired seat, since 1741. He was created a baronet in 1755, and subsequently represented Peterborough in three Parliaments. He died in 1768, leaving to his only son, Peniston, property estimated at nearly half a million.

"Without any of the talents which those who went before him had turned to account, the young baronet found himself at three-and-twenty a person of no small con-

sideration. Women persuaded him that he was handsome; politicians only wanted to know what were his views; in the county it was hoped he would reside constantly, and complete the improvements at Brocket his father had begun. Society opened its arms to so eligible a recruit, and before six months he was the suitor, slave, and betrothed of one of the fairest women of her time."

This was Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, one of the most gifted and fascinating women of her time. Her charm, her social influence, were life-long. As her personal attractions faded, they were replaced by heart and mind. She was three times painted by Reynolds with more than artistic feeling; and Lord Byron spoke of her, on her death in 1818, as "the best, and kindest, and ablest female I ever knew, old or young." The list is long of celebrated men who inherited their finest qualities from mothers, but Lord Melbourne is indebted for something more tangible to his. The rise of the family, the advantageous position in which he found himself when he entered the political and social arena, were almost entirely owing to her. The father is accurately described as a "good-for-little, apathetic, kindly man, who never had a quarrel in his life, and who probably never lay awake an hour fretting about anything." There is a notice of him in Messrs. Leslie and Tom Taylor's "Life of Reynolds," which does not convey a favourable impression. After naming him among the friends of Reynolds, they say:

"Lord Melbourne was indeed at this moment (January, 1772) the protector of pretty Mrs. Baddeley. Those who are so inclined may read his illspelt, ungrammatical, and fulsome love-letters to her in the 'Life' of her, published by her worthy companion, Mrs. Steele. In one of these he tells her that he has been to see her picture at Reynolds',

and thinks it will be well done; in another he rejoices that as there is no 'Rannela' (where she was then singing) that night, he can enjoy the felicity of a visit to her whom he loves every 'minnitt' of his life, 'Setterday, Sunday, and every day.'"

The year after his marriage he was created an Irish Baron, by the title of Lord Melbourne of Kilmore: an Irish Viscount in 1781; and an English Peer in 1815. On the formation of the Heir-Apparent's household he was named Gentleman of the Bedchamber: the Prince, be it observed, being one of the warmest admirers of his wife. At the Westminster election, when a vote for Fox was purchased by a kiss, she played a part only second to that of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire or Mrs. Crewe.

"To people these rooms (the Pantheon) we have to call up many of the most beautiful and best known of Sir Joshua's sitters. On this particular occasion (of the opening, Jan. 22, 1772) a great many of the ladies, we are told, chose to adopt male dominoes, and appeared as masculine as many of the delicate macaroni things we see everywhere. Among the most distinguished of these 'pretty fellows' were the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Melbourne, and Mrs. Damer."[1]

We catch occasional glimpses of Lady Melbourne and her gay doings in Walpole's Letters:

"*March* 27, 1778.—The quadrilles were very pretty. Mrs. Damer, Lady Sefton, Lady Melbourne, and the Princess Czartoriski in blue satin, with blond and *collets montés, à la reine Elizabeth:* Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and Lord Carlisle, and I forget whom, in like dresses, with red sashes, black hats with diamond loops, and a few feathers before, began."

Referring to a petition of Lord Foley and his

1 "Life of Reynolds," vol. i. p. 433.

brother to set aside their father's will, Walpole writes:

"All the ladies, Melbournes, and all the bishops' wives that kill their servants by vigils, are going about the town lamenting these poor orphans, and soliciting the Peers to redress their grievances."

* * * * * *

"*Tuesday, May* 12, 1778.—I supped after the Opera at Mrs. Meynel's with a set of the most fashionable company, which, take notice, I very seldom do now, as I certainly am not of an age to mix often with young people. Lady Melbourne was standing before the fire, and adjusting her feathers in the glass, says she, 'Lord! they say the Stock will blow up: that will be very comical.'"

Much depends upon the tone in which this kind of thing is said. We can believe almost anything of her dissipated habits, but she certainly was not a fool. To gratify her and give full scope to her aspirations, her husband bought a splendid mansion in Piccadilly—the Albany now stands upon its site—and hurried on the improvements at Brocket, which, ugly enough without, became, as it remains, all that comfort and luxury could combine within. At both houses she collected round her the most brilliant society of the most brilliant episode of the social life of England. One of her dearest friends was Mrs. Damer, and we find them constantly coupled in the fashionable correspondence of the time.

"*August* 27, 1783:—(To Seymour Conway.) As I was visiting this morning I received an express from your daughter (Mrs. Damer), that she will bring Madame de Cambis and Lady Melbourne to dinner here to-morrow. I shall be vastly pleased with the party, but it puts Philip and Margaret to their wits' end to get them a dinner: nothing is to be had here: we must send to Richmond and Kingston and Brentford."[1]

[1] "Walpole's Letters," vol. vii.

They shone in private theatricals, and after mentioning the co-operation, "by pen, voice, or sympathetic presence," of Fox, Sheridan, and Fitzpatrick, Mr. Torrens adds:

"Another intimate of both ladies, who equally delighted in all that was best in art, and whose great possessions enabled him to become one of its most generous and judicious promoters, was young Lord Egremont. . . . In early life Lord Egremont professed to be no more than a man of pleasure, given to hospitality, fond of the turf, content to be a cause of war among strategic mothers. Rather shy and taciturn, many outshone him in the ball-room, none in the morning ride or garden-walk. There was in his voice and manner, say his contemporaries, that fascination for women, and even for men, which neither knew how to resist. At Melbourne House he was a constant guest, and through a long course of years his friendship and sympathy were never wanting."

There is a portrait of him at Brocket so wonderfully like Lord Melbourne that it is impossible to help being struck by it. Late in life he was taking Sir Edwin Landseer and another visitor round the grand saloon, when Landseer, coming opposite the portrait, gave a start, and involuntarily turned round to look at him. "Aye," said Lord Melbourne, "You have heard that story, have you? It's all a d—d lie, for all that." Then half aloud, "But who the devil can tell who's anybody's father?"

We may here say, once for all, that hardly any story or anecdote of Lord Melbourne is complete without some now universally condemned expletive. It would be the portrait of Cromwell without the warts. Lord Houghton alludes to Sydney Smith as having "checked the strong old-fashioned freedom of speech in Lord Melbourne, by suggesting that they should assume everything and every-

body to be damned, and come to the subject." It may be doubted whether Sydney Smith ever ventured on such a liberty with Lord Melbourne; who, however, certainly carried the old-fashioned freedom to an extent that might have justified a serious remonstrance on the part of a grave divine.

Peniston Lamb, the eldest son, was born May 3, 1773, and died, unmarried, January 24, 1805. William, born March 15, 1779, was therefore brought up with the prospects of a younger son till he was twenty-six. He went to Eton in 1790, where amongst the most remarkable of his schoolfellows were Sumner (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), Stewart (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay), Hallam, Brummel (the prince of dandies), and Assheton Smith (the prince of fox-hunters). Nothing is recorded of him as an Etonian, except that he left the school not a bad classic. In July, 1796, he was entered a fellow commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, and went into residence in the October following. He had a strong dislike to mathematics, and followed his own taste in reading, instead of aiming at distinction by pursuing the prescribed studies of the University, except so far as the classic poets and historians were concerned. Being destined for the Bar, he was entered at Lincoln's Inn on the 21st of July, 1797, and proceeded to keep his law terms simultaneously with his College terms. It would appear that he had carefully cultivated the art of composition, for in Michaelmas Term, 1798, he won the declamation prize by an oration, delivered in the Chapel of Trinity, on "The Progressive Improvement of Mankind." This oration received the highest compliment ever paid to a juvenile composition of the sort; a compliment which might help to mitigate Macaulay's sarcasm at

prize essays, as having this in common with prize cattle—that the one might furnish materials for making candles and the other for lighting them.

One of the very few speeches which Charles James Fox is said to have reduced to writing before delivery, was the speech in moving a new writ for Tavistock on the death of the Duke of Bedford. It concluded thus:

"I will conclude with applying to the present occasion a beautiful passage from the speech of a very young orator. It may be thought to savour too much of the sanguine views of youth to stand the test of a rigid philosophical inquiry, but it is at least cheering and consolatory; and that, in this instance, it may be exemplified is, I am confident, the sincere wish of every man who hears me. 'Crime,' says he, 'is a curse only to the period in which it is successful; but virtue, whether fortunate or otherwise, blesses not only its own age, but remotest posterity, and is as beneficial by its example as by its immediate effect.'"

In the course of conversation at Brocket, a visitor told the story of Moore asking Rogers what he did when people who wanted his autograph requested him to sign a sentence. "Oh, I give them: 'Ill-gotten wealth never prospers;' or 'Virtue is its own reward.'" "Then the more shame for you," Luttrell broke in, "to circulate such delusions." Lord Melbourne laughed, and said: "I am afraid I was as bad as Rogers, when, contrasting virtue with crime, I said that crime was a curse only to the period in which it was successful; and that virtue, whether fortunate or not, is beneficial by its example. Is the conqueror who arrests the march of civilisation, or the usurper who destroys the liberties of his country, or the traitor who betrays them, a curse only to his contemporaries? Nor, I fear, is the example of unfortunate virtue so influential as that of prosperous vice."

This was not the first composition of his that attracted attention. It seems to have escaped the biographer that Lord Melbourne was the author of the Epistle to the Editor of the "Anti-Jacobin," published in the "Morning Chronicle" of January 17, 1798. The beginning shows that the veil of secrecy had been lifted :

"Whoe'er ye are, all hail! whether the skill
Of youthful Canning guides the rancorous quill
With powers mechanic far above his age,
Adapts the paragraph and fills the page—
Or Hammond, leaving his official toil,
O'er this great work consume the midnight oil."

The lines which attracted most attention were these :

"I swear by all the youths that Malmesbury chose,[1]
By Ellis' sapient prominence of nose,
By Morpeth's gait, important, proud and big,
By Leveson-Gower's crop-imitating wig."

The answer by Canning is prefaced by the admission that the "Epistle" is by far the best of all the attacks that the combined wits of the cause have been able to muster against the "Anti-Jacobin." It begins :

"Bard of the borrow'd lyre! to whom belong
The shreds and remnants of each hackney'd song:
Whose verse thy friends in vain for wit explore,
And count but one good line in eighty-four!"

The one good line is the one italicised, but the Epistle contains many quite as good.

The modern Athens was then in the height of its celebrity, and it was a prevalent belief that a year or two spent at a Scotch University was a

[1] For his abortive mission to Lille.

necessary supplement to the education of an Englishman destined for public life. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Russell were placed under professorial tuition at Edinburgh; and William Lamb, after leaving Cambridge, became a resident pupil of Professor Millar at Glasgow, where he spent the winter of 1799 and part of the following winter in sedulous attendance on Millar's lectures on constitutional lore and Mylne's on metaphysics. "In the Collegiate Debating Club he took a constant and brilliant part, being distinguished for aptitude of historic illustration and for caustic humour in reply."

It should be mentioned that, some time prior to his being fixed in London, the house in Piccadilly had been exchanged, to oblige the Duke of York, for his Royal Highness's mansion at Whitehall, since known as Melbourne (now Dover) House. It was here, May 11, 1800, that the Prince of Wales was dining when the news arrived of Hatfield's attempt to assassinate the King in the royal box at Drury Lane with a pistol fired from the pit. The Prince, then on bad terms with his father, said it was mere rumour and showed no inclination to move, till Lady Melbourne succeeded in convincing him that the commonest sense of propriety required him to repair immediately to the theatre, where his Majesty had resolved on remaining with the Queen as if nothing had occurred. The Prince went; and, after tendering his congratulations in due form, attended the preliminary inquiry which was conducted in the presence of the culprit.

"Before midnight the prince returned to Whitehall to thank his hostess for persuading him to earn for once the praise of filial duty. His young equerry on the occasion was wont to tell the story with humour all his own, making

the best of it for his Royal Highness, and dwelling with affectionate emphasis on the promptitude and tact shown by his mother. He was thenceforth more frequently included in the invitations to Carlton House, and became unluckily an early partaker in its revelries."

Another early incident has been left unnoticed by the biographer. When Miss Berry's play, "Fashionable Friends," was represented for the first time in May, 1802, the Prologue was written by Robert Spencer, now best remembered through "The Rejected Addresses," and the Epilogue by William Lamb; the burden of which was the advantages of peace. It was not a successful effusion; and the play itself was withdrawn after three nights, although the full strength of fashion was put forth in its support.

Lamb was called to the Bar in Michaelmas Term, 1804, but his practice was limited to a single attendance at the Lancashire Sessions, where, through the recommendation of Scarlett (Lord Abinger), he received a guinea brief. He used to say that the first sight of his name on the back gave him the highest feeling of satisfaction he ever experienced, very far transcending his enjoyment on being appointed Prime Minister. He had made up his mind to follow the profession in right earnest, and was taking to it with a zest, when his elder brother died, and visions of briefs were dissipated by the higher aspirations of ambition and the brighter dreams of love. In the course of the following year he had become member for Leominster and the accepted lover of Lady Caroline Ponsonby (only daughter of the third Earl of Bessborough), to whom he was married June 3, 1805. To say that it was not a happy marriage is saying little. It blighted the best part of his life, warped his tone of mind, and haunted him with mortifying

recollections to his dying day. Yet she possessed many qualities which justified his choice, and she never entirely lost her power of fascinating him. She was personally attractive without being pretty or handsome; rather below the middle-height, well-made though thin, with light hair which she was fond of wearing like a boy—

> "Her voice was ever soft,
> Gentle, and low: an excellent thing in woman."

She had abundant fancy and feeling, which are amongst the choicest gifts of nature, although they are apt to lead astray and to degenerate into waywardness or wilfulness. Her very caprice gave piquancy and variety. She might tease, provoke, and irritate, but she never failed to interest. She was the counterpart of Pope's Calypso:

> "Strange graces still, and stranger flights, she had:
> Was just not ugly, and was just not mad:
> Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create
> As when she touched the brink of all we hate."

We believe it to be perfectly true that when, after one of their serious quarrels, everything was arranged for a separation, and he had gone down to Brocket till the formal documents could be prepared, she followed him, and lay down like a faithful dog at the door of his room, so that he could not come out without treading on her. The next morning when the men of business arrived, they found her sitting on his knee, feeding him with bread and butter.

They got on tolerably well for six or seven years. At all events there was no outward or visible sign to the contrary. Her craving for excitement was lulled by the pleasures and cares of maternity. She gave birth to a son, August 11,

1807, to whom the Prince stood sponsor. Miss Berry sets down:

May 3, 1608.—"Dined at Lady Melbourne's. Went up to the top of the house with Lady Caroline Lamb to see her little boy asleep, who a very few years after was seized with fits and his life despaired of. He is too big of his age —only eight months."

"Life," adds the biographer, "was preserved, but only to himself to prove a burden and to his father a grief incurable."

Lady Caroline gave birth to a daughter, still-born, January 30, 1809, and mention is made of a third child, who died young.

Mr. Torrens is not particular about dates. He does not give that of Lamb's election for Leominster, but leaves us to infer that it was towards the end of 1805, or the beginning of 1806, when the ministry of All the Talents had just come into office. They were most of them his personal friends, and he agreed with them in all leading points, especially as regarded Catholic Emancipation and a more liberal policy for Ireland. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Fox, and on his death inscribed some tolerable lines upon his pedestal.

On the 19th of December, 1806, Lamb moved the address in reply to the speech from the Throne. This appears to have been his maiden effort. His next was when, on the formation of Perceval's Cabinet, which was pledged to resist all concession to the Catholics, Mr. Brand moved that it was contrary to the first duty of the confidential servants of the Crown to restrain themselves by any pledge, expressed or implied, from offering to the Sovereign any advice which the course of circumstances might require. Lamb seconded the motion in a carefully prepared speech, which gives his bio-

grapher an occasion for some pointed remarks on what he thinks the inevitable fate of orations written down and got by heart. But all the greatest orators have been in the habit of composing their speeches; and we suspect that nothing first-rate was ever strictly and literally improvised. Perhaps the best course for a debater is to think out the subject, carefully arrange his matter in his mind, or even write down his principal arguments so as to be complete master of them, and trust to the inspiration of the moment for the words. Lord Melbourne was at no period of his life an orator. He was at his best in short, pithy, impulsive sentences, or replies on the spur of the occasion. Among the numerous, too numerous, selections from his speeches given by the biographer, there is not one that will pass muster as a specimen of eloquence. But this is no reflection on their effectiveness in debate, for what people are wont to call eloquence is that which gives pleasure or excites emotion independently of the subject or the purpose.

The seizure of the Danish fleet (September, 1807) afforded the Whigs an opportunity for what they intended to be a damaging onslaught on the Ministry; but the attack was so tamely led by their new leader, Ponsonby, and so dashingly repelled by Canning, that although Lamb voted with his party, his confidence in their power to achieve anything was daunted, and (adds the biographer) his belief in his own capacity for debate waxed so cold that he did not make any attempt to speak during the Session of 1808.

"His attendance, like that of Althorp, at this period was desultory, and broken by many intervals devoted to pleasure; but he was generally ready to be in his place

when the elders whom he trusted thought it needful or important.

* * * * *

"In the daily round of refined and luxurious existence, time glided by. The lot had fallen to him in pleasant places. As yet there was no shadow on his path; and if, contrary to the belief of Holland House, the Tories should last for ever, he was ready to say with Mr. Fox, 'that in the company of witty men and pretty women, with plenty of fresh air, old books, and nothing to do, life was very endurable.'"

The way of life at Melbourne House may be inferred from an entry in Miss Berry's Journal:

Thursday, April 7, 1808.—"I went to Lady Caroline Lamb's. An immense assembly. We came away at half-past twelve and walked beyond the Admiralty to the carriage. Many of the company were not away till near three, and the Prince of Wales and a very few persons supped below in Lady Melbourne's apartment and were not gone till past six; Sheridan of the number, who was completely drunk."

Lamb's name does not once occur as a speaker in the "Hansard" of 1809. In 1810 he supported Mr. Fuller's motion to abolish Sinecures, Romilly's Anti-hanging Bills, as they were called, and Brand's motion for an inquiry into the state of the representation.

"In October, Mr. Lamb, accompanied by Lady Caroline, met Lord Palmerston at the house of Mr. Conyers, where there was a shooting party, but the woods were so full of traps and spring guns that the owner 'dared not set his foot in any of his plantations lest he should leave it behind him.' He shot better than his friend (Lord P.), who tells, in his own characteristic way, how he brought down but one brace of pheasants, owing to the high wind which blew; but Lamb was luckier, and always found the wind lower when he fired, which was a knack he had through life, which stood him in good stead in politics as in sporting."

Lord Palmerston's laying the blame on the wind may recall the foreigner who complained that the English rabbits were too short. It was told of a noble lord (Lord Ashbrook), who never touched a feather during an entire day's shooting at Holkham, that the keeper, by way of consolation, remarked that he had seen people shoot worse than his Lordship. "How can that be, when I have missed bird after bird?" "Aye, but your Lordship misses them so clean!" This story would nearly fit Lord Palmerston. During his later years, when he was fond as ever of the sport, he has been known to fire off both barrels at birds a hundred yards off.

Lamb took an active part in the discussion of the Regency Bill in 1810, and was intrusted by his party with the duty of moving an amendment on the resolution for limiting the functions of the Prince. He was followed by Canning, who complimented his "young friend, as he was glad in public and in private to call him," on the moderation of tone and the fitness of topics he had relied on. The amendment was defeated, and the consequent position of the Crown was pointedly described by Moore's couplet, in which the Regent, alluding to his royal father's condition, is made to say:

> "A strait-waistcoat on him, and restrictions on me,
> A more limited monarchy scarcely could be."

It may be taken for granted that Lamb shared the disappointment of his friends, when, at the expiration of the restrictions, they were thrown over by the Regent, whose disclaimer of "predilections," in a letter to the Duke of York, was so happily paraphrased by Moore:

> "You know, my dear Fred, I have no predilections,
> My heart is a sieve, in which hopes and affections

Are danced up and down for a moment or two,
And the finer they are the more sure to slip through."

The Regent was still anxious to retain some of the old ties, or disinclined to break with Lady Melbourne, for Lord Melbourne was requested to continue Lord-in-waiting, and the request was considered a command. The natural opponents of Perceval, the advocates of Catholic Emancipation, were weakened by the insurmountable dislike of Lord Grey and Whitbread to Canning; but on March 19th, 1812, Lord Boringdon (afterwards Lord Morley) moved an address to the Regent for the formation of an administration independently of parties and creeds. The result is told by Miss Berry:

"*Thursday, March* 19.—Went to Lady Castlereagh's, where there was an assembly entirely of ladies. There were only three men in the room when we arrived. All the male world was in the House of Lords to hear the motion of Lord Boringdon. Near midnight we went to Melbourne House to Lady Caroline Lamb. They were at supper; fifteen ladies waiting the arrival of the gentlemen from the House. An hour passed before they came. All Opposition *en masse*, and all the Canning party, himself excepted, with a fallen look, after their *cheval de bataille*, Lord Wellesley, had entirely failed them at the hour of need, not having chosen to open his mouth."

At the ensuing dissolution Lamb lost his seat, a victim to the "No Popery" cry, along with many of his friends, and on September 10th, 1812, Brougham writes to Lord Grey:

"Romilly, Tierney, and Lamb being out of Parliament is a great imputation on some of their friends, who must not thereafter talk of the fickleness and wrong-headedness of the people. These professors of party attachments had no sort of scruple to dissolve the regular Whig interest, or leave it with one single leader in the House of Commons,

rather than forego the gratification of giving some cousin or toad-eater a power of franking letters!".

Lamb remained out of Parliament four years, and, if we may trust his biographer, spent part of the time in melancholy reflections on the bad use he had made of his opportunities:

"He had learned by experience that he was no orator, and that plausibility, good taste, coincidence of opinion with many who listen, sound logic, and an occasional dash of sarcasm—not too saucy from a young man on one of the back benches—will not command a hearing, secure a report in the morning papers, or evoke a careless 'devilish good,' from the chattering critics at the clubs next day. In spite of many advantages of person, voice, address, leisure, acquaintance, connections, and not a few sincere well-wishers, he had as yet accomplished nothing which scores of young men of his class had not accomplished on their way to epicurean obscurity."

We do not agree in this. We do not believe that he despaired of himself, or that his friends despaired of him. The qualities recapitulated—good taste, sound logic, and an occasional dash of sarcasm—if they would not invariably command a hearing, would rescue any man from epicurean obscurity at any time. And Lamb was an epicurean of the high intellectual order—not an *Epicuri de grege procus*. The only Delilahs that could seduce him from practical politics, or the graver business of life, were books and the refined cultivated companionship of the fair sex. Unluckily these four years were not permitted to glide away smoothly, leaving no reminiscences but those of well or pleasantly spent hours. They were dashed with agitation and troubled by domestic trials, in which his sense of honour and his feelings of self-respect, as well as his best affections, were involved. Lady Caroline's volatility was arrested

and her fancy fixed for a period by the sudden appearance of a dazzling and lurid meteor amongst the stars of fashion. She met Byron when he had just flashed into fame, under circumstances which she thus described to Lady Morgan:

"Lady Westmoreland knew him in Italy. She took on her to present him. The women suffocated him. I heard nothing of him, till one day Rogers (for he, Moore, and Spencer, were all my lovers, and wrote me up to the skies —I was in the clouds)—Rogers said, 'You should know the new poet,' and he offered me the MS. of "Childe Harold" to read. I read it, and that was enough. Rogers said, 'he has a club foot, and bites his nails.' I said, 'If he was ugly as Æsop I must know him.' I was one night at Lady Westmoreland's; the women were all throwing their heads at him. Lady Westmoreland led me up to him. I looked earnestly at him, and turned on my heel. My opinion, in my journal was, 'mad—bad—and dangerous to know.' A day or two passed; I was sitting with Lord and Lady Holland, when he was announced. Lady Holland said, 'I must present Lord Byron to you.' Lord Byron said, 'That offer was made to you before; may I ask why you rejected it?' He begged permission to come and see me. He did so the next day. Rogers and Moore were standing by me: I was on the sofa. I had just come in from riding. I was filthy and heated. When Lord Byron was announced, I flew out of the room to wash myself. When I returned, Rogers said, 'Lord Byron, you are a happy man. Lady Caroline has been sitting here in all her dirt with us, but when you were announced, she flew to beautify herself.' Lord Byron wished to come and see me at eight o'clock, when I was alone; that was my dinner-hour. I said he might. From that moment, for more than nine months, he almost lived at Melbourne House. It was then the centre of all gaiety, at least, in appearance.'[1]

Lady Caroline was a wild talker, and Lady Morgan was not the most reliable of diarists. Lord Byron's first manner was not of a nature

[1] Lady Morgan's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 202.

to make a new acquaintance set him down as "mad, bad, and dangerous to know," or to justify Madame de Staël's warning when she told Lady Caroline that he was a demon; although to think a man dangerous, or be told that he was a demon, was the likeliest of all ways to make a woman of ill-regulated fancy and sensibility, craving for excitement, fall in love with him. Their passion, or rather fever-fit of gratified vanity, has become historical. It was short-lived, and was converted, at least on one side, into the exact opposite—into something bordering on hate, with exceptional rapidity. There is a maxim of Rochefoucauld, "Ce qui fait que les amants et les maîtresses ne s'ennuient point d'être ensemble, c'est qu'ils parlent toujours d'eux-mêmes." Some one else has defined love as "égoïsme à deux." But the gentleman must talk of the lady and the lady of the gentleman. They will soon feel tired if each only talks of himself or herself, as Byron and Lady Caroline did. They were too much alike to get on well together long: both morbidly self-conscious: both gifted or cursed with imagination and sensibility: both aiming at intellectual distinction. They were rivals as well as lovers: it was diamond cut diamond, instead of diamond outshining pearl and pearl content to be outshone. As Lord Holland was carrying an antique censer, taken from a cabinet, to show some one, he paused before Byron and Lady Caroline, and said to her, "You see I bear you incense." "Offer it to Lord Byron," was the reply, "he is used to it."

A very eminent man of letters, who died not long since, frankly avowed that his *beau ideal* of a mistress or a wife was a pretty woman who would sit on a footstool at his feet, look up fondly in his face, listen to him with rapt attention, and only

interrupt him to whisper that he was the handsomest and cleverest creature upon earth. Byron's theory of female perfection was substantially the same. But the part she was required to play did not suit Lady Caroline. Her favourite worship was self-worship; and instead of treating his poetry as the only poetry worthy of the name, she was constantly bringing him verses of her own, which threw him into a state resembling that of Hogarth's enraged musician. The conduct of both was so extravagant as to verge on the comic and recall the parody of the "Stranger"—

> "She, seeing him, scream'd and was carried off kicking,
> And he banged his head 'gainst the opposite door."

Fashion is lenient to its votaries and its idols—

> "—the few
> Or many, for the number's sometimes such,
> Whom a good mien, especially if new,
> Or name or fame for wit, war, sense or nonsense,
> Permits whate'er they please, or did not long suit."

The world, at least in its ordinary mood, instinctively distinguishes between offences against the conventionalities and what is positively or morally wrong. Lady Caroline's imprudence and contempt of form caused ample allowances to be made for her: nobody suspected her of worse than was openly displayed or lay upon the surface. She was like the air, a chartered libertine; her reputation was little if at all affected: and she retained her social position to the last. Besides, she had redeeming bursts of well-directed enthusiasm. At a dinner at Paris, after the occupation in 1815, she suddenly asked one of the party, in the hearing of the rest, who he supposed *she* thought the most distinguished man she ever knew in mind and

person, refinement, cultivation, sensibility, and thought. The person addressed suggested Lord Byron. "No," was the reply, "my own husband, William Lamb."

In public she persevered in monopolising Byron whenever they met. She has been described to us by an eye-witness[1] as hurrying up to him at Osterly Park the moment she entered the room, seating herself by his side, and showing by look and manners that she would "endure no rival near the"—sofa. The story of her stabbing herself—with scissors or a metal dagger-shaped paper-knife—is confirmed by a document preserved amongst the Byron relics. It is an invitation card, with a memorandum in Byron's handwriting:

"Lord Byron,
4, Bennet Street,
St. James."

"Lady Heathcote,
At home,
Monday, July 5th, 1813.
A small Waltzing Party,
10 o'clock."

"This card I keep as a curiosity, since it was at this ball (to which it is an invitation) that L^y^. Caroline L. performed y^e^ Dagger Scene—of indifferent memory."

He first got bored, then irritated, then savage. She one day entered his lodgings when he was out, and finding Beckford's "Vathek" on the table, wrote under his name, on the blank leaf at the beginning, "Remember me." Under this inscription he wrote:

"Remember thee! remember thee!
Till Lethe quench life's burning stream,
Remorse and shame shall cling to thee
And haunt thee like a feverish dream.

[1] The late Earl Bathurst.

"Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not,
Thy husband too shall think of thee,
By neither shalt thou be forgot,
Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me."[1]

The husband is commonly the last to hear of that in which he is most deeply interested, and Lamb was so used to his wife's eccentricities, to call them by no harsher name, that an *escapade* more or less did not count. According to Lady Morgan, she said:

"He cared nothing for my morals. I might flirt and go about with what men I pleased. He was privy to my affair with Lord Byron, and laughed at it. His indolence rendered him insensible to everything. When I ride, play, and amuse him, he loves me. In sickness and suffering he deserts me. His violence is as bad as my own."

This is in flat contradiction to her letters, in which she uniformly speaks of him as the kindest and noblest of men. If we may believe her, the last feather that broke the camel's back, the drop that made the cup overflow, was not the affair

[1] "Works" (Murray's complete edition). The identical copy of "Vathek," with the lines in Lord Byron's handwriting, was seen by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who carefully committed them to memory, and says that the verse printed second stood first, and that the second ran thus:

"Remember thee! yes, yes, till Fate
In Lethe quench the guilty dream,
Yet then, e'en then, remorse and hate
Shall vainly quaff the vanquish'd stream."

What (he says) helped him to retain a vivid recollection of the lines was a discussion with Lord Glenelg to whom he repeated them, whether "baffled" would not be better than "vanquished." The book which he saw had been borrowed for him by Mr. Murray from Lord Byron before he left England.

After repeating the verses and stating incidentally (December 28, 1877) that he was in his ninety-second year, Lord Stratford gave a lucid exposition of the manner in which he thought the Eastern Question might be settled.

with Lord Byron but an alleged act of wanton cruelty to her page.

"The boy was a little *espiègle*, and would throw detonating balls into the fire. Lord Melbourne always scolded me for this, and I the boy. One day I was playing ball with him, he threw a squib into the fire. I threw the ball at his head, it hit him on the temple, and he bled. He cried out, 'Oh! my lady, you have killed me.' Out of my senses, I flew into the hall and screamed, 'Oh God, I have murdered the page!' The servants and people in the street caught the sound, and it was soon spread about. William Lamb would live with me no longer.

"All his family united in insisting on our separation. Whilst this was going on, and instruments drawing out—that is, in *one month*—I wrote and sent 'Glenarvon' to the press. I wrote it, unknown to all (save a governess, Miss Welsh), in the middle of the night. It was necessary to have it copied out. I had heard of a famous copier, an old Mr. Woodhead. I sent to beg he would come to see Lady Caroline Lamb at Melbourne House. I placed Miss Welsh, elegantly dressed, at my harp, and myself at a writing-table, dressed in the page's clothes, looking a boy of fourteen. He addressed Miss Welsh as Lady Caroline. She showed him the author. He would not believe that this schoolboy could write such a thing. He came to me again in a few days, and he found me in my own clothes. I told him William Ormond, the young author, was dead. When the work was printed, I sent it to William Lamb. He was delighted with it; and we became united just as the world thought we were parted for ever."

This is simply incredible. "Glenarvon" had no literary merit, and its sole claim to interest or popularity, instead of conciliating her husband, would have revived and embittered the recollection of his wrongs: the hero being meant for the noble poet, and the heroine, Calantha, for herself. Byron writes to Moore, November 17, 1816:

"By the way, I suppose you have seen 'Glenarvon.' Madame de Staël lent it me to read from Copet last

autumn. It seems to me that, if the authoress had written the truth and nothing but the truth—the whole truth—the romance would not only have been more *romantic* but more entertaining. As for the likeness, the picture can't be good. *I did not sit long enough.*"

It is perfectly clear that the liaison did not long survive the dagger scene, July 1813. Lady Caroline told Lady Morgan that her mother took her to Ireland with the view of breaking off the connection, and that it was at Dublin she received the "cruel" letter published in "Glenarvon," which Lord Byron declared to be the only true thing in the book. The copy given by her to Lady Morgan is without a date. Yet Mr. Torrens states that in "this year" (1816) Lord Byron married Miss Milbanke with the advice and approval of Lady Melbourne, and "in spite of many petulant warnings of evil to come" from Lady Caroline.

"Ere long he (Lord Byron) heard of her complainings at his absence and alienation: and he had the effrontery to address to his peevish and hypochondriacal friend the lines beginning—

"'And sayest thou, Cara,' etc.,

in which, to excuse the discontinuance of his visits, he tells her that in fact he is thinking of nobody else, and apologises for conjugal perfidy by the assurance that 'falsehood to all else is truth to thee.'"

Lord Byron was married January 2nd, 1815, and quitted England for ever in April, 1816. The verses to Cara (if written by Lord Byron, which we doubt) were certainly not addressed to Lady Caroline. Neither were the lines beginning: "Farewell, if ever fondest prayer," which Mr. Torrens states were addressed to her by Lord Byron "on quitting England." In Murray's edition of the Poems they are dated 1808.

A strong proof that the Byron affair was not the immediate cause of the projected separation was that Lord Byron's friendship with Lady Melbourne remained unbroken till her death, in 1818. There is a French maxim: "la mère a toujours une tendresse pour l'amant de sa fille;" but we never heard that this tenderness extended to the lover of the daughter-in-law.

November 24th, 1813, Lord Byron sets down in his Diary:

"I have had a letter from Lady Melbourne, the best friend I ever had in my life, and the cleverest of women. I write with most pleasure to her, and her answers are so sensible, so *tactique*. I never met with half her talent. If she had been a few years younger, what a fool she would have made of me, had she thought it worth her while, and I should have lost a valuable and most agreeable *friend*."

"*Mem.* A mistress never is or can be a friend. While you agree, you are lovers; and when it is over, anything but friends."

He has versified this *Mem.* in "Don Juan," although it is far from universally true:

"No friend like to a woman man discovers,
So that they have not been nor may be lovers."

Long after his mother's death, Lord Melbourne is reported to have said, "Ah, my mother was a most remarkable woman; not merely clever and engaging, but the most sagacious woman I ever knew. She kept me right as long as she lived."

Lamb (as we must still call him) resumed his parliamentary career in 1816. The biographer is rather obscure upon the point, but we collect that he re-entered the House as member for Portarlington, which he very soon exchanged for Peterborough. He broke ground by a speech in support of an amendment moved by the leader of Oppo-

sition, Ponsonby; his chief topic being that the military establishments had not been reduced to a peace footing. Canning, in reply, referred to him as one "who never spoke without making a deep impression by his eloquence and ability." These were no words of course. Long before he came decidedly to the front, there prevailed a wide-spread belief in his latent capacity and suppressed power. About this time (or shortly afterwards) he had just left a dinner at Carlton House, when the Regent, turning to one of the remaining guests, said with emphasis: "Sligo, mark my words, that man will some time or other be Prime Minister." [1]

In the course of a debate on Lord John Russell's annual motion for Reform in 1827, Mr. Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) had made a powerful speech, followed by a pause, when a member rose at a considerable distance from the Speaker and made a telling reply of about twenty minutes' duration, almost every sentence of which was received with acclamation. A listener in the gallery (the present writer) turned round and asked a reporter (afterwards a distinguished member of the Irish Bar) who it was. "That," was the reply, "is William Lamb; and Lord Castlereagh used to say that he might become Prime Minister, if he would only shake off his carelessness and set about it."

It was at his instance that his brother George stood for Westminster in 1818, and throwing off his habitual nonchalance he took the lead in organising a systematic canvass of the constituency. Lady Georgiana Morpeth and Lady Caroline played the parts so efficiently filled by the Duchess of

[1] The authority is the present Marquis of Sligo; who, without being able to fix the precise date of the incident, is certain that it occurred during the Regency.

Devonshire in 1784. Desirous of gaining over Godwin, whose name was deemed important to the cause, Lady Caroline opened a correspondence with him, and although she failed in her immediate object, she made the acquaintance of a remarkable man, and the letters to which it led are highly valuable as throwing light on her character and the affectionate terms on which she lived with her husband. In 1821, Godwin wrote to ask her aid in promoting a subscription for his benefit, a request with which she readily complies. In the ensuing letter she gives free expression to her feelings and thoughts, betraying in every other sentence her incurable self-consciousness:

"There is nothing marked, sentimental, or interesting in my career. All I know is that I was happy, well, rich, joyful, and surrounded by friends. I have now one faithful, kind friend in William Lamb, two others in my father and brother—but health, spirits and all else, is gone, gone how? Oh, assuredly not by the visitation of God, but slowly and gradually by my own fault."[1]

* * * * *

"Pray say a few wise words to me. There is no one more deeply sensible than myself of kindness from persons of high intellect, and at this period of my life I need it. I have nothing to do, I mean necessarily. There is no particular reason why I should exist: it conduces to no one's happiness, and, on the contrary, I stand in the way of many. Besides, I seem to have lived 500 years, and feel I am neither wiser, better, nor worse than I began. My experience gives me no satisfaction, all my opinions and beliefs and feelings are shaken, as if suffering from frequent little shocks of earthquake."

The author of the book in which these letters appear goes on to say "that one new acquaintance

[1] "William Godwin: His Friends and Contemporaries." By C. Kegan Paul. 1876.

was made by Godwin in 1830, the last of the long series of younger friends. This was Edward Bulwer, known better to this generation as Lord Lytton, who came to sit at the feet of the writer of "Caleb Williams." He was introduced to Godwin by Lady Caroline Lamb in the following letter, which is without date and was certainly written many years before 1830, probably in 1823:

"Mr. Bulwer Lytton, a very young man and an enthusiast, wishes to be introduced to you. He is taking his degree at Cambridge; on his return pray let me make you acquainted with him. . . . Hobhouse came to me last night: how strange it is I love Lord Byron so much now in my old age, in despite of all he is said to have said. But I also love Hobhouse because he so warmly takes his part."

In July, 1824, she was driving in an open carriage, when a funeral came by. She asked whose it was, and the reply was "Lord Byron's." The biographer states that she never recovered from the shock. At first she lay as one stunned, incapable of exertion and without interest of any kind. She then resumed her pen and pencils and was occupied with her favourite books and music in a manner to give hopes that the dark cloud had been uplifted. But she speedily relapsed, and indulged in all sorts of caprices and vagaries. It is told of her that one day, coming into the dining-room whilst the butler was arranging the decorations for the table, she told him that they wanted feature, expression and elevation: that the centre-piece in particular was too low: then ordering it to be removed, she stepped into the vacant place and assumed a picturesque attitude to illustrate her idea:

"The butler rushed from the room, and finding Lamb in the library, begged him for God's sake to come to the

rescue. The moment he saw her, he said only in the gentlest tone of expostulation 'Caroline, Caroline!' then took her in his arms and carried her out of doors into the sunshine, talking of some ordinary subject to divert her attention from what had happened. That evening she received her friends with as calm a look and tone as in happier days; but what an ordeal for him to pass through!"

What an ordeal indeed! At times it was too much for him. He resolved on separation, and, as regards absence and estrangement, was separated at intervals. But how impute to guilt, or punish as criminal, irregularities which were clearly owing to a disordered intellect and were always bordering on, if they did not actually reach, insanity! If he kept away from Brocket, he left her its undisturbed occupant, and whenever she expressed a wish to see him or his presence was needed to keep her quiet, he was there to soothe and watch over her.

At the same time, he was watching over a son whom he tenderly loved, and trying to read in his fine features the signs of the complete intelligence and mental soundness they were never destined to reflect. If Lord Melbourne occasionally sought distraction in things that were not domestic, let it be remembered what sort of domesticity awaited him in his own home. If he was sometimes cynical or distrustful of mankind and womankind, let it never be forgotten how his best affections had been converted into instruments of torture, how his finest feelings had been turned against him. No wonder that he was fond of repeating one of the "detached thoughts" of Horace Walpole: "To those who think, life is a comedy—to those who feel, a tragedy."

"Later in this year (1818) Sheridan died, and

William Lamb was among the well-born crowd who followed him to the grave. His admiration was unbounded for his genius." This, combined with his friendship for Tom Sheridan, led (it is added) to his undertaking the biography of the deceased orator and wit.

"He went in for a preliminary course of reading in Old English comedy from Beaumont to Congreve, and long afterwards he used to excite the wonder of the superficial and the admiration of the learned frequenters of Holland House by reciting whole colloquies from Wycherley and long speeches from Massinger. This was preparatory to writing the earlier portions of his work, and delightful preparation it was. Then there was a course of more laborious study in the orations, English, Irish, French, Roman, Greek. Their differences of style and comparative anatomy had for him a charm that they never had before."

* * * * *

"Of the earlier Irish school he had little or no means of judging. Fox and Windham were the *penates* of his house, and the latter was with him a sort of idol. Canning he could listen to for ever; but the man who he always said was the most irresistible in argument he had ever heard was Plunket. By the time he had come to settle conclusions about all these, something of his youthful preference for Sheridan was shaken; for he could not reconcile them with his unbridled freaks of fancy and tendency to over-decoration. This did not cool his biographic zeal, or abate his ambition to be the author of a book that every one would read. After many postponements and changes of design he at length began, *and actually wrote the introductory portions of the Life of the orator as we have it now.*"

Having got thus far, he began to flag and shrank away from the drudgery of collecting facts and collating authorities for a consecutive narrative:

"He had got together all the best marbles and bronzes, sacrificial tools and incense-burners for his temple, but to

go quarrying for the stones and digging out the rubbish for the foundation, or making the cement and trowelling it into the numberless interstices that must be filled up—— Heigh-ho! perhaps somebody else would do it better: why not Thomas Moore, an enthusiast by nature, a skilled workman by trade?"

There was some hesitation and some demur: the poet, we are told, instinctively knew that, professionally considered, it was not a job that would pay. We should say that he instinctively knew the exact contrary, and it is matter of fact that he got a thousand pounds down at starting. But the hesitation did not last:

"Moore was told by everybody he dined with that he was just the man to embalm Sheridan's memory in frankincense and myrrh. The Minstrel Boy liked the compliments better than the work, and took to it reluctantly. Lamb proffered him all the aid in his power, and sent him his notes and sketches, with *the introductory chapters* which only were written. *Eventually they made their appearance, with little adaptation, at the beginning of Sheridan's Life, accompanied with due acknowledgments.*"

The sole basis for these graphic details appears to be that Lamb began a Life of Sheridan and, on hearing that Moore was contemplating one, handed over the incomplete manuscript to him. Sheridan died in 1816, not 1818. Moore did not publish the Life till 1825, nine years afterwards, and it was originally meant to accompany his collected edition of the Works. There are no introductory chapters. Lamb's name is not mentioned in the Preface, nor in the body of the work. The only acknowledgment is in a note:

"The following sensible remarks (two paragraphs) are from an unfinished Life of Mr. Sheridan now in my possession—written by one whose boyhood was passed in the

society of the great men he undertook to commemorate; and whose station and talents would have given to such a work an authenticity that would have rendered the humble memorial I have attempted unnecessary." [1]

Two paragraphs relating to the Rollied and the Probationary Odes are quoted in a subsequent note, and the obvious inference is that Moore made no other use of the manuscript. The precise circumstances under which (in 1824) he contracted for the Memoirs are stated in the Journals edited by the late Earl Russell.

In November 1818, Lamb, then member for Hertfordshire (it is not stated when he was chosen), supported Lord Althorp's motion for a committee to inquire into the state of the country. In 1819 the next stirring affair in which he was engaged was the renewed contest for Westminster, when he accompanied his brother to the hustings and witnessed his mortifying defeat: Burdett and Hobhouse being returned. Queen Caroline next came upon the scene. Nearly all Lamb's private friends and political connections were against the prosecution, and his votes were mostly given in accordance with their view.

On all Irish questions which, soon after the accession of George IV., began to assume formidable dimensions, he took the Liberal side, but his love of order and his confidence in Lord Wellesley induced him to support the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act and the passing of the Insurrection Bill in 1822. On September 2, 1825, he intimated his intention not to present himself again as a candidate for the county, stating that he was induced to come to this determination solely by personal and private considerations, having accepted an offer to stand for Hertford,

[1] "Memoirs of R. B. Sheridan," vol. i. p. 403.

where he was opposed by Mr. T. Duncombe, who fairly frightened him off the course by intimations and insinuations of the most unjustifiable sort. One of the most malignant attacks of this kind (we learn from the biographer) alluded openly to his wife, and was subscribed "Glenarvon." He might have retorted with telling effect if his adversary had not been case-hardened. His place was taken, at his suggestion, by Henry Bulwer, "who," Mr. Torrens states, "had already shown that he possessed capability and ambition to win distinction in a different sphere from his elder brother." His eldest brother was a quiet country gentleman: Edward, Lord Lytton, who is evidently intended, was the youngest of the three.

Canning's accession to the Premiership was Lamb's real starting-point as a working practical statesman. On the 27th of April, 1827, he was returned for Newport by a small majority. A petition was threatened, but before it could be presented he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. On Canning's proposing him, the King is reported to have said, "William Lamb, William Lamb—put him anywhere you like." Instead of standing again for Newport, he got elected for Bletchingley, obligingly vacated for him by Mr. William Russell. He started for Ireland early in July, leaving Lady Caroline at Brocket on the plea of ill-health, but taking with him his son, from whom he could not bear to be separated.[1]

The peculiar duty to which Canning's parting instructions pointed was one for which Lamb was admirably fitted by knowledge of mankind, charm of manner, temper, and tact. He was to pave the way for Catholic emancipation and an entire

[1] His son died Nov. 27th, 1836. The only signs of complete intelligence were displayed a few hours before his death.

change of policy by gradual changes of men and measures, bringing the friends of toleration to the front, and transferring some portion of the power which the exclusionists had held so long as almost to regard it as their patrimony. Mr. Torrens, Irish by birth and education, was an Irish official when the traditions of Lamb's secretaryship were fresh; and although we cannot help suspecting that the Irish atmosphere has exercised its prescriptive influence upon his facts,[1] we see no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of the animated passages in which he describes the effect of the new Secretary's arrival at the Castle:

"From the outset he resolved to see and hear for himself everybody and everything. The prescriptive reserve which haunted the Secretary's office he put aside with no other notice than a hearty laugh. Peel had encircled the department with an arctic zone of distrust which, save by a few adventures, was impenetrable; Goulburn was the centre of a mere fog, without light or sound or motion. His successor came to bring brighter and more hopeful weather. The staff of the department viewed his proceedings with surprise at first and then with sorrow. Some hinted doubts as to whether he was quite aware of the sort of persons he consented to see, and inwardly they deplored the obstinacy of his imprudence in seeming to talk to them just as he would to old acquaintances. Old Mr. Gregory groaned; melancholy Mr. Mangin sighed; the sententious Attorney-General, Mr. Joy, kept his mind to himself except when asked point-blank for an opinion, and then flavoured it with a sneer. The versatile Solicitor-General, Mr. Doherty, who had fought for his kinsman the Prime Minister at Liverpool elections, and hoped that he would now have his reward, was all things to all men; and finding that Lamb loved a joke, plied him with specimens innumerable of Celtic fun. But the Secretary went his own way, and kept to it."

* * * * *

[1] It was Mr. Kinglake who said that, when St. Patrick expelled poisonous reptiles from Ireland, he also expelled facts.

"The messengers of the office used to say long after his time, 'When Mr. Lamb was here the only orders were, Show him in:' and though he could not promise to grant one in fifty of their requests, they invariably went away in better humour than they came, and muttering as they passed the sentry at the gate, 'Not a bad kind of man that.' At the end of an early letter to the Home Office full of details of business, he says: 'I have a dozen fellows talking to me whilst I write this letter, which will account for its incoherence,'—in regard to official formalities; for there was none as to substance and sense."

Canning's death made no ostensible change in Lamb's position till the Duke of Wellington's accession to the Premiership, when, in reply to a complimentary letter from the Duke requesting him to retain the office he had hitherto filled with so much credit, he wrote that he must postpone his decision till he had conversed with his Grace upon the whole of the intended arrangements. He finally left Ireland on the 23rd of January, 1828, and on his arrival at Melbourne House found Lady Caroline dying. The tone of her letters was habitually so desponding that he had distrusted the accounts she had recently written to him of her real state:

"She lingered only a few days longer, for the most part in a state bordering on unconsciousness. Her brother William, who throughout her illness had been unremitting in his care, warmly expressed his sense of the solace which her husband's frequent letters had afforded her, and the tenderness of his demeanour when he came. 'William Lamb behaved throughout as I always knew he would.'"

* * * * *

"In spite of all her waywardness and folly, Lamb was beyond all doubt passionately fond of his wife. She retained to the last a strong influence over him, and years after her death he used to speak of her with tears, and ask moodily, 'shall we meet in another world?'"

He consented to retain his office under the Duke until the forced resignation of Huskisson, when Lord Palmerston, Lord Dudley, and Lamb met to resolve upon the course which it was incumbent on them to pursue. Their conference is described by Lord Palmerston in his Journal:

"We all left Huskisson (then living in Downing Street) together, and Dudley proposed that we should walk up a little way, our cabriolets following. He was in the middle and said, 'Now we are by ourselves in the street, and nobody but the sentry to hear us, let me know, right and left, what is meant to be done—"in" or "out."' I said 'out,' and Lamb echoed 'out.' 'Well,' said Dudley, 'I am under some embarrassment as to what I shall do.' . . . He said that the Colonial Office would be filled by a moderate Tory, a man of promise, a member of a Tory family. Lamb then said that for his part he did not happen to know any young member of a Tory family who was a man of promise, but by Dudley's own showing the character and complexion of the Government were to be altered, first by withdrawing Huskisson and then by putting in his place a decided Tory. That this would decide him at all events. . . .

"Dudley said that there was something in attaching oneself to so great a man as the Duke. 'For my part,' said Lamb, 'I do not happen to think the Duke so very great a man; but that's a matter of opinion.' I left them, and on my return home wrote to the Duke a letter of resignation, which was to be sent to him early the next morning."[1]

Bulwer adds in a note, that George IV. was very anxious that Lamb should remain:

"At least the Duke of Cumberland requested that I would go to him and mention, as the King's particular desire, that he would not quit the Government. I gave the message, and carried back a civil answer, but one that left no doubt of Mr. Lamb's determination."[2]

[1] "Journal," April 24, 1828, quoted by Bulwer in his "Life of Lord Palmerston."

[2] "Life of Lord Palmerston," vol. i. p. 272.

Mr. Torrens states that, after Lamb's resignation, Jerdan called on him and persuaded him to resume his contributions to the "Literary Gazette":

"They had previously been casual, but now became more frequent, being chiefly criticisms on theological or ethical works. Some of his reviews were of plagiaristic or platitudinarian volumes of sermons, and are spiced with keen, though not irreverent humour."

Peniston, the first Lord Melbourne, died on the 22nd of July, 1828, and the accession of William to the title and estates gives occasion to the biographer for philosophising in his peculiar way on the position and prospects of the new peer. He writes as usual with spirit and vivacity, but he has the Macaulay fondness for effect, and he thinks nothing of rounding a sentence at the expense of a date or a fact. Twenty-five years sounds better than nineteen, so he begins:

"For five-and-twenty years Lamb had been a member of the House of Commons, a favourite there, seldom refused a hearing, the intimate of its greatest men, and for a season the occupant of a difficult post; yet he had not made a speech worth remembering, and the Cabinet—the crown of parliamentary strivings—had never been conceded him."

He had made many speeches which the biographer has thought worth quoting, and he had established a reputation which was to place him at the head of the Cabinet in due course.

"Half a century spent and gone, and how little to show for it! He would have given a great deal to have had a fervid, even a fantastic faith in anything worth working for. He had been born a Whig, bred a courtier, drawn by conviction into Canningism, and persuaded to retain office under the Duke of Wellington. But Whiggery was said to be worn out. There was no longer a Court genial, generous, or gay; Canning was dead, and the great soldier's admin-

istration seemed tottering to its fall. Utilitarian levelling like that of Bentham he regarded as nonsense. State parsimony like Joseph Hume's he thought a pettifogging blunder. Radicalism after the manner of Hunt and Cobbett he called mere ragamuffinism. He envied Stanley, *as he said*, the equal pleasure he took in fighting a main of cocks and defending the abuses of the Established Church. He coveted Palmerston's light-heartedness and india-rubber temperament, and Lansdowne's delight in the arts and in the duties of hospitality. Althorp's devotion to his wethers and shorthorns, and Holland's happiness in his great dinners and amusement at my lady's whimsicality, were alike to him marvels of contentedness. He was inactive, yet he was not at ease."

It is difficult to imagine a more erroneous estimate of a character. It would make out an earnest, high-minded man, with a noble career before him and intuitively conscious of it—so much so that his future was divined from his bearing—to be like the hero in "L'Homme Blasé," better known to the English public as "Used Up." No man had so many objects of interest at all times; and the notion of his envying the lighter qualities or amusements of his distinguished contemporaries is preposterous. Would any one who really knew Lord Holland envy his "happiness in his *great* dinners and *amusement* at my lady's whimsicality?" And how did Mr. Torrens become acquainted with all these peculiar reflections and envies of Lord Melbourne fifty years since?

A few pages on, he quotes with approbation an extract from Haydon's diary for November, 1833:

"The scene at the Lord Mayor's dinner was exquisite; the mischievous air of over-politeness with which Lord Brougham handed in the Lady Mayoress; the arch looks of Lord Melbourne; the supercilious sneer of Lord Stanley at a City affair, as he calls it. In the ball-room I said to Lord Stanley, Lord Melbourne enjoys it. There is nothing

Lord Melbourne does not enjoy, said he. Can there be a finer epitaph on a man? It is true of Lord Melbourne, who is all amiability, good-humour, and simplicity of mind."

But Lord Melbourne, it seems, had not given up hope:

"He would try again, try on; but how? While he pondered, an unexpected shadow fell upon his path that looked like the realization of hope long deferred. It proved illusory, and vanished into nothing, as out of nothing it almost seemed to come: *but it changed the whole condition of the man*, and served undoubtedly to hasten his advancement to the first rank in his party."

What was this unexpected shadow which, although it proved illusory, changed the whole condition of the man?

"Late in August Mr. Greville mentions a party at Stoke, during which he asked the new Viscount if the rumour was true that he had been offered the Admiralty. 'He said he had never heard of it.' Yet the rumour had its significance."

The significance was that the Duke of Clarence (soon to be William IV.) had just relinquished the post of Lord High Admiral, and it was of importance that he should be adequately replaced by a Board with a President who would command confidence.

"That the ex-Secretary for Ireland, who had never been in the Cabinet, should hear himself talked of as a probable First Lord of the Admiralty in a circle closely associated with the Court, could not but sound like an augury of things to come."

The reasons which induced Lord Melbourne to resign office under the Duke were still in full force. They had been confirmed rather than shaken. To suppose that he could be tempted by a higher

office to abandon his principles and his Canningite friends, would have been more likely to be resented as an affront. He had never even heard of the rumour, but the bare mention of it by Greville changed the whole condition of the man, and was hailed as an augury of things to come!

We pass on to the formation of the Reform Cabinet. "Why did he (Lord Grey) regard Melbourne as most fit?" Mr. Torrens's answer to this query recalls the celebrated passage in Madame de Sévigné: "Je vous le donne en dix: Je vous le donne en cent," etc. After ringing the changes on various items of unfitness, and suggesting that Lord Melbourne (who, according to the same authority, had just been exalted to the seventh heaven by being talked of for the Admiralty) would probably have been satisfied with the Duchy or the Privy Seal, the explanation is that his fitness for the place seemed from the first to have struck Lord Holland.

"His clear blue eye rested fixedly on Melbourne, and if any doubt had previously existed in the mind of the Premier it would have been dispelled by his advice, and the recollection that no one would be more acceptable personally to the King. What, then, were those distinctive qualities which recommended their possessor so irresistibly? William IV. liked him because, as he used to say, 'he was a great gentleman;' by which he meant that under all circumstances he felt that he could appeal not only to his sense of honour, but to his generosity and genuine loyalty to the State."

Lord Melbourne was a gentleman in the highest sense of the term, but he was not what is commonly called a great gentleman; he had not the air or manner of a *grand seigneur*. William IV. never liked him, and the words placed in the

Sailor-King's mouth are wholly unlike what he "used to say."

What has been treated as an important (and turned out in one instance an unlucky) appendage to the new Secretary for the Home Department, was his private secretary, "Tom Young," who was misunderstood by Mr. Charles Greville and is misdescribed by Mr. Torrens:

"Young had been recommended to the Home Secretary by the Duke of Devonshire as a shrewd, handy sort of man, whom he had found as purser of his yacht more serviceable than men of better breeding. To his surprise, and that of others, Melbourne named him private secretary, and, as he said, made use of him as a weather-gauge when nicer instruments were off their balance. Had he checked the habitual bluntness of the man, or winced at his innate vulgarity, he would have been no longer useful. 'Through him,' he would say, 'I am able to look down below; which for me is more important than all I can learn from all the fine gentleman clerks about me.' By long sufferance Tom Young grew too familiar, not only with his chief, but with persons who could brook it less good-humouredly. But he was devoted, indefatigable, had a keen discernment of the foibles and oddities of his master; and, save on one occasion, served him sagaciously and well."

Young had been a purser in the Royal Navy, from which he retired with an independence, travelled, and gained a footing on the outskirts of society. On the occasion of the Duke of Devonshire's special embassy to Russia, the functionary (Mr. Jones, of the Victualling Office) charged with the outfit was looking about for some one to undertake the general management of the commissariat arrangements during the voyage out and home, when Young was suggested to him and engaged. The Duke was pleased with him, invited him to Devonshire House, and recommended him to Lord Melbourne. Although neither refined nor culti-

vated, he was not vulgar, obtrusive, nor blunt. He had temper, tact, and fair average manners. He was a really good-natured fellow, always anxious to oblige, and eminently what the French call *serviable*. He had a numerous acquaintance, especially among active stirring people just below the upper stratum of society. Thus, he was "hail fellow well met" with the wire-pullers of the Reform agitation, with Place, Atwood, and Joseph Parkes; as well as with Barnes of the "Times," Black of the "Morning Chronicle," and Fonblanque of the "Examiner."

The state of affairs was critical, and a man of this kind was invaluable at the Home Office. No doubt Lord Melbourne learnt from him what he could not have learned from "fine gentleman clerks;" but he had nothing in common with the "Græculus esuriens" of Juvenal or the "fasting Monsieur" of Johnson; and we are quite sure that Lord Melbourne never sneered or winced at him, never talked of looking down below "through him," and never admitted him to anything approximating to intimacy or companionship so as to encourage undue familiarity. The words which Mr. Charles Greville puts into his mouth, and which Mr. Torrens tacitly adopts, are completely out of keeping with the character.

"Stanley (not the ex-Secretary, but the Under-Secretary) told me last night an anecdote of Melbourne which I can very easily believe. When the King sent for him he told Young 'he thought it a damned bore, and that he was in many minds what he should do—be Minister or no.' Young said, 'Why, damn it, such a position never was occupied by any Greek or Roman, and if it only last two months, it is well worth while to have been Prime Minister of England.' 'By God, that's true,' said Melbourne; 'I'll go.' Young is his private secretary—a vulgar, fami-

liar, impudent fellow, but of indefatigable industry, and a man who suits Melbourne."[1]

Greville writes down two private conversations with Lord Melbourne, for the express purpose of establishing a charge of political treachery, very similar to that of "Who's the Traitor?" against Sheil.

Whilst the Reform Bill was yet pending (April 1st, 1832), he represents Lord Melbourne intimating a wish that it might be thrown out, and asserting that the Government could not be carried on without the rotten boroughs.

"We had a great deal more talk, but then it is all talk, and *à quoi bon* with a man who holds these opinions, and acts as he does?"

Greville was obviously prone to confound what he himself said in the course of conversation with what was said by others, and to mistake a partial agreement, or a courteous non-denial, for unequivocal assent. Lord Melbourne may have regretted the loss of the rotten boroughs, whilst convinced of the impossibility of retaining them. Every sane politician must have felt that it had become impossible. Even Canning, their most eloquent advocate, must have given them up in 1832.

On February 7th, 1832, Lord Melbourne "extremely surprised" him (Greville) by stating "that *all* the members of the Cabinet were *bonâ fide* alarmed at, and averse to, the measure (the Reform Bill)."

"We then parted. Downstairs was Rothschild the Jew waiting for him, and the *valet de chambre* sweeping away a *bonnet* and *shawl!*"

The only new fact supplied by Mr. Torrens—

[1] The Greville Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 126.

and we presume on authority—touching Lord Melbourne's participation in the Reform Bill, is his saying, "I am for a low figure. Unless we have a large basis to work upon we shall do nothing." In the debate on the second reading he made no attempt to justify his inconsistency: he frankly and fully admitted that he had been opposed to parliamentary reform: that he had even objected to giving the franchise to Manchester and Birmingham; but he contended that the declared will of the country left the Legislature no alternative.

All topics of a private nature are treated with proper feeling and good taste by the biographer. After tracing the origin of Lord Melbourne's acquaintance with Mrs. Norton—a delicate topic which subsequently became too important to be suppressed—he says that to celebrate her younger brother's birthday she asked to dinner, along with two of her husband's colleagues in the magistracy and some members of her family, Lord Melbourne and the author of "Vivian Grey," "in whom she had recently discovered the son of her father's intimate friend." A man more unlikely to be the intimate friend of Tom Sheridan than Disraeli the elder, we can hardly imagine, but let that pass.

"Young Disraeli was not long returned from his travels in the East, with traits of which he had interested her on the occasion of their first acquaintance. He had just then been defeated in an attempt to get into Parliament for the borough of Wycombe, *where he attributed his failure to want of support by the Whigs*. Mrs. Norton presented him after dinner to the Home Secretary, who had the power, she said, of retrieving the disappointment if he chose; and whose frank and open manner led to a long conversation, in which Mr. Disraeli mentioned the circumstances of his late discomfiture, *dwelling on each particular with the em-*

phasis which every young man of ambition since Parliament was invented is sure to lay upon the broken promises and scandalous behaviour of his victorious foes. The minister was attracted more and more as he listened to the *uncommonplace* (just described as commonplace) language and spirit of the youthful politician, and thought to himself he would be well worth serving. Abruptly, but with a certain tone of kindness which took away any air of assumption, he said, "Well now, tell me—what do you want to be?" The quiet gravity of the reply fairly took him aback—"I want to be Prime Minister." Melbourne gave a long sigh, and then said very seriously:

"'No chance of that in our time. It is all arranged and settled. Nobody but Lord Grey could perhaps have carried the Reform Bill; but he is an old man, and when he gives up, he will certainly be succeeded by one who has every requisite for the position, in the prime of life and fame, of old blood, high rank, great fortune, and greater ability. Once in power, there is nothing to prevent him holding office as long as Sir Robert Walpole. Nobody can compete with Stanley. I heard him the other night in the Commons, when the party were all divided and breaking away from their ranks, recall them by the mere force of superior will and eloquence: *he rose like a young eagle above them all, and kept hovering over their heads till they were reduced to abject submission.* There is nothing like him. If you are going into politics and mean to stick to it, I dare say you will do very well, for you have ability and enterprise; and if you are careful how you steer, no doubt you will get into some port at last. But you must put all these foolish notions out of your head; they won't do at all. Stanley will be the next Prime Minister, you will see.'"

The internal improbability, not to say absurdity, of all this must be obvious to any one who has the slightest knowledge of the two principal actors in the scene. It places both of them in a ridiculous light: the youthful aspirant not yet in parliament gravely replying, "I want to be Prime Minister;" and the Home Secretary as gravely

explaining to him that the place was bespoken and that he had better think of something else. Can any one believe that Lord Melbourne spoke of Stanley in such terms? Who reported the dialogue to Mr. Torrens? To cap the improbability, Mr. Disraeli had stood as a Tory-Radical against the Whig candidate, Colonel Grey, at Wycombe, and was, as he always has been, the declared enemy of the Whigs. What really took place will be best prefaced by a quotation from an Essay (by the writer) published in 1858, to which Mrs. Norton contributed and which she carefully revised.

"Many years since, a right honourable gentleman, who now holds a conspicuous position before the world, had recently returned from the East, when he was asked to dinner to meet Lord Melbourne, who good-naturedly turned the conversation on the manners and customs of the countries recently visited by this gentleman. 'Your Lordship,' he remarked, 'appears to have derived all your notions of Oriental matters from the "Arabian Nights Entertainments."' 'And a devilish good place to get them from,' rejoined Lord Melbourne, rubbing his hands and laughing." [1]

As the conversation proceeded, the gentleman, in a semi-serious tone, or in the proud consciousness of latent power which he afterwards expressed on a memorable occasion in the House of Commons, said that what he looked forward to was the Premiership. "And I wish you may get it," quietly observed Lord Melbourne. This is the sole foundation of the dialogue which Mr. Torrens reports in such detail. Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, of Frampton Court, Mrs. Norton's surviving brother, was present at the dinner and confirms the writer's recollection of what took place.

[1] "Biographical and Critical Essays." First Series, 1858. Vol. i. p. 261.

Mr. Torrens's account of the action "Norton against Lord Melbourne" is correct in the main, and we may as well dispose of it at once. The trial took place on the 22nd of June, 1836.

"The witnesses were chiefly discarded servants, nearly all of damaged character,[1] who had been, for a considerable time before, kept out of the way at the country seat of Lord Grantley, and none of whom professed to be able to swear to any circumstances within the three preceding years. At the close of the plaintiff's case, late in the day, the Attorney-General asked for an adjournment; but on an intimation from the jury, in which the judge also concurred, he waived the suggestion, and without calling witnesses proceeded to analyse the evidence that had been adduced. He branded the whole story as a tissue of fabrications which it was impossible men of discernment and impartiality could believe; and though his client was inadmissible as a witness, he was authorised to state upon the honour of a peer that the charge was entirely false. The judge left the issue fairly to the jury, who, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of acquittal. A loud cheer broke forth at the announcement, which was echoed by the crowd waiting without the court. At an audience next day William IV. cordially congratulated the minister on having baffled the machinations which, he did not doubt, had had their origin in sinister aims fomented by the meaner animosities of party."

Still the evidence, such as it was, remained uncontradicted, and left on many minds an unfavourable impression, which would have been obviated by full knowledge. It was therefore most unlucky that the trial was not adjourned, and that witnesses were not called for the defence; for on

[1] Fielding says of one of his characters that, "Not knowing what to say, she followed her instinct as chamber-maid and lied." This instinct was strongly manifested by two of the female witnesses, who swore that Mrs. Norton was in the habit of rouging; that she always put on rouge when Lord Melbourne was expected, and renewed it after he had gone away. One of the jury, who was acquainted with Mrs. Norton, told the writer that he needed nothing more to convince him that they were lying, lying spitefully and in concert.

collating dates, it appeared that, during the entire period (two months) of the year specified by the servants, Mrs. Norton was suffering from a dangerous confinement and saw no one but her medical attendants and her family.

According to the received code of honour, when a lady's reputation is concerned, a gentleman is bound to act like the loyal servant who (in 1716), when twitted with having sworn falsely to save Stirling of Keir's life, said he would rather trust his soul with God than his master's life with the Whigs. Lord Melbourne's solemn denial might not go for much, if he had not twice volunteered to reiterate it. Wilde (afterwards Lord Truro) was known to dislike undertaking a bad case, either from love of justice or haply because he disliked being beaten. When therefore he refused a brief for the defence—really because he had refused a retainer on the other side and intended not to act at all—Lord Melbourne, misunderstanding the motive, sent a message pledging his honour that justice and right were on his side.

Some years afterwards, when the Custody of Infants Act had been passed, Mrs. Norton resolved on applying to the Court of Chancery for her children, and it was understood that the application would be resisted on the grounds of moral unfitness. At all events, it was necessary to come prepared with affidavits negativing the imputation of infidelity; and one day a friend of hers engaged in getting up the case, received a message from Lord Melbourne, requesting him to call the next morning early. Calling between ten and eleven, he found Lord Melbourne in his dressing gown and slippers in the act of shaving. "So," was the abrupt address, "you are going to revive that business. It's confoundedly disagreeable." "You

know, my Lord, that Mrs. Norton can't live without her children." "Well, well, if it must be done, it must be done effectively. You must have an affidavit from me. The story about me was all a d—d lie, as you know. Put that into proper form, and I'll swear it."

His brother George, Under-Secretary at the Home Office, was as much given to the use of profane expletives as himself. The late Lord Ossington used to relate that, encountering Lord Melbourne when about to mount his horse at the door of the office, he called his attention to some required modifications in the new Poor Law Bill. Lord Melbourne referred him to George. "I have been with him," was the reply, "but he d—d me, and d—d the Bill, and d—d the paupers." "Well, d—n it, what more could he do?" was the rejoinder. Half the point of this story is lost in Mr. Torrens's version, which makes the Under-Secretary d—n the clauses of an Education Bill instead of the paupers.

The circumstances under which Lord Melbourne became Premier in July 1834, and was summarily ejected in the following November, although already made tiresome by repetition, could not well be omitted or glossed over in this biography; but we are utterly at a loss to know why twenty pages are filled with the contest for the Speakership in 1835—unless for the purpose of proving that Mr. Spring-Rice (afterwards Lord Monteagle) was aggrieved by being set aside and was a much more important person than (after he had held high office) he was commonly considered by his contemporaries.

The chief difficulties which Lord Melbourne had to encounter on his resumption of the Premiership in April, 1835, were occasioned by Lord Brougham, who laid claim to the Lord

Chancellorship; and O'Connell, who had been led to expect the Irish Attorney-Generalship. O'Connell bore his disappointment like a man of sense, and supported the Government as before. Brougham, after a short interval of suppressed irritation, broke out in a succession of intemperate sarcasms and diatribes against them. It was in reply to a brilliant display of this kind that Lord Melbourne rose and said:

"My Lords, your Lordships have heard the powerful speech of the noble and learned lord, one of the most powerful ever delivered in this House, and I leave your Lordships to consider what *must* be the nature and strength of the objections which prevent any government from availing themselves of the services of such a man."

This is one of the most crushing replies in the annals of debate, turning the adversary's own admitted powers against him, and leaving him in the position of the stricken eagle who—

"View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart."

A graphic description of Lord Melbourne in the House of Lords is given by Haydon:

"In the Irish Church debate the Duke (of Wellington) spoke well, without hesitation, enforcing what he said with a bend of his head, striking his hand forcibly and as if convinced on the papers. He finished, and to my utter astonishment, up starts Melbourne like an artillery rocket. He began in a fury. His language flowed out like fire; he made such palpable hits that he floored the Duke as if he had shot him. But the moment the stimulus was over, his habitual apathy got ahead; he stammered, hummed and hawed. It was the most pictorial exhibition of the night. He waved his white hand with the natural grace of Talma, expanded his broad chest, looked right at his adversary like a handsome lion, and grappled him with the grace of Paris."

On one occasion, exasperated by an unexpected move in party tactics by Lord Lyndhurst, he was provoked into saying: "The noble Duke (of Wellington) would not have taken such a course, but *he* is a gentleman." Lord Lyndhurst sprang to his feet: "Does the noble Viscount mean to say that I am not a gentleman?" The offensive expression was instantly and handsomely withdrawn.

The years of Lord Melbourne's life to which he always looked back with unmitigated satisfaction, to which the biographer might point as the brightest illustration of his career, are those which intervened between the accession and the marriage of the Queen. If, as is universally agreed, no monarch, male or female, ever better understood or more conscientiously fulfilled the highest duties of a constitutional Sovereign, all honour to the sagacious high-minded counsellor who watched over her with parental care whilst those duties were new, and devoted his best energies to guide and confirm the inborn rectitude of purpose and elevation of character, by which the prosperity of a great Empire and the well-being of millions have been nobly upheld. It would be difficult to name a more impressive scene than that of the elderly statesman reading to the young and inexperienced Sovereign the verses in which Solomon, asked by God in a dream what he wished to be given him, replies:

"7 And now, O Lord, my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in.

"8 And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude.

"9 Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to

"judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?"[1]

On its being invidiously remarked to the Duke of Wellington that Lord Melbourne was a great deal at the Palace, the Duke sharply replied: "I wish he was always there." On August 24, 1841, the Duke gave his public testimony to this effect in the House of Lords:

"'I am willing to admit that the noble Viscount has rendered the greatest possible service to Her Majesty. I happen to know that it is Her Majesty's opinion that the noble Viscount has rendered Her Majesty the greatest possible service, making her acquainted with the mode and policy of the Government of this country, initiating her into the laws and spirit of the constitution, independently of the performance of his duty as the servant of Her Majesty's crown; teaching her, in short, to preside over the destinies of this great country.'"

An excellent understanding was kept up between the Duke and Lord Melbourne. On one occasion Lord Melbourne expressed an earnest wish for a private conference with the Duke on a measure before the House of Lords. The request was conveyed by Lord Portman, the Government "whip" in the Upper House. "Tell Melbourne," was the reply, "I would willingly go to him in South Street, but then every tomfool in London would know it. Ask him to come to Apsley House, and my porter shall be properly instructed!" Lord Portman closes an interesting communication with a warm tribute, in which all who enjoyed Lord Melbourne's confidence would concur. "Whilst I acted as his whip, I felt intensely the great kindness of his nature, his sensitive regard for truth and honour, and the

[1] 1 Kings iii.

extraordinarily wide extent of his knowledge of men and books."

In his later years Lord Melbourne had doubts whether he had given the proper advice to her Majesty on the occasion of what was called the "Bedchamber question," in 1839. He admitted that he was unduly biassed by an unwillingness to blight the prospects of his followers: "I counted up more than two hundred of my intimate acquaintance, or their families, who would be half ruined and heart-broken by my going out." In reference to this affair, he said: "You should take care to give people who are cross, time to come round. Peel's fault in that business, when he failed to form a Government, was not giving the Queen time to come round."

An incident handed down by court tradition may serve to illustrate the simplicity of his demeanour and the playful affability that sometimes relaxes the stiffness of etiquette. He had a trick of carrying papers as well as money in his breeches pockets. On pulling out a document to lay before her Majesty, a quantity of silver coins followed it, and in a moment the Prime Minister was seen chasing his shillings and sixpences round the room. At his next audience, the Queen formally presented him with a small paper parcel, saying that she had great pleasure in restoring a portion of his missing property. The parcel contained two shillings and sixpence.

Amongst the most curious of the scattered notices of Lord Melbourne, which have been culled from various sources, are some passages from the "Memoirs of Haydon," to whom he sat for his portrait in 1832. The artist speaks of him as having a fine head, and looking refined and handsome. Finding him free and easy, Haydon

turned the conversation on one of his own favourite projects:

"With regard to Art, he was afraid history would never have the patronage which portraiture obtained. Haydon said the Government alone could do it. The minister ejaculated, 'How?' 'First by a committee of the House, then by vote.' Melbourne was afraid selections might be invidious. The painter rejoined that the selected would be more likely to be envied than otherwise. He asked, had not sculptors had every opportunity, and had they generally done as well as they ought? Haydon replied, 'that they had not. But it was no argument because one class of artists had acted as manufacturers that others must do so too.' Melbourne: 'Then we shall see what a popular Parliament will do. If Hume is not against it, your scheme may be feasible.'"

The scheme has been tried, but without the anticipated result of creating a demand for historical pieces, which, for obvious reasons, can never be equally in request with portraits. Calling one morning, in January 1835, Haydon found Lord Melbourne reading the "Edinburgh Review":

"He began instantly, 'Why, here are a set of fellows who want public money for scientific purposes, as well as you for painting; they are a set of ragamuffins!' 'That's the way,' said I; 'nobody has any right to public money but those who are brought up to politics. Are not painting and science as much matter of public benefit as political jobbing? You never look upon us as equals; but any scamp who trades in politics is looked on as a companion for my lord.' 'That is not true,' said he. 'I say it is,' said I; and then he roared with laughter and rubbed his hands.

Calling again on the 1st of March, he found Lord Melbourne reading the "Acts," in a quarto

Greek Testament that had belonged to Johnson, given him by Lady Spencer:

"'Is not the world, Lord Melbourne, an evidence of perpetual struggle to remedy a defect?' 'Certainly,' he mused out. 'If, as Milton says, we were sufficient to have stood, why did we fall?' Lord Melbourne rose bolt up, and replied, 'Ah, that's touching on all our apprehensions.' We then swerved to Art."

Controversial divinity and Ecclesiastical History were his favourite studies. He astonished M. Van de Weyer by his familiarity with the history of the Gallican Church, and its resistance to Papal usurpation in 1682, when Bossuet played so prominent a part. He had no predilection for science, and there is a current story that, on being pressed to give Faraday a pension, he parried the application by pretending to mistake him for an astronomer.

Asking how it was that Raphael was employed to decorate the Vatican, he was reminded that Raphael was a great painter. "But was not his uncle, Bramante, architect to the Pope? It was a job."[1]

His dislike of humbug, pretension and the affectation of knowledge, occasionally led him into the opposite extreme, and gave plausibility to the good-humoured raillery of Sydney Smith:

"Our Viscount is somewhat of an impostor. Instead of being the ignorant man he pretends to be, before he meets the deputation of tallow chandlers in the morning, he sits up half the night talking with Thomas Young about melting and skimming, and then, although he has acquired knowledge enough to work off a whole vat of prime Leicestershire tallow, he pretends next morning not to know the difference between a dip and a mould. I moreover believe him to be conscientiously alive to the good or evil that he

[1] "Life of Reynolds," p. 308, *note*.

is doing, and that his caution has more than once arrested the gigantic projects of the Lycurgus of the Lower House (Lord John Russell). I am sorry to hurt any man's feelings and to brush away the magnificent fabric of levity and gaiety he has reared; but I accuse our Minister of honesty and diligence.'"

What Johnson said of Thurlow was equally true of Lord Melbourne: "Sir, he is a fine fellow: he fairly puts his mind to yours." But if you had no mind to put or be put to, the sooner you got out of his way the better. He had been induced to ask a literary man of note to one of his small dinner-parties by hearing that he was well versed in Massinger and Marlowe, with whom the gentleman had only a superficial acquaintance, but was ashamed to own it. "There now," was Lord Melbourne's comment, "that fellow has been trying for half an hour to make me believe he knows a great deal of what he knows nothing. We won't have *him* again."

On the breaking up of a Cabinet dinner at his house in South Street, at which the first step towards free-trade in corn, the substitution of a fixed duty for the sliding scale, had been settled, he called out from the top of the staircase to the retiring guests: "Stop a minute; let's all be of one mind. Is it to lower the price of bread, or isn't it?" a point on which the political economists were then far from unanimous. Hardly a year before, he had declared in the House of Lords that any minister who tampered with the Corn Laws must be mad.

His patronage caused him an infinity of trouble and anxiety, because he was unfeignedly anxious to distribute it with an exclusive reference to merit and the public good. We find him in 1837 complaining of an epidemic amongst deans and

judges; and "as for the bishops, it was his positive belief that they died to plague him." The judicial appointment most questioned was that of Baron Maule. His caustic wit had been freely exercised at the expense of his predecessors on the Bench, who protested against him as a colleague; and attention had been called to his habits by the fire at the Temple, which began in his chambers. But he had every qualification for a judge, except morals, which were a minor consideration from the Premier's point of view. On Maule's name being mentioned at a dinner party some time after the appointment, a celebrated beauty (not a Sheridan) looked up and asked with a lisp: "Pray, Lord Melbourne, is that the man you made a judge *for* burning down *the Tower?*" A part of the Tower had recently been burned down.

He was less scrupulous about blue ribbons, regarding them merely as means of rewarding or conciliating support. He declined taking the Garter, saying that he did not want to bribe himself. There was a well-known reply of his to an Earl soliciting a Marquisate, beginning: "My dear ——, how can you be such a d—d fool?" Referring to it when it got abroad, he said that he could understand people being anxious for peerages, but not their caring so much about the grade; and he acted up to his principle by refusing an earldom. When a list of would-be baronets was laid before him, he exclaimed: "I did not know anybody cared any longer about these sorts of things. Now I have a hold on the fools."

It is unnecessary to dwell on the defeat of his Ministry, and his resignation, August 28, 1841. From Her Majesty's Journal it appears that he betrayed no depression or chagrin: "For four years," he said, "I have seen you every day;

but it is so different now to what it would have been in 1839: the Prince understands everything so well."

Talking of the efforts of advancing years, he humorously repeated Lord Carhampton's comment on the Archbishop of Armagh's boast that "his legs carried him as well as when he was a young man." "Ay, my Lord, but not to the same places." In the same sense, but with more seriousness, he was fond of quoting the lines paraphrased from or suggested by Horace:

> "Walk sober off,—before a sprightlier age
> Come titt'ring on, and shove you from the stage."

In imitation of the Epistle to Mæcenas he wrote some verses (five stanzas) beginning:

> "'Tis late, and I must haste away,
> The usual hour of rest is near;
> And do you press me, youths, to stay—
> To stay and revel longer here."

During the closing years of his life, he retained a keen relish for intellectual intercourse; and at the little dinners in South Street and Bolton Street (Mrs. Norton's), the fulness, richness, and piquancy, of his conversation were as remarkable as ever. He preferred bold ready talkers when they had anything in them; and defended a lady who was thought too bold and positive, by saying: "That's what I like her for: she speaks out." On being told that George Smythe (Lord Strangford) wished to be introduced to him, he exclaimed, with evident satisfaction: "What! do these young fellows want to know *me?* Bring him to dinner by all means."

These young fellows did want to know him. It was a valued, envied privilege to be admitted to

his companionship. It was he who, with failing health, gradually withdrew from the world, not the world that withdrew from him. It was therefore with wondering incredulity that we came upon these passages of the biography:

"Throughout his long and chequered life Melbourne had had his sorrows and his troubles. But the greatest of his trials was to come, in the sense of being neglected. Too susceptible not to feel, and too proud to masquerade in gay looks when his soul was sad within him, he chafed daily at the indifference with which he was treated, not merely by the common herd of fashion, but by those who for years had compassed him round with blandishments of what he had taken for respect and attachment. For a time he tried to persuade himself that the numerous omissions to call were partly accidental. Some were sick, and some had gone abroad; some were time-servers and shabby dogs who had learned to trim, and were ashamed to look in the face their old patron: was he not better without them? But as weeks and months rolled on, and the bed of the once full stream of attention grew more and more dry, the hope of its ever returning again shrank within him."

* * * * *

"One who truly and unalterably loved him found him in the afternoon looking more than usually dejected. 'I am glad,' he exclaimed, 'you are come. I have sat here watching the timepiece, and heard it strike four times without seeing the face of a human being; and had it struck the fifth I feel that I could not have borne it.'"

He had only to say the word, and troops of admiring friends and affectionate relatives would have gathered round him. Lord and Lady Beauvale were domesticated at Brocket during the closing period of his life. If Lady Palmerston had lived to be told that her idolised brother was abandoned or neglected when she was at the height of her social distinction and popularity! No doubt he had his moments of despondency, when

it was painful to be alone. What highly gifted man or woman has not?—

> "Dearly bought the hidden treasure
> Finer feelings can bestow—
> Hearts that vibrate sweetest pleasure
> Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

But far from complaining of neglect and ingratitude, he has been heard to declare more than once that his long tenure of office had made him think better of mankind. Pitt, according to Wilberforce, had arrived at the same conclusion.

Lord Melbourne particularly prided himself on the part he had taken during the Reform Bill agitation in preserving order. Great, therefore, were his mortification and surprise when, at the trial of Smith O'Brien in 1848, a letter from Tom Young to Sir William Napier was produced, dated Home Office, June 25th, 1832, sealed with the official seal and containing these words:

> "Are you aware that, in the event of a fight, you were to be invited to take the command at Birmingham? Parkes got a frank from me for you with that view, but had no occasion to send it."

The vexation caused by this incident certainly aggravated Lord Melbourne's last illness. He died on the 24th November, 1848.

Differing on many points from Mr. Torrens, we recognise in him a man of undoubted ability, earnestly intent on raising an appropriate monument to one whom he esteems and admires. But we must say that he has an odd way of setting about it. He is always blowing hot or cold: there is no settled temperature in his praise or dispraise. He leaves the impression that he never fairly thought out the character he has undertaken to

delineate. Lord Melbourne may have been strong-minded or weak-minded, of a cheerful and hopeful or a desponding and querulous disposition, but he could not have been all at once. Even as regards his qualities of statesmanship, the biographer seems unable to come to a definite conclusion.

In his Preface he says that the early impression made on him by Lord Melbourne "has not been effaced by any combination of high qualities in the statesmen he has subsequently known;"—and he must have known all Lord Melbourne's successors in the Premiership. Yet in the body of the work (vol. ii. p. 98) we read:

"It would be idle to claim for Melbourne the strength of will, the originality of resource, the knowledge of detail, or the unfailing eloquence, which in varying degrees characterised *most* of his predecessors and successors in the civil primacy. But he had a quality which they lacked, and which, at the juncture in question, tended in no small degree to bring about the unanimity wherewith it was agreed to have him a second time for chief of the party. He had no enmities and no enemies."

Dating from the fall of Walpole, he had twenty predecessors in the "civil primacy," and fourteen of them were: Pelham, Devonshire, Newcastle, Bute, George Grenville, Rockingham, Grafton, Shelburne, Addington, Portland, Perceval, Liverpool, Goderich, Wellington. Will Mr. Torrens, after reading this list, reiterate his assertion that Lord Melbourne was inferior in essential qualities to most of his predecessors in the civil primacy? Or, if he does reiterate it, how is he to maintain the honoured subject of his biography in the proud position he has elsewhere claimed for him? But then the man who ended (we are told) by having no friends, had no enmities and no enemies! Is this a matter of congratulation or laudation? We

incline to think with Sir Oliver Surface that it is not:

"*Sir Oliver.* Everybody speaks well of him (Joseph)! Pshaw! Then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

"*Sir Peter.* What, Sir Oliver! Do you blame him for not making enemies?

"*Sir Oliver.* Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them!"

Lord Melbourne had merit enough to deserve both friends and enemies, merit enough to throw any co-existing demerit into the shade, merit enough to give him permanent rank as a high-bred, high-minded, highly cultivated, thoroughly English statesman, of whom the contemporary and every succeeding generation of Englishmen may feel proud.

THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY.[1]

(*From the Quarterly Review, April,* 1880.)

THE title of Mr. Torrens' book puzzled us. We were unable even to guess what affinity or relation of ideas, in the way either of similarity or contrast, existed between the "Architect of Empire" and the great Agitator, or what had led to this sensational juxtaposition of their names. We turned to the author's Preface for the explanation. It runs thus:

"Of the eminent men whom in earlier years I had many opportunities of closely observing, none seem to me so characteristically representative of the two races so long alienated by evil laws as those whose likeness I have sought to trace in these volumes. The ideas and usages of a dominant caste, taught from childhood to believe themselves indispensable to the maintenance of authority, and alone qualified for the duties and privileges of freedom, have passed away: and with them the mute subjection, the murmuring complaint, deferential remonstrance, partial enfranchisement, and at length organised agitation, by which the two estranged communities were rendered one in the eye of the law. Wellesley and O'Connell, each in

[1] *Pro-Consul and Tribune. Wellesley and O'Connell. Historic Portraits.* In two volumes. Vol. 1, The Marquess Wellesley, Architect of Empire. An Historic Portrait. By W. M. Torrens, M.P. London, 1880.

his separate way, signally contributed to the gradual revolution which occupied in its accomplishment well-nigh the whole period of their lives, and to which their best efforts were devoted."

O'Connell's whole career belongs to Ireland. Lord Wellesley's was only partially connected with it; and the only way in which he incidentally contributed to the revolution in question was by his support of Catholic Emancipation and by the liberal policy of his Viceroyalty, which are unanswerable proofs that he was not the characteristic representative of the dominant caste. It would be difficult to name an Irish noble whom the upholders of Protestant ascendency would be less disposed to accept in that capacity, or who was less imbued with their ideas and usages.

O'Connell's name is not so much as mentioned in the volume before us, which comprises the most important period of Lord Wellesley's life. It is agreeably written, despite some faults of style; and a good deal of curious information has been collected and interspersed in it, which attracts the reader for amusement and lightens the labour of research to the more serious student of history. We therefore propose to make it the basis of a sketch (we hardly venture to say, portrait) of one from whom, we think, his fair meed of fame has been unjustly and somewhat unaccountably withheld. If we may trust the historian of British India (Mill), Lord Wellesley was little better than a Brummagem Warren Hastings. If we are to put faith in the Rev. Dr. Gleig, the deservedly popular biographer of his illustrious brother, he was merely the docile agent or instrument of a policy which, according to the shifting judgment of contemporaries, has been made to redound alternately to his glory or his shame. It is right

to add that we have derived considerable aid from the "Memoirs and Correspondence of the Most Noble Richard Marquess Wellesley," by Mr. Pearce, to whom Mr. Torrens also has been largely indebted.[1]

The pedigree of the Wellesleighs, Wellesleys, or Wesleys, has been traced back to the twelfth century. Their last representative in the male line was Garret Wesley who, dying in 1727, devised the family estate of Dangan to his cousin Richard Colley of Castle Carbery, on condition that he should adopt the name and arms of the devisor. This Richard was the father of Garret Wesley, raised to the Irish peerage by the title of Baron Mornington, and principally known to fame as the founder or restorer of an Academy of Music, an art which he cultivated successfully both as a composer and instrumentalist. After being refused by Lady Louisa Lennox, he married Anne Hill (a daughter of the first Viscount Dungannon), the future mother of the Wellesleys, a prouder title than the mother of the Gracchi or the mother of the three Dupins.[2] Their eldest son, Richard, the hero of our narrative, was born in Grafton Street, Dublin, on the 20th June, 1760; and in the October following, Garret, the father, was made Earl of Mornington and Viscount Wellesley.

In after years Lord Wellesley was wont to complain of his early education as neglected, being

[1] "Memoirs and Correspondence of the Most Noble Marquess Wellesley, K.P., K.G., D.C.L., &c., &c." By Robert Rouiere Pearce, Esq. In 3 vols. London, 1846.

[2] '*A la mère des trois Dupins*" is inscribed upon a monument in Père la Chaise. Lord Brougham relates that once when Lady Mornington's carriage was surrounded and impeded by an applauding crowd, she turned to Lord Cowley, and said, "This comes of being the mother of the Gracchi."

little more than what it pleased him to pick up at a provincial school in the neighbouring town of Trim, which he attended laxly as a day-boy. He was sent in his tenth year to Harrow where, young as he was, he took part in the barring-out of the new head-master, Dr. Heath, to whom the boys objected as an Etonian unjustly preferred to an old Harrovian, Parr. To avoid submission, with its penalties, several went home without leave, and amongst these was Lord Wellesley, whom his indulgent parents refused to send back. It would seem that, on leaving Harrow after this *escapade*, he first repaired to Lambeth Palace where he frequently passed his holidays, for he remembered entering the drawing-room in triumph, flourishing a fragment of the headmaster's carriage which had been broken to pieces in the fray, to the amusement of the Archbishop and Mrs. Cornwallis. It was by the advice of the Archbishop that he was sent to Eton, where in the course of his six or seven years' residence he acquired a reputation for Latin verse, which led to his being regarded as the chief pride and ornament of the school.

"When Dr. Goodall his contemporary, and afterwards headmaster, was examined in 1818 before the Education Committee of the House of Commons, respecting the passing over of Porson in giving promotion to King's College, he at once declared that the celebrated Grecian was not by any means at the head of the Etonians of his day, and on being asked by me (as chairman) to name his superior, he at once said Lord Wellesley."[1]

His most intimate friends and constant com-

[1] Lord Brougham, "Historical Sketches."

panions at Eton were William (afterwards Lord) Grenville and Sir John Newport, who, in answer to a request for his reminiscences (March, 1840), sums them up in a sentence :

"Under Mrs. Young's great tree at Eton the brotherhood, for such it truly was, of Wellesley, Grenville, and Newport commenced, lasting undiminished through every vicissitude of political life, and still subsisted vigorously in the declining years of the survivors—proof against the estrangement usually created by elevation in rank and remoteness of removal."

He was Newport's fag, and supplies one of the few instances in which boyish authority was beneficially employed instead of degenerating into tyranny :

"You found me," he writes, Feb. 28, 1840, "an idle boy, and by your instruction and example, I was made diligent and studious, and inspired with that glorious passion for solid fame, that noble ambition to obtain power and honour by deserving them, which has been my 'star of Arcadie,' my 'Tyrian cynosure,' through my long and active life, which has raised me to a station impregnable by slander, malice, or faction. I acknowledge this—I am proud to acknowledge it, and I have everywhere and on all occasions boasted that to you I owe the foundation of my public character."

At the Speeches, in 1777, he recited Strafford's speech with such effect that the King, George III., shed tears. That same day he accompanied the Archbishop to Lambeth, calling on Garrick at Hampton Court on their way. "Your lordship," said Garrick, "has done what I never could do : you have drawn tears from the King." "Yes," was the reply, "but you never spoke before him

in the character of a fallen, favourite, arbitrary minister."

He matriculated at Christchurch, Oxford, in December 1778, and during a residence of three years amply maintained the high reputation for scholarship which he brought with him. In 1780 he carried off the prize for Latin hexameters, the subject being the death of Captain Cook. He was still at the University and wanted a month of being of age, when by the death of his father, May 22, 1781, he became Earl of Mornington, and speedily found himself immersed, nothing loth, in the party warfare connected with the memorable volunteer movement under Lord Charlemont and Grattan.

Mr. Torrens states that the first act of the young peer was to devolve the management of the family estates on his mother, adding that they were heavily encumbered, and that scant provision had been made for the younger children. The first act was to pay his father's debts, which involved a heavy personal sacrifice. "His brother Arthur, nine years his junior, seems to have been the object of his chief domestic care: the school at Trim could do little to fit him for the profession to which he was destined; so at twelve years old he was sent to Angers, then a place of high repute for military training." This is irreconcilable with the known facts and the dates. His brother Arthur was sent when very young to a preparatory school at Chelsea, and afterwards to Eton, where he appears to have been when his father died. He did not enter the military school at Angers (where he remained a year and a half or two years) earlier than 1784 or 1785.[1]

[1] Gleig, "The Life of Arthur Duke of Wellington." The People's Edition, pp. 3–6.

The eagerness of the young peer for active employment and distinction, as well as the fair promise of his youth, may be estimated from the fact that, in the session of 1781–2, at the instance of Grattan, he was named by Lord Charlemont Opposition Whip in the Irish House of Lords, where his function of counting was a sinecure, as the minority seldom exceeded ten; but they made up for their want of numbers by the multiplicity of their formal protests, which he drew up, delighted no doubt at the opportunity of exhibiting his powers of composition and airing the graces of his style.

His early liberality of opinion was shown by his support of a Bill for the relief of Protestant Dissenters, and by his uniform advocacy of Catholic Emancipation, when Flood, with whom Lord Charlemont reluctantly agreed, shrank from it, exclaiming: "I see my way to Catholic constituencies; but who will answer for a Catholic House of Commons?" But when the Convention attempted to carry a sweeping measure of reform by the display of force, Lord Mornington became alarmed, and denounced the armed meetings as fatal to the liberties of Parliament and threatening the total extinction of the Legislature. His theatrical air and lofty tone provoked a sharp and telling retort from Lord Mountmorres, best known to fame through Moore's rhymes:[1]

"To all the big words and inflated expressions which I have heard, of danger to the constitution and insults from conventions of armed men, I answer in two short emphatic words—Prove it. If formidable spectres portending the

[1] "Mountmorres, Mountmorres, whom nobody for is,
And for whom we none of us care,
From Ireland you came, 'twould have been much the same
If your Lordship had stayed where you were."

downfall of the constitution were to appear in this House, I admit the noble lord is frightened with a becoming dignity; the ancient Roscius or the ancient Garrick could not start with better grace at the appearance of a spectre."

It was no secret to his friends that he felt born for better things than provincial celebrity. In March, 1788, Grenville writes to Lord Temple, the departing Lord-Lieutenant: "Pray communicate a little with him (Lord M.) about your resignation; it will flatter him, and he is beyond measure disposed to you both in Ireland and *here*, to which he looks in a short time; but you must not let him know I have told you that."

Pitt, with whom he had been brought into communication by Grenville, took to him at once; and, on learning his wish for a seat in the English House of Commons, procured his election for Lord Beverley's nomination borough of Beeralston at the general election of 1784. It was not a rare occurrence to find a member of the Irish House of Lords representing an English constituency, but it was very rare to find one who, like Lord Mornington, when the journey between Dublin and London was inconvenient and dilatory, made a point, at least for a brief interval, of attending the most important debates on each side of the Channel. He was in no hurry to break ground at St. Stephen's, for his *début* on this untried arena was delayed till the 1st of June, 1786; when, in one of the Hastings' debates, brought on by Burke, he spoke in reply to Lord North, twitting the ex-Minister with inconsistency and ignorance. It was an ill-judged and by no means successful commencement; but the tone in which he spoke of Hastings was remembered some twenty years later when he himself was similarly arraigned. At the end of the session he was appointed Junior

Lord of the Treasury; but Lord Beverley, out of temper with the Ministry, refused to return him again for Beeralston; and he had to stand a contested election for Saltash. He was returned by a small majority; but the return was quashed on petition, and he was without a seat in the English Parliament till June 1788, when one was found for him at Windsor. Pending the decision of the Saltash Committee, he was put up to answer Burke, who (Feb. 21, 1787) had spoken with his wonted vehemence and without his wonted breadth of view, against the commercial treaty with France. Lord Mornington had already caught the *ore rotundo* style and Ciceronian redundancy of phrase, which distinguished his more mature oratory:

"It had been said with the eloquence of great authority that whatever its commercial merits might be, the treaty in a political point of view laid the country at the feet of France, and deposed Great Britain from her European throne. He answered that the true majesty of Great Britain was her trade; and that the fittest object of her ambition was the throne of the commerce of the world. The industry and ingenuity of our manufacturers, the opulence which these had diffused through various channels, the substantial foundation of capital on which they had placed our trade (capital which had that night been well described as predominant over the trade of the whole world),—all these, as they had been our best consolation in defeat, were the most promising sources of future victory: and to cultivate, to strengthen, and to augment these, could not be inconsistent with the glory of the kingdom."

The Marquis of Buckingham was named Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the second time towards the end of 1787; and at the request (says Mr. Torrens) of Lady Mornington, immediately placed her son Arthur on his personal staff. But it was clearly at the request of Lord Mornington, who concludes a warm letter of thanks (Nov. 4,

1787) by saying: "certainly this object for my brother was very near my heart, and I accept it with a gratitude proportioned to the anxiety with which I desired it, and the friendly manner in which it has been given." This places the facts beyond dispute; yet Dr. Gleig states in the last edition of the Life, that "the Duke's first and least scrupulous patron was the Earl of Westmoreland. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland when Arthur Wesley received his first commission: took the youth at once upon his staff, and heaped promotion upon him." The date of Arthur's first commission is March 7th, 1787; the date of Lord Westmoreland's first and only appointment to the Lord Lieutenancy, January 5th, 1790.

In concert with Pitt and Wilberforce, Lord Mornington warmly advocated the abolition of the Slave Trade, and, in April, 1792, moved that it do cease from the 1st of January, 1793. "If (so ran his argument) I were to put the question mathematically, I should say, the force of truth being given, and the hardness of a planter's heart being ascertained, in what space of time will the former be able to penetrate the latter?" His conclusion was, that one year would do as well as seven. He took a prominent part in the opposition to Mr. (afterwards Lord) Grey's motion for Parliamentary Reform, in May, 1793, and in the debate on the opening of Parliament on the 1st of January, 1794, he delivered a remarkable speech, which he published as a pamphlet, on the policy and continuance of the war with France. It occupied several hours in the delivery, and comprised a masterly review of all the most revolting and least defensible phases of the French Revolution, which, he contended, made the very term "revolutionary" a synonym for outrage, sacrilege, and crime.

The only speech Sheridan ever corrected for publication was what his biographer terms his admirable answer to Lord Mornington. "In this fine speech," remarks Moore, "of which the greater part must have been unprepared, there is a natural earnestness of feeling and argument that is well contrasted with the able but artificial harangue that preceded it." We do not see how such a speech as Lord Mornington's could have been otherwise than artificial, or (in other words) carefully premeditated and in great measure composed beforehand; and what we now know of Sheridan fully justifies a suspicion that he was similarly prepared.

Lord Mornington and Sheridan came into conflict again in a debate on a Bill for restricting public meetings, in the course of which Lord Mornington, having referred to some seditious tracts as calling for suppression, was satirically described by Sheridan as "the noble lord whom they had seen two years before, with the same placid countenance and sonorous voice, in the same attitude, leaning gracefully upon the table, and giving an account, from shreds and patches of Brissot, that the French Republic would last but a few months longer." [1]

Shortly after his speech against Parliamentary Reform, he had been sworn a member of the Privy Council, and in June 1793 he was appointed a member of the Board of Control for India; but subordinate office and titular promotion only added to the restlessness and discontent, which he freely communicated to his friends; and it was about this time that Addington plainly told him: "You

[1] Wilberforce thus alludes to this debate in his Journal: "William Smith struck by the extracts read by Mornington. Poor Mornington nervous and Sheridan brutal. Up to speak, but prevented."

want a wider sphere; you are dying of the cramp." It was in this state of mind that (Nov. 29, 1794) he committed the hazardous step of marrying a French lady, Mademoiselle Hyacinthe Gabrielle Roland, who had already borne him several children. There was no attempt at privacy; and the ceremony, which took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, was attended by several of his political friends. The social position of the children, as they grew up, was little affected by their illegitimacy.

He is one amongst the many examples of men destined to a brilliant career giving way to despondency, and meditating, or threatening, a retreat. In July 1794 he wrote to Addington:

"I am very much afraid, from a variety of circumstances, that Pitt has no idea of altering my situation this year. I cannot tell you how much I am mortified at that and other symptoms, not of unkindness but of (what perhaps I deserve) decided preference for others. I have serious thoughts of relinquishing the whole pursuit and becoming a spectator (not a very indifferent one, as you may believe, either to the success of the war or to Pitt's interest or honour), but I cannot bear to creep on in my present position."

At the same time, he turned his official opportunities as member of the Board of Control to good account by mastering the subject of Indian administration in all its bearings, and it was probably the knowledge that he had been thus qualifying himself which induced Pitt to fix upon him for the Viceroyalty. He was not definitely appointed till after several alternative arrangements had failed. He had agreed to go out as Governor of Madras, with the reversion of the higher Presidency of Bengal, when (in the autumn of 1797) he was agreeably surprised by the intelli-

gence that he was appointed Governor-General. Mr. Torrens says that he spent a week at Holwood talking over the affairs of India with Pitt and Dundas, and we are presented with a picture of these two statesmen taking widely opposite views of the policy which it might be deemed expedient for the new Viceroy to pursue. Dundas was all for peace and moderation, for letting the native princes squabble amongst themselves without attempting to reconcile them or profit by their dissensions or intrigues:

"But the son of Chatham was a man who through the openings of Keston woods saw visions, and in the autumn sundown dreamed enduring dreams. With axe in hand as he stalked along, putting his companion often out of breath, or rested upon some fallen stem to shelter from the shower, he would paint to the excitable imagination of Mornington how England's influence must be expanded, if her sense of power was to be retrieved, or her place in competition with her rivals was to be made permanently great. For empire thrown away in the West compensation could be sought only in the East."

No authority is cited, and we cannot help suspecting that this picture is a fancy piece: that the author's imagination has here run away with him. If Lord Mornington's schemes or dreams of imperial aggrandisement were suggested in conversation at Holwood, it is strange that the Minister should have been startled by them, or have been so slow to accept the responsibility, when they became or so nearly approximated to realities. We think it will be placed beyond a doubt, that Lord Mornington had no prompter beyond his own bold grasping and ambitious spirit when he aimed at an extension of empire, and that his schemes expanded with circumstances upon the spot, in-

stead of forming part of his instructions or being carried away full-blown from Holwood.

He was created a British peer by the title of Baron Wellesley on the 20th of October, 1797, took the oaths and his seat on the 3rd of November, and sailed for India on the 7th. Public comment was attracted by his outfit. "To such a degree," remarked a popular newspaper, "is the frigate encumbered with stores, carriages, and baggage, that should the rencontre of an enemy make it necessary to prepare for action, Lord Mornington will inevitably suffer from clearage in the course of five minutes a loss of at least 2000*l*."

He arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in February 1798, and fortunately met there several of the persons best qualified to give him valuable information: Lord Macartney (the Governor of the Cape), who had been Governor of Madras during the second war with Hyder Ali; Lord Hobart, just recalled from Madras; General Baird, recently a prisoner at Seringapatam; and Major Fitzpatrick, late Resident at the Court of Hyderabad. During Lord Wellesley's stay at the Cape a vessel touched there on her way from Calcutta, having on board a packet addressed to the Secret Committee of the Court of Directors, which he opened without ceremony, "as it appeared to me (to use his own words) on every ground to be an indispensable article of my duty to obtain as speedily as possible the most authentic account of events so deeply affecting the interest committed to my charge."

Mr. Mill is entirely mistaken when he asserts that "his Lordship had possessed but little time for acquainting himself with the complicated affairs of India, when all his attention was attracted to a particular point." He had been studying those

affairs ever since he became a member of the Board of Control, and the despatch which he addressed to Lord Melville from the Cape shows that he had already embraced the entire field of Indian politics with all their complications and entanglements. It required a clear head to master them, and a proud feeling of self-reliance, combined with a high degree of moral courage in encountering responsibility, to deal with them. British India had no pretensions to be called an empire when he took charge of its destinies. Most of the states which now form part of it were loosely attached by treaty or wholly independent. Between Bombay and Madras, or bordering on them, lay the broken empire of the Mahrattas, the dominions of the Nizam, and the diminished, though still formidable, power of Tippoo, the Sultan of Mysore. The rule of Scindiah, a Mahratta chief, reached to Delhi, and farther north Zemaun Shah, the sovereign of Cabul, reigned paramount. Each of these was openly or secretly hostile to the British; and it was quite upon the cards that they would suddenly combine to drive the hated invader into the sea.

Although since the time of Dupleix and Lally the struggle of the French for ascendency had been practically given up as hopeless, they still formed an important element in the estimate of opposing forces to be encountered in the impending crisis. Mr. Mill says that "Lord Mornington arrived at Calcutta on the 17th of May, 1798, carrying out with him a mind more than usually inflamed with the Ministerial passions then burning in England, and in a state peculiarly apt to be seized with both dread and with hatred of any power that is French." This is so far true, that the designs of France on our possessions in the East were watched by

the English people, as well as by the English Government, with the same feeling of jealous irritability which is excited by Russia at this hour, and that Lord Mornington carried out with him a well-founded apprehension of French intrigue, which was speedily confirmed and augmented by events. Three weeks after his arrival, his attention was attracted to a document purporting to be the copy of a proclamation by General Malartie, the Governor of the Isle of France, which announced the arrival of two ambassadors from Tippoo with despatches addressed to the Governor and the French Republic, proposing an alliance offensive and defensive, and concluding: "In a word, he (Tippoo) is only waiting for the moment when the French shall come to his aid, to declare war against the English, being ardently desirous to be able to drive them out of India." Without waiting for the formal authentication of this document, Lord Mornington sent directions to the authorities of Madras to prepare for the highly probable contingency of the renewal of the war against Tippoo; and when it was clearly proved to be genuine, he ordered General Harris to assemble the army upon the coast with all possible expedition.

When his intentions were made known at Madras, they were heard with dismay, and were encountered by the most vehement protests and remonstrances. Webbe, the Secretary of the Madras Government, expressed the general feeling when he wrote: "I can anticipate nothing but shocking disasters from a premature attack upon Tippoo in our disabled condition, and the impeachment of Lord Mornington for his temerity." The Commander-in-Chief, admitting that Tippoo had given ample provocation and was an enemy whose inveteracy would only end with his life, counselled delay, to which Lord Mornington reluctantly assented.

During this enforced suspension of his purpose, he took steps for counteracting the French influence by inducing the Nizam to disband his French troops, as well as for improving the finances, the disordered state of which had been alleged as a pressing argument for peace. The interval was fruitful of occurrences all tending to establish the justness of his views. The landing of the French army in Egypt excited a feverish alarm, which was not diminished by Bonaparte's letter to Tippoo, beginning: "You have been already informed of my arrival on the borders of the Red Sea, with an innumerable and invincible army, full of the desire of delivering you from the iron yoke of England." We may smile at his scheme of emulating Alexander and reaching India from Persia, but it was quite as feasible as some schemes of invasion which have been gravely contemplated in our time; and on arriving on the Indus he would have found neither a scientific frontier to impede his progress nor a numerous well-disciplined army to cope with him.

The news that Bonaparte was fortifying Suez and collecting vessels at the head of the Arabian Gulf, arrived early in May at Calcutta; and the prudence of anticipating the aggressive designs of Tippoo was then no longer denied in any quarter: war was declared with the full approval of the officials who had deprecated it three months before; and, thanks to the unceasing energy with which the military preparations had been pushed forward by the Governor-General, he was able to boast that an army "more completely appointed, more amply and liberally supplied in every department," than that with which General Harris advanced upon Seringapatam, never took the field in India. To be nearer the scene, he had left Calcutta for Madras,

where his brother Arthur (now Colonel Wellesley), who had been in India with his regiment since February 1797, had preceded him and, according to Dr. Gleig, "became in a few days the moving spirit of the Government, in which he had no legal voice." We are assured on the same authority that he had advised the temporary removal to Madras, but opposed Lord Mornington's wish to repair to the camp or march with the army, saying, "Your presence, instead of giving confidence to the General, would, in fact, deprive him of the command. If I were in General Harris's situation, and you were to join the army, I should quit it. Your presence will diminish his powers; at the same time that it is impossible you can know anything of military matters, your presence will not answer this purpose."

It is also stated that the plan of the campaign had been drawn up by Colonel Wellesley, and that the success of the British at Malavelly was owing to a happy movement of his column. He was not so fortunate in a night attack on an advanced post, termed a tope, before Seringapatam; and he was not engaged in the successful assault of the place; so that, when he was named commandant of the captured capital, the appointment gave rise to much invidious comment and complaint. It was made without prior communication with the Governor-General, who on hearing of it wrote to General Harris: "You know whether you would be doing me a favour if you employed him (Colonel Wellesley) in any way that would be detrimental to the public service. But the opinion, or rather the knowledge and experience, which I have of his observation, his judgment, and his character is such, that if you had not established him in Seringapatam, I should have done it by my own authority."

The dissatisfaction expressed at this appointment, and the necessity for vindicating it, are hardly reconcilable with the intellectual and moral supremacy in both civil and military affairs which the biographer claims for the Duke at this time; nor can we believe that the elder brother, with all his esteem for the younger, was content to devolve upon him the entire guidance, if not formation, of his plans. The extraordinary delusions into which Dr. Gleig has unwittingly fallen on this subject will be made plain by dates and facts when we come to the Mahratta war. We must first briefly recapitulate the intervening events of interest.

The territories which Tippoo or his father had acquired by conquest were divided between the Company and their native allies. The acquisitions of the Company completed the coast-lines of their possessions from sea to sea, and included the city of Seringapatam, with the surrounding district. The lineal representative of the ancient rajahs was invested with the nominal sovereignty of the original kingdom of Mysore, and was bound by treaty to defray the cost of a force quartered upon him for the express purpose of keeping him in subjection. It was principally in reference to the territory thus acquired, or virtually annexed, that the President of the Board of Control was able to state, in June 1801, that the area added to the British dominions in the Indian peninsula by Lord Wellesley was as large as the United Kingdom.

Apart from these material advantages, the brilliant conclusion of the campaign flattered the national vanity, and called forth a simultaneous burst of congratulation and applause from all quarters. Addresses of thanks were voted by both Houses of Parliament, and private friends vied

with each other in conveying the popular feeling in what was hardly the language of exaggeration. The Duchess of Gordon wrote:

"At this moment, my dear Lord, you are the admiration of all Europe. May you long enjoy the glorious laurels you have gained, in health, happiness, and every domestic blessing. Lady Mornington was so good as to let your lovely boys come and see me when in town. I left your friend and mine, *Le Premier*, in better health and spirits than I have seen him for some years. I spent some days at Wimbledon with the *gang*, and left with regret. I hear Lord Cornwallis talks with rapture and surprise of your noble administration in India, and he is a good judge."

High as was the general estimate of his merits, it could not exceed his own. He expected to be made an English duke *per saltum*, and bitter was his mortification on hearing that he must rest satisfied with an Irish marquisate. He gave full vent to his feelings in a letter (April 28th, 1800) to the Premier:

"He could not describe his anguish of mind in feeling himself bound by every sense of duty and honour to declare his bitter disappointment at the reception which the King had given to his services, and at the ostensible mark of favour which he had conferred upon him. In England as in India the disproportion between the service and the reward would be imputed to some opinion existing in the King's mind of his being disqualified by some personal incapacity to receive the reward of his conduct. He would confess openly that as he was confident there had been nothing *Irish* or pinchbeck in his conduct or in its result, he felt an equal confidence that he should find nothing Irish or pinchbeck in his reward. His health must necessarily suffer with his spirits; and the mortifying situation in which he was placed would soon become intolerable to him."

This epistle concludes, "Ever, dear Pitt, yours

most affectionately, Mornington (not having yet received my double-gilt potato)." His new title was Marquess Wellesley. In another letter he said: "I shall never be contented until this cursed Irish butter-milk is turned into good English ale." He would much have preferred an English earldom. Mr. Torrens remarks that Pitt was not to be moved by his friend's hysterics, but it is clear from this correspondence Pitt deemed the reward inadequate and replied that he wished to add the Garter, but found the King unmanageable. His Majesty had got a sickening of Indian affairs from the famous India Bill of the Coalition or from his unsuccessful patronage of Hastings, and was slow to recognise services rendered so far off. When General Harris, the conqueror of Seringapatam, attended the *levée* on his return to England, he was not honoured by a word or a nod.[1] In the course of the following year, Lord Wellesley received a solid proof of the confidence he had inspired by being made Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the British forces in India. This—being the first appointment of the kind—was truly described by Lord Clive as a matter of congratulation, not merely as an accession of dignity and honour, but as placing a necessary control in the hands of the Governor-General and increasing the energy and efficiency of his government.

"The confidence of the army and their enthusiasm for him were unbounded. In the division of the Mysore prize-money, 100,000*l.* was by general acclamation of the camp reserved for his share. With gentleness but with dignity he declined to subtract from the victors in fight any part of their reward."

[1] Captain (Sir Philip) Broke was allowed to pass unnoticed at the first *levée* which he attended after the capture of the *Chesapeake* in 1813.

This is Mr. Torrens's statement. Mr. Pearce's, confirmed by documentary evidence, is that the proposal came from the President of the Board of Control and the Chairman of the Company. What the army offered him was a star and badge of the order of St. Patrick, composed of Tippoo's jewels, which he also refused to accept till formally requested by the Directors.

Amongst the distinctive features of his administration should be recorded his suppression of Sunday newspapers by way of enforcing respect for the Christian Sabbath, and the severe measures he adopted for the restriction of the press. By way of warning to the rest, he caused one of the editors, Dr. Bryce, to be put on board a ship bound for England and deported. In fact, there is no denying that he was arbitrary in all his notions, a genuine despot at heart, although a kindly and considerate one, and eminently endowed with that essential quality of greatness—the readiness to adopt extraordinary measures for extreme occasions and to assume their full responsibility. If we apply to him the well-known line—

"Bear like the Turk no *brother* near the throne,"

it is not in the sense of imputing to him envy, jealousy, or littleness of any kind; for he had none, barring a spice of personal vanity, but simply as implying that he was self-reliant, and that it was not in his nature to require or endure leading-strings.

For more than a year after the taking of Seringapatam his brother Arthur remained in Mysore charged with the local administration, and subsequently, till the breaking out of the Mahratta war, was employed in a succession of arduous duties, commonly at a distance from the seat of govern-

ment. After he had been at the pains of organising an expedition to Batavia, the command was claimed for General Baird, and reluctantly transferred to him as the senior officer by the Governor-General. This affair created a coolness between the brothers which lasted several months. But assuming constant communication between them and, in entire ignorance of its purport, judging only from what is known of their characters, we should say that all the most daring of Lord Wellesley's enterprises, all the far-reaching projects of that vaulting ambition which did *not* overreach itself,—conceived and undertaken without instructions from home and against protests on the spot,—were entirely out of keeping with the well-known caution and circumspection of the great captain. Political genius, like poetical and indeed all other genius, partakes largely of the imaginative faculty, if it be not of imagination all compact. The Duke had little or none of it. His distinctive qualities were stern sense of duty, decision, and good sense; and we should as soon believe that he wrote his brother's Latin verses, as that he suggested or originated his policy. Indeed, the germs of that policy may be traced in the despatch already mentioned from the Cape. Yet the Duke is described by Dr. Gleig as the guiding spirit of the Government from the commencement of the Mahratta War to its close:

"Throughout the autumn and winter of 1802, General Wellesley's attention was constantly fixed on the Mahrattas and their doings. *So, indeed, was that of Lord Mornington,* for Holkar and Scindiah were evidently aspiring each to take the lead of the other, and afterwards consolidate in his own person a strong empire. . . .

While thus guarding against danger on one side of India, General Wellesley was not regardless of what might befall

in another. His, indeed, was a plan of campaign which embraced the whole field over which war might be expected to flow. He sent General Lake with 14,000 men from Bengal towards Delhi, while he himself with 23,000 provided for the safety of the Deccan. . . .

The loss of this battle (of Argaum) with the surrender of Gawilghur, put an end to the Mahratta war in Central India. Scindiah and Ragogee Bunsla felt that further resistance would be useless, and, after a good deal of chicane and equivocation, they threw themselves on the mercy of the conqueror. . . .

This treaty of peace, as well as the conduct of the war, was altogether the work of General Wellesley. He had arranged the entire plan of operations before they began, and received plenary power from Lord Mornington to act in every emergency as his own judgment might suggest. In after years he used often, when one or two confidential friends got about him, to speak in glowing terms of the generous confidence with which his brother treated him."

The obvious inference is that these statements rest upon the oral authority of the Duke. Yet it can be made clear from facts and dates that he, who valued his brother's reputation as his own and felt that they had enough for both, could have made no statement of the sort; and that, when he spoke of the plenary power which he received, he alluded merely to the plenary power given him in common with the other commanders within their respective spheres of action. The question was raised in the House of Commons, whether the Governor-General was legally competent to delegate the treaty-making power to his brother and General Lake. The cases were identical; and the same power was vested in General Stuart contingently on his assuming a similar command. The justification was the distance from the seat of government and from each other (varying from 800 to 1000 miles) at which they were to act. In

point of fact, the Mahratta war comprehended four concurrent campaigns. One of these, the principal, was under the personal conduct of General Lake, who, at the time when he is represented as sent towards Delhi by General Wellesley, was Commander-in-Chief for the first Presidency, General Wellesley being a Major-General under Lieutenant-General Stuart and stationed in command of the auxiliary forces in the Mysore.

The broad grounds of this much-contested policy may be briefly stated. Our justification for holding British India is that we have introduced a higher civilisation, superseded bad systems of government by a better, and are in a fair way to carry out the principle of promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number. This, although it may turn out the result, was certainly not the motive of those who founded the empire. They started as commercial adventurers, and were led on from conquest to conquest by the necessity—real or supposed—of securing what they had already got. With all due deference to Mr. Mill, who disputes this necessity at every step, it was tolerably clear when Lord Wellesley appeared on the scene, still clearer after the fall of Tippoo, that things could not continue as they were. The native princes who retained their independence were as little disposed as ever to be improved off their thrones for the alleged benefit of humanity in general or of their subjects in particular; and they had become fully alive to the tactics by which the English settlers had contrived to annex province after province, making each fresh encroachment a stepping-stone to the next. These princes, the majority being usurpers, were constantly at feud and in want of military aid. This

was supplied by the Company on condition that they should assign a portion of territory to secure the payment of the troops, and accept a resident with powers which, judiciously employed, commonly ended by reducing the prince to the condition of a puppet. This system Lord Wellesley now proposed to apply to the Mahratta chiefs, the only remaining antagonists to British supremacy in Central India; and turning historian for the nonce, he has left, marked by his peculiar style, a detailed account of the military operations of the war, as well as a lucid exposition of his policy.[1]

He finds it convenient to assume, at starting, that the supreme executive authority of the Mahratta Empire was still constitutionally vested in the Peishwar; and one of his first steps was to make a treaty offensive and defensive with this potentate, who cautiously held aloof till he had been driven from his capital and reduced to the last extremities. When he signed the Treaty of Bassein, December 31st, 1802, he was no longer useful as an ally, and the binding force of his authority was about upon a par with that of the Affghan prince who signed the Treaty of Gandamuck. The real power of the Mahratta Empire had passed into the hands of the Rajah of Berar, of a usurper named Scindiah, and of a soldier of fortune named Holkar, each at the head of a numerous army, and all three ready at any moment to sink their differences and combine against a common foe. The most formidable was Scindiah, who, besides the army under his own immediate command, had near Delhi another called the Imperial Army, under a Frenchman named Perron,

[1] "Notes relative to the late Transactions in the Mahratta Empire. Fort William; 15th December 1803. Illustrated with five military plans." London: 1804. Quarto and octavo.

prepared to co-operate with the Sovereign of Cabul, who threatened an invasion from the north.

"This French State," as Lord Wellesley terms the country under Perron, "actually held possession of the person and nominal authority of the Moghul, maintained the most efficient army of regular infantry and the most powerful artillery then existing in India (with the exception of his Majesty's and the Company's troops), and exercised a considerable influence over the neighbouring states, from the banks of the Indus to the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges. ..

When the rupture became imminent, Lord Clive, the Governor of Madras, acting under orders from the Governor-General, instructed Lieutenant-General Stuart to adopt the necessary measures for the march of the British troops into the Mahratta territories, leaving it to his judgment to determine the amount of the force to be detached for that purpose from the main Madras army under his command. In conformity to these instructions, the General directed a detachment to be formed under the command of Major-General Wellesley, who had been especially named by Lord Clive as the officer best qualified for a service requiring political experience as well as military skill. The detachment amounted altogether to about 12,000 men, including one regiment of European cavalry and two regiments of European infantry. General Wellesley commenced his march on the 9th of March, 1803, and, after saving the Peishwah's capital from destruction by a dashing movement and taking a strong fort by escalade, he arrived on the 23rd of September at Nardnair, where he received intelligence that the combined armies of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar were encamped at about six miles' distance from the ground on which he had intended to encamp.

Before coming to the ensuing action, it may be as well to fix the precise place which General Wellesley filled in the whole plan of operations.

"The arrangements adopted by the Governor-General during this arduous crisis of affairs were directed to provide for a general combined attack, to be made, nearly at the same time, on the united army of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar under their personal command in the Dekan, and on all their most vulnerable and valuable possessions in every quarter of India. The plan of operations comprehended a tract of country extending from Delhi and the Presidencies of Fort William, Fort St. George, and Bombay, to Poonah, Hyderabad, Guzerat, and Orissa, and embraced together with the security and defence of the British dominions, the important objects of defeating the confederate chieftains in the field; of establishing our allies, their highnesses the Peishwar and the Nizam in their respective legitimate governments; of securing the legitimate succession to the government of the Dekan; of delivering the unfortunate and aged emperor Shah Allum, and the royal house of Timur, from misery, degradation, and bondage; and of extirpating the last remnant of French influence in India, by rescuing his Imperial Majesty the Moghul from the hands of a desperate band of French adventurers; and by destroying the powerful artillery and military resources of Monsieur Perron, and of the French State founded upon the ruins of the authority of the Moghul, and under the auspices of Scindiah, on the north-west frontier of Hindostan." (*Notes.*)

Amongst the operations simultaneously carried on were those under General Wellesley: those directed against Scindiah's ports in Guzerat: the expedition against Cuttack under Colonel Harcourt; and the campaign in the north under the personal direction of General Lake, having for its immediate object the destruction of the French power under Perron, and the rescue of the Great Moghul. The first important blow was struck by General Lake. On the mere advance of the

British, Perron lost courage, and notified his formal retirement from the service of Scindiah. His successor, a Frenchman named Borquien, after crossing the Jumna for the avowed purpose of encountering the English, took up a strong position with his troops near Delhi. Lake lured them from it by feigning a retreat, and then charged with such impetuosity that they gave way and fled in every direction. They were computed at 13,000 infantry and 6000 cavalry; the British force at 4500 in all, including the 76th Foot and the 27th Dragoons. The victory was won by the 76th led by Lake in person. Directly after the action the Great Moghul sent to express his anxious desire to place his person and authority under the protection of the British. A day was appointed for the conquering general to pay his respects.

"The crowd in the city was extraordinary, and it was with some difficulty that the cavalcade could make its way to the palace. The courts of the palace were full of people, anxious to witness the deliverance of their Sovereign from a state of degradation and bondage. At length the Commander-in-Chief was ushered into the royal presence, and found the unfortunate and venerable Emperor, oppressed by the accumulated calamities of old age, degraded authority, extreme poverty, and loss of sight, seated under a small tattered canopy, the remnant of his royal state, with every external appearance of the misery of his condition. . . ."

The misery of his condition had neither diminished his own conscious dignity nor the veneration he inspired, and stress is laid upon the fact that "no other power can now avail itself of the weight and influence which the Emperor's name must ever possess amongst the Mussulman inhabitants of Hindostan." After the siege and

capture of Agra, General Lake marched in pursuit of the remainder of Perron's forces, a large part of which had not been engaged at Delhi. He came up with them (November 1st) at the village of Laswaree, 15,000 strong, with seventy-two guns. These were served so well that it was found necessary to withdraw the British cavalry, with which the general had commenced the action without waiting for the infantry; and when he renewed the attack with the infantry, the heavy cannonade with grape and cannister is described as "sufficient alone to prevent a regular advance." The regiments charged as they came up, and the battle, like the preceding one at Delhi, was decided by a rush of the 76th, gallantly seconded by the Dragoons. This is expressly stated in the "Notes," and somewhat qualifies the eulogy lavished on "the admirable skill, judgment, heroic valour, and activity" of the Commander-in-Chief, who showed no skill or judgment at all. The directing mind was wanting throughout; and his troops suffered accordingly.

We return to General Wellesley, whom we left confronted by the combined armies of Scindiah and Berar, which (Sept. 23) he resolved to attack at once without waiting for Colonel Stevenson, who was expected with a co-operating force on the 24th. The ensuing battle—the celebrated Battle of Assye—was fought by about 4500 British troops, including 1300 European infantry and artillery, against a force consisting of 10,500 infantry commanded by European officers, a well-equipped train of artillery exceeding a hundred guns, and between 30,000 and 40,000 irregular horse. This is the official account. Dr. Gleig says: "About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th, General Wellesley found himself suddenly in the presence

of 50,000 men, secured on both sides by villages and rivers, and covered along their whole front by 128 pieces of cannon. His own corps consisted of something less than 8000, of which 1500 only were Europeans: and seventeen guns, drawn by animals worn out with hard work, made up the whole of his train."

Nothing is more remarkable in our Indian wars than our invariable inferiority in the arm in which we might have been expected to be superior. "Several officers in General Wellesley's army who have served during the late campaigns on the Continent of Europe, have declared that it is no disparagement to the French artillery to say, that cannon were never better served than by the enemy at Assye on the 23rd of September." The 74th Regiment was well-nigh decimated by their fire; and it was again, as at Delhi and Laswaree, by coming at once to close quarters that the British won the day. The Duke's account to Dr. Gleig was that his first line, which had been directed to keep clear of Assye, swayed to the right and became exposed to a heavy fire! "This obliged me to bring the second line sooner into action than I intended, and to employ the cavalry —the 19th Dragoons—early in the day, in order to save the 74th from being cut to pieces. But whatever mistakes my officers committed, they more than made up for by their bravery. I lost an enormous number of men: 170 officers were killed and wounded, and upwards of 2000 non-commissioned officers and privates; but we carried all before us."

The Duke, according to his biographer, used to say of this battle that it was the hardest-fought affair that ever took place in India. The subsequent battle of Argaum was one of the easiest,

as the enemy retired in disorder before the British advance, abandoning their cannon and ammunition. "The loss of this battle," says Dr. Gleig (in a passage already quoted), "with the surrender of Gawilgur, put an end to the Mahratta war in Central India." Lord Wellesley speaks in similar terms of the battle of Laswaree: "This splendid victory completes the subversion of Scindiah's hostile power and formidable resources in Hindostan, and of the French force which constituted the main strength of his army in that quarter." In his exulting summary of events, however, he justly declares that, "in the course of an extensive and complicated system of military operations, the glorious success of the British arms has been uniform in every part of India." He draws no invidious distinctions, and alludes in the same glowing terms to Delhi, Assye, and Laswaree.

The general pacification was delayed longer than he anticipated; but the power of the Mahratta chiefs was effectually broken; and in November, 1804, Mackintosh, no ardent admirer of Lord Wellesley, whose policy he calls dashing and showy, writes from Bombay: "The Mahratta war, undertaken upon grounds of very doubtful policy, has ended in establishing the direct authority, or the uncontrollable influence of England, from Lahore to Cape Comorin. Your map will help your memory to form some idea of the immensity of this empire."

One of the measures by which Lord Wellesley should be most honourably remembered in India was the foundation of a college at Port William, for the training of young men sent out as writers. It was his pet project, and the objections of the Directors on economical grounds were met by indignation and contempt, to which he gave free vent

in his letters and despatches. He had other grounds of annoyance in the same quarter; naturally enough, for the Directors were trembling for their dividends, whilst he was forming schemes of aggrandisement and neglecting economy for dominion or for fame. They complained with reason that, if he was adding to their revenue, he was proportionately adding to their expenses and liabilities. On the first news of the rupture with the Mahrattas, Indian Stock had fallen from 215 to 160.

The treaty with Scindiah (December 1803) had hardly been signed, when despatches arrived from England prohibiting the war or intervention other than inevitable in Mahratta affairs; and in a despatch dated March 4, 1804, Lord Castlereagh read the Governor-General a long lecture on the imprudence of provoking fresh hostilities with a view to more extended dominion. Luckily or unluckily, both prohibition and lecture came too late. As if in anticipation and reply, he had written (March 1, 1804) to Lord Castlereagh thanking him for his counsels and support, but declaring it "unnecessary to repeat his utter contempt for any opinions which might be entertained by individual proprietors or by the Court of Directors, as he expected every practicable degree of injustice and baseness from that faction." In a later despatch (June 19, 1804), he says that the one thing for which he longed, and for which he should be deeply grateful, would be a full disclosure to Parliament of every act of his administration, and of every proceeding of the Directors, since he had the misfortune to be subjected to the ignominious tyranny of Leadenhall Street:

"He hoped to relinquish the service of his honourable employers in January or February 1805; but as no symptoms of tardy remorse displayed by the Honourable

Court in consequence of his recent success in India would vary his estimation of the faith and honour of his very worthy and approved good masters, or protract his continuance in India for one hour beyond the limits prescribed by the public interests, so no additional outrage, injury, or insult which could issue from the most loathsome den of the India House would accelerate his departure while the public safety should appear to require his aid in that arduous station."

The news of his recent success, as he modestly calls his series of triumphs, called forth tributes which could not fail to be highly flattering to his pride, although qualified in a manner to betray no symptoms of remorse. In moving the thanks of the House of Commons, Lord Castlereagh disclaimed any wish to commit the House to a premature approval of the policy of the Mahratta war—"but of its splendid success they must all be proud." The Court of Proprietors, still more pointedly reserving the question of the policy, voted:

"That taking into consideration the despatches relative to the late brilliant successes in the war with the Mahratta chiefs, their thanks be given to Marquess Wellesley for the zeal, vigour, activity, and ability displayed in preparing the armies of the several Presidencies to take the field, to which might be attributed, in a great measure, the rapid and brilliant successes which had crowned the British arms in the East Indies."

The eulogy was poisoned by the reservation. He refused to publish the votes of thanks to himself on the ground that "the determination expressed to withhold all judgment upon the original justice, necessity, and policy of the war, could not have been published in India by a formal act of the Government without conveying a universal impression of doubt and ambiguity

respecting the stability of every arrangement connected with the progress and success of our arms."

This boasted success, although brilliant, was incomplete. Holkar, who had taken no part in the war, was at the head of a numerous army, and when summoned by General Lake to withdraw from the menacing position he occupied, and refrain from exacting tribute from our allies, he made answer by a series of counterclaims and a threat:

"Countries of many hundred coss shall be overrun and plundered. Lord Lake shall not have leisure to breathe for a moment; and calamities will fall on lacs of human beings, in continual war, by the attacks of my army, which overwhelms like the waves of the sea."

The campaign against him was indecisive, and was attended by reverses of which the most was made by the peace party. Colonel Monson, left with a division to watch Holkar, after a simulated retreat, was surprised, and narrowly escaped with the loss of guns and baggage. The Rajah of Bhurtpoore declared against the Company, and Scindiah, complaining of ill-faith, was preparing for a renewal of hostilities if his demands were refused. The treasury was empty, and renewed expenditure for objects supposed to be already attained by great sacrifices would be the signal for fresh censure or detraction. The embarrassments of the Governor-General were hourly becoming more and more complicated, when they were suddenly, if not quite unexpectedly, terminated in a way, that could hardly have been agreeable, although it brought temporary relief. In May 1805 the Governor-General, hearing that Mr. Tucker had received letters from England, sent for him, and inquired if they contained any news of importance. "The appointment of Lord Corn-

wallis," was the reply. Lord Cornwallis was appointed for the express purpose of reversing so much of Lord Wellesley's policy as could be reversed with any semblance of prudence or expediency, and he hastened to carry out his instructions in the spirit which dictated them.

In a despatch to the Secret Committee two days after his arrival, August 1, 1805, he writes to say that he is starting for the upper provinces to terminate by negotiation a contest from which no solid benefit could be expected. In his eagerness to avoid the alleged errors of his predecessor, he hurried to the opposite extreme, and gave up almost every point in dispute between the Company and the recalcitrant chiefs. A single instance may suffice. Scindiah had insultingly refused to permit the departure of the British Resident from his court, and Lord Cornwallis, apparently unconscious that British honour was at stake, coolly writes to General (now Lord) Lake, "as a mere point of honour, he is disposed to compromise, or even to abandon, the demand for the release of the British Resident if it should ultimately prove to be the only obstacle to a satisfactory adjustment."

Surely the release of the Resident, with an ample apology for the detention, should have been the indispensable preliminary, the *sine quâ non* of an adjustment. The time for moderate measures had gone by: the English in India had advanced too far on the road to empire to recede: and Lord Cornwallis's policy of concession and conciliation was an anachronism at best. It was followed by a strong and durable reaction, but it was mortifying to Lord Wellesley at the time, and supplied an additional weapon for assailing him on his return.

He had ample time on the homeward voyage for both retrospection and anticipation, for a re-

view of his claims and prospects, for a forecast of the future as well as a calm estimate of the past. What would they say in England? Would the public ratify the verdict of the Company? Would his services be duly recognised by the King and the Minister? There were indications which might well warrant him in giving way to an occasional feeling of despondency. He had declared war to the knife against his employers, and an untoward accident had made known to them the language of contempt in which he was wont to speak of both directors and proprietors. Nor could it have escaped him that the tone of his official friends in their private correspondence was that of men who were driven to the language of palliation and apology. We are reminded of Rogers's reply to the lady who complained of his taking part against her: "Lady Davy, I pass my life in defending you."

We find him thanking Lord Castlereagh for softening down a meditated despatch from the India House which would probably have been followed by an instant resignation, and in Lord Grenville's intercepted letter,[1] referring to the debates on the Mahratta war, occurs this suggestive sentence: "I have not done more for you than you would have done for me on a like occasion; and if the intrigue planned against you is totally without effect, and your measures have been approved before they were arraigned, I cannot flatter myself with having contributed to this result by my efforts; but you may, in my opinion, consider the affair as terminated." Consider the affair terminated!—The affair which he regarded

[1] It was intercepted by a French man-of-war, along with a private letter of Lord Wellesley's acrimoniously reflecting on the Company. The whole of the intercepted correspondence was published in the French newspapers.

as the masterpiece of his statesmanship, the glory of his administration, the copestone of his fame.

With his peculiar tastes and temperament he was also destined to encounter discomfort and mortification from the change of position and habits. Any viceroy, accustomed to oriental pomp and servility for seven years, might be pardoned for a temporary feeling near akin to that of Gulliver on his first return from Lilliput, when he warned people to get out of his way for fear he should walk over them, or that of a Lord Mayor when he resigns the ensigns of his dignity. But Lord Wellesley was more than ordinarily fond of pomp, luxury, and magnificence. He clung to the trappings as well as to the reality of power. He had set on foot a body-guard to be constantly attendant on his person, and when he went to Madras to direct the war against Tippoo, he was with difficulty prevented from sending for it from Calcutta. He caused a Government House to be constructed on a scale and at a cost which, we are not surprised to hear, drew from the directors and proprietors a growl deepening into a groan. Lord Valentia, for whom he sent the State barge built expressly for his use on the Hooghly, says (in his "Travels"):

"It reminded me of a fairy tale. It was very long in proportion to its width, richly ornamented with green and gold; its head a spread-eagle gilt; its stern a tiger's head and body; the centre would contain twenty people, and was covered with an awning and side curtains; forward were seated twenty natives dressed in scarlet habits, with rose-coloured turbans, who pulled away most energetically and speedily gained the landing-place. His Excellency much amused me by the account he gave of the manner in which my arrival was announced to him by the messenger whom he placed purposely on the road. 'Lord Sahib ka bhánja, Company ka nawasa teshrif laia;' literally translated, 'the Lord's sister's son and the grandson of Mrs. Company is

arrived.' These titles originated from a belief of the natives, that the India Company was an old woman, and that the Governors-General were her children."

The Company was always a myth or mystery to the crowd. At shows of wild beasts within living memory, the royal hunting tiger of Bengal used to be introduced with, "Tippoo Saib kept twenty-four of these here hanimals to hunt the Honourable East India Company."

Mr. Torrens says that one of Lord Wellesley's morbid apprehensions was that relatives and friends would think he was much changed by his residence in a tropical climate. This is a common weakness. Few of us like to be told that we are changed. Lord Byron mentions as a specimen of Lady Holland's proneness to say ill-natured things, that she told him he was growing fat. Lord Wellesley was perhaps finically attentive to personal appearance and, judged merely by thews and inches, he was what is commonly called a little man. And so, we learn from Clarendon, were most of the great men who figure in his History. So were Thiers, Guizot, Curran, the late Earl Russell, and Warren Hastings, of whose appearance at his trial, Lord Macaulay, after describing him as "small and emaciated," says: "He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man." This is equally true of Lord Wellesley. He had the look of inborn nobility. His head and features were eminently intellectual as well as handsome; and he would have been singled out as the most distinguished person in almost any assembly in which he might appear. Mr. Torrens, who is eternally harping on his size and his attention to dress, would fain convey the impression that he was a manikin eaten up with vanity.

Lord Grenville's advice in the intercepted letter

was "not to engage for anything until he returned; but to retain the liberty of acting according to such motives as he should judge proper to direct his conduct on the spot." The state of things that met him on his reaching London was far from encouraging. Pitt, who received him with affectionate cordiality, died within a few days of their meeting; so there was an end at once to all hope of assistance or support in that quarter. The ex-Governor-General had been too long estranged from English politics to be deemed an indispensable element or take at once a leading part in the combinations that ensued. Lord Brougham, indeed, states as hardly admitting of a doubt that "the party of Mr. Pitt would gladly have rallied under Lord Wellesley had there been among them a leader ready for the House of Commons. But to place Lord Castlereagh or Mr. Canning in the command of their forces against the combined power of Mr. Fox and Messrs. Grey, Sheridan and Windham, would have been courting signal defeat." Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, who acted together till their memorable quarrel, need not have shrunk from an encounter with the opposition orators, but there is not a shadow of proof nor a sign that Lord Wellesley was regarded as a possible premier at this time: and we find him writing to Wilberforce, January 15, 1806: "I know nothing of public arrangements, and all the reports in the newspapers respecting myself are utterly groundless."

Moreover, there was a grave obstacle to Lord Wellesley's candidature for high office so soon after his return. In the preceding session of Parliament, a man named Paull, a commercial adventurer (once a linendraper) from India, who had purchased a seat, moved for papers with the

avowed object of founding a charge of oppression, corruption, and arbitrary proceedings against the ex-Governor-General, with special reference to his harsh and unjust treatment of the Nabob of Oude. This accuser was at first regarded as a mere caricaturist of Burke, and no serious notice was taken of him, until it served the purpose of the least scrupulous or most violent members of the Opposition to take him up. Sir Francis Burdett introduced him to Horne Tooke, who made him free of his Sunday dinners at Putney; Cobbett warmly backed him in the "Register;" and if his own story was not altogether false, he was received at Carlton House, after his first motion for papers, with these amongst other expressions of satisfaction by the Prince: "You have opened a battery against the Marquis; his conduct in Oude has been truly shocking. I have had much conversation with my young friend Treves on the subject, who gave me the poor Nawab's picture. I trust the battery will not be silenced next session, as some Indian batteries have been."

Lord Wellesley's friends made light of the affair in their correspondence, but the impending renewal of the charge left them no alternative but to speak out. "Wellesley Pole and Lord Temple undertook the painful task of making him understand that, instead of being saluted as a conqueror, it was seriously proposed that he should be tried as a culprit." Instead of meeting the charge as it deserved to be met, with an indignant denial, and challenging inquiry from his place as a peer, he flew into a passion and vowed that he would take no part in public business till the cloud that hung over his reputation had been completely dissipated; and he began by refusing to take his seat in the House of Lords. This was a fatal error, as it

admitted and created a temporary disqualification, which was exactly what his ill-wishers wanted and all probably that they hoped to establish. His position now was analagous to that of Hastings, whose prospects of public employment and accumulating honours were suddenly overclouded by Pitt's support of the Benares charge; a support which (Macaulay suggests) can be accounted for on no more plausible hypothesis than jealousy. Hastings was personally a favourite of the King. He was the idol of the East India Company and its servants. If he were absolved by the Commons, seated among the Lords, admitted to the Board of Control, was it not possible that he might become a formidable rival in the Cabinet? If he were impeached all danger was at an end. The proceeding, however it might terminate, would probably last some years. In the meantime the accused would lie under a ban and could scarcely venture even to pay his duty at Court. "Such were the motives attributed by a great part of the public to the young minister whose ruling passion was generally believed to be avarice of power."

There is no culpable lack of charity in attributing similar motives to the ministers, *ex* and actual, young and old, who were emulously contending for place directly after Pitt's death. It was a point gained with all of them if they could exclude so formidable a competitor as Lord Wellesley, and the line taken by his friends was wanting in both spirit and generosity. It was apologetic and extenuating, instead of haughty and defying as it should have been. According to Sir George Lewis, "Lord Grenville stipulated with Mr. Fox that the accusation of Lord Wellesley should not be made a Cabinet measure,

and that no person should be appointed President of the Board of Control who should promote it in his own official capacity. Mr. Fox assented to these terms, but reserved the power of supporting the accusation if it were brought forward by a private member."[1] It was brought forward repeatedly, and received a good deal of irregular support from members of the Whig Opposition without making way. The more it was examined, the clearer was it seen that Lord Wellesley had been uniformly actuated by broad, high-minded, comprehensive views: that his policy was imperial in the true sense of the word; and that he had never, like Hastings, been guilty of unjustifiable acts, such as the subjection of the Rohillas or the maltreatment of Cheyte Sing, to swell the coffers of the Company. Their hostility consequently did him more good than harm with the public. Paull gradually dropped from discredit to insignificance; and in April, 1808, he committed suicide.[2] His soiled and tattered mantle finally devolved upon Sir Thomas Turton, who, in the following June, moved a vote of censure, which was converted into an approval by a majority of 98 to 19. This terminated the proceedings, but people had ceased to attach the slightest weight to the threatened impeachment long before it was formally withdrawn, and Lord Wellesley had taken the oaths and his seat in the Lords on the last day of 1806.

Lord Brougham says that "his extreme sense of propriety hindered him, while the impeachment was pending, from taking the Government on Mr.

[1] "Essays on the Administration of Great Britain from 1783 to 1830." Edited by Sir Edmund Head. Page 289.

[2] On hearing of his death, Lord Wellesley remarked: "I thought he would have perished by a less ignominious hand" (the hangman's).

Fox's death, when he might, as soon as the Whigs resigned, have succeeded as Prime Minister." It nowhere appears that the Premiership was then within his reach, but there is no doubt that he might have had a high place in the Portland Administration, in which his brothers held office. On the 24th of March, 1807, Lord Malmesbury writes in his Diary that he (Lord Wellesley) was wavering all day, and at last made up his mind to decline. Sir George Lewis says that "he hesitated for a time and then declined, but, notwithstanding his obligations to Lord Grenville, he declared himself a supporter of the new Ministry, and received the Garter as the price and pledge of his adhesion."

He addressed the House of Lords, for the first time after his return, at the opening of the Session of 1808 in defence of the expedition to Copenhagen, which he justified on the familiar ground that the Danish fleet would or might have been seized by Napoleon and employed against England. His brother Arthur commanded a division of the land forces employed; but we suspect that the high-handed character of the proceeding—a flagrant violation of international law—had a peculiar attraction for the orator, when he expatiated in the loftiest language on the patriotic duty of subjecting all ordinary rules of right and justice to expediency.

It may be collected from the published diaries and correspondence of the period that, subsequently to the delivery of this speech, his claims to office were frequent subjects of discussion. Canning is reported to have declared, in conversation with the Speaker, that Wellesley would be a good colleague but not as Premier; and to have told his noble friend, with an affectation of frankness: "I must

tell you frankly that I have serious objections, Lord Wellesley, to your being Premier; because with your reputation, talent, and activity of mind, you would reduce all the rest of us to mere cyphers."

One of the complaints against his Indian administration was that he had treated his Council with systematic neglect, and his grand manner was far from recommending him to the King, who, hearing of his domineering ways, had prophesied prior to his arrival that "his head would be turned, and there would be no bearing him." At length the happy thought presented itself that he would make a capital Ambassador to Spain, a country which delights in dignity; and that the co-operation of the two brothers, the statesman and the warrior, might produce in Europe the same auspicious results of which it had been fruitful in Hindostan. The appointment of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the chief command in the Peninsula was announced on the 1st of April, 1809, and in the "Gazette" of the 30th it was formally notified that Lord Wellesley had been appointed Ambassador to his Catholic Majesty Ferdinand VII., with directions to reside at the seat of the Supreme Junta in Spain.

On hearing that the bulk of the forces that had been collected were intended for Walcheren, and that only a small army was to be sent under his brother to Spain, Lord Wellesley threw up his embassy, and was with difficulty persuaded to resume it. His departure was delayed by illness and other causes, and he did not arrive at Cadiz till the 31st of July, four days after the battle of Talavera. A French flag was thrown before him as he landed by some Spanish imitator of Sir Walter Raleigh, and his treading on it was made a topic of strong censure in the leading Whig organ, although one does

not see well how he could have done otherwise without checking the anti-Napoleonic enthusiasm he came to sustain. Mr. Torrens adds that before quitting his cabin he took his accustomed care to be befittingly arrayed:

"When all particulars were adjusted to his conception of the character he was to sustain, as the incarnation of imperial power appearing as a deliverer of an enthralled people, he asked how his staff were dressed, and on being told that both civilians and sailors wore cocked hats with white feathers, he declared that his distinctive plumage must be green, and beneath a waving profusion of that benignant hue the countenance of the Marquess shone forth on Spain."

If he had been landing in Ireland there might have been some sense and meaning in the adoption of green, which must have puzzled the Spaniards. The story sounds apocryphal, and so does a comic incident of his reception by the Junta at Seville, which has been rescued from oblivion by Mr. Torrens. The representative or (as the biographer terms him) "illuminated copy" of Britannia, had arrived in his carriage at the entrance of the Town Hall, and was preparing to descend with befitting dignity: his foot was on the step, when the Maid of Saragossa, a strapping heroine in national costume, who had been waiting her opportunity, rushed forward with a cry, caught him up in her arms, and carrying him with as much ease as the Brobdignag nurse carried Gulliver, deposited him with a hearty kiss at the foot of the grand staircase. Mr. Ticknor says that, in 1818, when he saw this heroine at a court festival, she was dressed as a captain of dragoons and with "a character as impudent as her uniform implied." Byron describes her at the Siege "as exceedingly pretty, and in a soft feminine style of beauty."

Referring to the correspondence between the brothers during Lord Wellesley's embassy, Mr. Wilberforce observed to a friend: "I suppose you have never seen them: but when the Duke of Wellington commanded in Spain, and his brother the Marquis Wellesley was sent to conduct the negotiations, the papers containing the despatches of the two brothers were printed by Parliament, and I remember thinking that I had never seen anything at all equal to them in talent." They place in the strongest light the difficulties with which the Ambassador and the commander had to contend, owing in a great measure to the incapacity and negligence of the Spanish authorities, civil and military. The Spanish troops were ill-disciplined, badly organised, and badly commanded. Operations undertaken in reliance on them were pretty sure to end in disaster. The promised supplies to the British army so utterly failed, that our troops were frequently in want of the simplest necessaries. "Both hosts (says Dr. Gleig) slept that night (the night before the battle of Talavera) upon their arms. The French, well supplied, eat and drank before they lay down; the Spaniards likewise fared well; the English were starving. Throughout the two previous days no rations had been issued to them, except a handful of flour per man, so grossly forgetful of the engagements under which they had come were their Spanish allies."

The strongest remonstrances having failed to produce the desired effect, the English commander plainly stated that he had no alternative but to leave the country or see his army perish by inanition before his eyes; and, falling back on Portugal, he eventually took up his position behind the famous lines of Torres Vedras. A retreat following so close on a victory was a tempting subject for

satire. The "Moniteur" asked why, when Sir Arthur Wellesley was created Viscount Wellington of Talavera, Lord Chatham was not made Duke of Walcheren. The recall of the army was loudly demanded both in Parliament and by the press, and without timely and energetic support at home, the new Viscount would not have been allowed time to develop the strategy which so signally succeeded in the end. Fortunately and unexpectedly, a ministerial crisis placed his brother in a position to give him that support. The quarrel between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning originated in Mr. Canning's proposal to substitute Lord Wellesley for Lord Castlereagh as War Minister. The quarrel broke up the Cabinet; and in the following Ministry Lord Wellesley became Foreign Secretary.

"By his accession," observed the "Times," "the keystone of the arch is supplied, which the current of public opinion, however violent or adverse its direction, can, it is supposed, neither injure nor undermine." The current of opinion was running strongly against a continuance of the Peninsular War, and there are few finer things in history than the fortitude and moral courage of Lord Wellington in holding his ground so firmly and so long in the midst of accumulating difficulties, against every description of remonstrance and reproach. The Spaniards complained loudly of being deserted, the Portuguese of having the war, with its sacrifices and privations, brought home to their doors: our troops were regarded and treated more as intruders or invaders than allies. The tone of public opinion in England may be collected from the Petition of the Common Council of London, setting forth that after "a useless display of British valour, and a frightful

carnage, that army, like the preceding one, was compelled to seek its safety in a precipitate flight, before an enemy whom we were told had been conquered—abandoning many thousands of our wounded countrymen into the hands of the French."

The language of the Opposition leaders in Parliament was equally acrimonious, and it seems clear that, without the presence of Lord Wellesley in the Cabinet, the Ministry would have yielded to the popular clamour and left the Peninsula to its fate. As it was, a despatch from Lord Liverpool, then Secretary for the Colonies (which included War) contains the ominous words: "the re-embarkation of the army will probaby begin about September;" and the recall was only delayed by the warning voice of Lord Wellington, who told them that if Napoleon was relieved from the pressure of military operations in the Peninsula, they must prepare to encounter an invading army on their shores. He always maintained that the emancipation of Europe from military despotism depended upon the maintenance of the struggle in which he was personally engaged; and we have now ample evidence that he was right. Lord Wellesley held the same views. In January, 1810, he warmly vindicated the conduct of the campaign, and on the 10th of June he spoke thus:

"With the fate of Spain, the fate of England is now inseparably blended. Should we not therefore stand by her to the last? For my part, my Lords, as an adviser to the Crown, I shall not cease to recommend to my Sovereign to continue to assist Spain to the latest moment of her existence. It should not dishearten us that Spain appears to be in the very crisis of her fate; we should, on the contrary, extend a more anxious care over her at a moment so critical. For in nations, and above all in Spain, how

often have the apparent symptoms of dissolution been the presages of new life, and of renovated vigour? Therefore I would cling to Spain in her last struggle; therefore I would watch her last agonies, I would wash and heal her wounds, I would receive her parting breath, I would catch and cherish the last vital spark of her expiring patriotism. Nor let this be deemed a mere office of pious charity, nor an exaggerated representation of my feelings, nor an overcharged picture of the circumstances that call them forth. In the cause of Spain, the cause of honour and of interest is equally involved and inseparably allied; it is a cause in favour of which the finest feelings of the heart unite with the soundest dictates of the understanding."

It was not till after Massena's disastrous retreat, that public opinion came round to the point at which it has ever since settled, touching both the conception and the conduct of the war. So soon as the reaction commenced, the twin stars of the Wellesleys shone with renewed lustre; and in Spain, as in India, the fame of the younger amply rewarded the elder for opportune and generous support.

A recurrence of the King's malady led to the introduction of a new Regency Bill, which was read for the first time in the Lords on the 17th of December, 1810. All the Prince's friends, including his royal brothers, were strongly opposed to the restrictions. The Cabinet were, or wished to be thought, unanimous in insisting on them; and it was arranged that Lord Liverpool should open their case, and that the reply in chief should be left to Lord Wellesley. He was understood to have made ample preparations; and a crowded House waited impatiently for the anticipated treat of a fine oratorical display; but hour after hour passed away without his attempting to take part in the debate; and, to the confusion of his colleagues, the most telling attacks were finally left

unanswered except by a dull technical argument from the Chancellor. One of the audience notes in his "Journal" that he "never saw a set of men look so crestfallen and beaten to the ground." Canning, whose fortunes were embarked in the same boat, could not restrain his vexation, and exclaimed: "You entered the House the most expected man in England: you leave it self-undone." These are the words placed in Canning's mouth, and they doubtless express his feeling of disappointment, although not with his usual felicity of phrase. The failure was attributed by many to a disinclination to take part against Carlton House, where socially and personally Lord Wellesley was in much request. "To those," remarks a well-informed correspondent of the Marquis of Buckingham, "who were most interested about him, it was a species of *défaillance* more alarming than even the verification of the worst suggestion of his enemies. It augured *un homme passé:* and the most dangerous symptom of the whole was that he entirely agreed in the opinion."

The groundlessness of this opinion was speedily made manifest. There was nothing very surprising after all in the fact of a man of his nervous sensibility being overcome by a temporary weakness or depression. But the less favourable hypothesis of change of purpose derives plausibility from his subsequent conduct and his close connection with the Prince; at whose request he reluctantly continued in the ministry till February 1812, when the restrictions expired. He then, on hearing that the chief of the administration was to remain, resigned and sent a message through Lord Eldon to Perceval, "that his recent conduct towards himself had been unmannerly, disrespectful, and contrary to the tenor of his professions; but that,

when out of office, he would cease to feel any resentment towards him, from gratitude at being relieved from the degrading situation of serving under him." Sir George Lewis, who gives this version of the message, suggests a cause for its pettishness when he states that, "even after the breach of the negotiation with the Whig leaders, Lord Wellesley entertained hopes that he would be preferred to Perceval." So did Canning, who spoke with corresponding bitterness of their successful rival; and on Perceval's death (May 11, 1812), concurred with his noble friend in refusing to join the administration under Lord Liverpool, on the ground of its hostility to the Catholic cause.

On May 21st, Mr. Stuart Wortley moved and carried an address for the formation of a strong and efficient administration; and Lord Liverpool was set aside, or placed in abeyance, while a real or seeming attempt was made by the Regent to carry out the wishes of the Commons. Lord Wellesley was "sent for" and authorised to submit the plan of a ministry. His first step was to inquire through Canning whether Lord Liverpool and his colleagues, or any of them, would join a government formed upon the principles of an early settlement of the Catholic Question and a vigorous prosecution of the Spanish war. They immediately refused. On a similar communication being made orally to Lords Grey and Grenville, they replied by a memorandum promising a warm support to the first principle, and a qualified opinion of the second. At this stage the Prince withdrew the unlimited commission, and authorised Lord Wellesley to form a government upon terms to be submitted to the same noble Lords, who put an extinguisher on his last hope of becoming Premier by rejecting them.

Lord Moira then tried his hand and failed: whether through the overbearing haughtiness of the Whig lords, or the treachery of Sheridan, or the duplicity of the Prince, or from all three causes combined, is still a subject of speculation. Lord Liverpool was confirmed as Premier, with Lord Castlereagh as leader of the Commons, and Lord Wellesley and Canning were left out in the cold; very much surprised, it was said, that any government could go on without them.

Whilst the negotiations were pending (May 21, 1812), Wilberforce sets down: "I believe that both Wellesley and Canning overrate their weight in the country." . . . "I hear even worldly people take offence at—— (Wellesley's) character for the head of the administration of the country." He was a man of pleasure, and some of his gallantries had got rumoured abroad; but what most unfitted him for the head of a Cabinet, and proved a serious obstacle to his forming one, was the habit of dictation he had contracted in the East. He chafed at the slightest interference with his department, and exacted an amount of deference from his colleagues to which few were willing to submit. He was constantly taking important steps without consulting the Premier; and he could not endure the alteration of a word in his despatches, although he had no scruple in forcing his own views, in his own language, on his chief. "Perceval and Liverpool proposed a draft speech for the Regent at the opening of the session, of which their critical colleague, as usual, disapproved. He drafted another, to which they in turn demurred. They discussed it point by point at Apsley House, and in the end he had his way."

"I do not believe (writes Lord Liverpool) that he (Lord W.) has attended more than half the

Cabinet meetings which have taken place since he has been in the Government." He expected that, when he did come among them, the strictest rules of etiquette should be observed. His indignation may be imagined when, as he was explaining some measure to the Cabinet, Lord Westmoreland leant back in his chair, in true American fashion, with his dirty boots resting on the council table. Lord Wellesley paused and said; "When the Lord Privy Seal is in a decent attitude, I will proceed with my statement."

A few weeks after the failure of his abortive negotiations, he brought forward a motion in the Lords for the consideration of the Catholic claims, which was lost by a majority of one. That there was no decay of his faculties was shown by his speech, which was quite conclusive as to argument, and contained some striking passages, as when he told Parliament to look to the consequence of telling any great body of men "that they shall have no place among us: that we have laid up all their disabilities in the very temple of the constitution, and made their restraints the palladium of our liberties."

After bringing down the biography to this point (1812), Mr. Torrens breaks off with a vague promise of a continuation which, to judge from his concluding sentence, will be in a less inspiriting and animated tone:

> "Having given to his country an empire in the East, he would fain have perfected at home the design of Union left incomplete by Pitt. But his counsel was discarded. Thenceforth his place in politics became of less and less importance, and several years rolled by ere he was called upon again to fill any responsible situation."

But Lord Wellesley's reputation rather grew

than fell away during the intervening years, and he rarely took part in the proceedings of the House of Lords without giving undeniable proofs of his superiority. The Lords' Protest against the Corn Bill, drawn up by him and Lord Grenville, comprises all the arguments that have since become commonplaces, and clearly evolves the principles on which all free-trade measures have subsequently been based. He was as much in advance of his age in this range of subjects as in toleration of modes of faith: he equally foresaw the impossibility of maintaining religious disabilities or restrictions on commerce; and the highest order of statesmanship is shown by foresight, by anticipating the inevitable, instead of resisting till the utmost amount of mischief has been done and then giving way to avoid a civil war or a famine.

He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from December 1821 to March 1828, and may be fairly pronounced the best since Lord Chesterfield, although the attempt to arbitrate between the contending factions almost inevitably made him unpopular with both. His supposed leaning to the Catholics, although he kept them down with a firm hand, soon made him obnoxious to the Orange party, and the steps he took to prevent the decoration of the statue of King William on the first of July (the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne), and the fourth and fifth of November, provoked riots which nearly cost him his life. In the height of the excitement, December 14, 1822, he attended the Dublin Theatre in state. Prior to his arrival, placards were circulated giving clear warning that mischief was meant, such as "No Popery"—"ex-Governor of the Bantams shall change his Mornington-e."

He was received with groans and hisses, and on his rising at "God save the King," several missiles were hurled at the royal box from the gallery, amongst others a heavy bottle which grazed his head. The Attorney-General (Plunkett) prosecuted the rioters for a conspiracy, but the grand jury threw out the bills, and a vote of censure on the prosecution was moved in the House of Commons with such chances of success that, on his way down Parliament Street to meet the attack, Plunkett said to a friend: "I feel like a man going to execution under an unjust sentence." His vindication was one of the greatest triumphs of his oratory.

Lord Wellesley retained the Lord-Lieutenancy during three successive administrations: Lord Liverpool's, Mr. Canning's, and Lord Goderich's (in each of which Catholic Emancipation was an open question), but resigned on his brother, the Duke, becoming First Lord of the Treasury.[1] Their diametrically opposed views on the vital question of the day were declared in the debate on the Catholic claims in the House of Lords on June 10, 1828, when the Duke, rising directly after the Marquis, began: "My Lords, I rise under extreme difficulty to address your Lordships on this most important subject. I feel particular concern at being under the necessity of following my noble relative, and of stating that I differ in opinion from him whom I do so dearly love, and for whose opinions I entertain so much respect and deference."

Their public disagreement recalls the scene between Burke and Fox, when Fox hoped that there

[1] It would seem that he had been recalled by Canning, and Lord Anglesea named as his successor, but the arrangements were suspended by Canning's death.

would be no change in their friendship, and Burke declared that it was at an end. The resulting coolness between the brothers lasted many years, although a cordial reconciliation took place before they were separated by death. The divergence was increased by Lord Wellesley's acceptance of the office of Lord Steward of the Household in the Reform Ministry of 1830. He was re-appointed to the Lord-Lieutenancy in September 1833, and lost no time in submitting to the Cabinet a well-considered scheme for conciliating the Catholics. He left office with his colleagues on the formation of Sir Robert Peel's Government in 1834, and it was he, according to Lord Brougham, who drew up the Resolution (relating to the contingent surplus of the Irish Church) which brought that Ministry to its close. But from some unexplained cause he was not invited to resume the Lord-Lieutenancy, and his resignation within a month of the office of Lord Chamberlain, which he had accepted under Lord Melbourne, was brought before the Lords without eliciting an explanation.

His official career ended in this (his seventy-fifth) year, and his public life virtually closed at the same time. He thenceforth led a life of retirement, extraordinary in one so eminently qualified to adorn and enjoy society. His powers of conversation were remarkable, and the charm was enhanced by his exquisite high breeding. There is a tradition at Lansdowne House, rich in traditions of the kind, of a colloquial contest between him and Madame de Staël, in which the same fate befell Corinne as on the somewhat similar occasion when (as Byron relates) she was "ironed" by Sheridan. Lord Wellesley had a fine sense of humour, and, with all his susceptibility to ridicule, did not shrink from comic stories about himself,

like the anecdote of his French cook, who, when accused of sending him a bad egg for breakfast, replied: "My lord, dat not your lordship's egg—dat the aide-de-camp's egg." An aide-de-camp would seem to hold the same relative position in the household of his chief as a curate or chaplain in that of a church dignitary. Paley is reported to have called out at a clerical dinner: "Shut the window behind me, and open one behind the curates at the lower end of the table."

A pair of young tigers, a present from some Nabob or Rajah, turning out to be panthers, the fact was sedulously concealed for some time from his Excellency. "My people," he would say, "by passing off my panthers as tigers, must have meant to intimate that all my geese were swans." Some amusing instances of his readiness are recorded by Moore:

"Crampton told me that he had shown my lines about 'the Bishop and the Bold Dragoon' to Lord Wellesley; and on the lines 'To whom no harlot comes amiss, save her of Babylon,' Lord Wellesley said, 'Well, I make no exception to the general rule, for *she* does not come amiss to me either.'

"Fazakerley told me after dinner (at Bowood) two or three puns of Lord Wellesley's, addressed by him to Gally Knight when they were on shipboard together, and Knight was looking very rueful with sickness and uncomfort: 'Come, come, cheer up; *you*, of all people can't expect to be exempt from such annoyances; you know what Horace says:—

'—— neque
Decedit ærata *triremi* et
Post *equitem* sedet atra cura.'

* * * * *

"The Knight of Kerry after breakfast (at Bowood) told me of a curious dialogue which Lord Wellesley mentioned to him as having passed between Archbishop Magee and

himself. Magee, in protesting against the Tithe Bill, and other innovations on the Church of Ireland, said that the fate of the English Church was involved in that of the Irish. 'Pardon me,' says Lord Wellesley, 'the two Churches differ materially; for instance the English Bishops wear wigs, and you don't wear any. I'll *wig* you if you don't take care.' The Knight seemed to think he did right in employing this *persiflage* as the best method of getting rid of Magee's remark."

It was by the employment of a similar weapon that Lord Carteret, similarly placed, parried the reproaches of Swift, who, in reference to the refusal to make him a trustee of the linen manufactory or a justice of the peace, broke out: "If I were a worthless member of Parliament, or a bishop,—if I would vote for the Court and betray my country, then you would readily grant my request." Lord Carteret replied: "What you say is literally true, and therefore you must excuse me."

When Lord Normanby, Lord Wellesley's successor in the Lord Lieutenancy, in the course of a quasi-royal progress, proclaimed a wholesale release of prisoners, Lord Wellesley remarked that Lord Normanby, in his over-eagerness to rival the King in "Tom Thumb,"[1] had made Mercy blind instead of Justice.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who, equally full of years and honours and gifted with the same lettered tastes, retains at a still more advanced age the happy faculty of classical composition, has kindly communicated to us his vivid recollection of an interview with Lord Wellesley, who had expressed a wish to see him:

"I went in consequence to Fulham, where Lord Wellesley

[1] "Open the prisons, set the wretched free,
And bid our treasurer disburse ten pounds
To pay their debts."—*Tom Thumb.*

was then residing. I found him in his garden, and walked about with him for a good hour teeming with interest, derived from his character and intellectual qualities. Our conversation was chiefly political, and in the whole course of it, at one time figured the commanding statesman, at another the accomplished orator, to say nothing of wit, scholarship, and the recollection of bygone events."

The impression made on Sir Walter Scott in 1825 is thus described by him:

"The Marquis's talk gave me the notion of that kind of statesmanship that one might have expected from a Roman emperor accustomed to keep the whole world in his view, and to divide his hours between Ministers like Mæcenas and wits like Horace."

The highest testimony to his excellence as a speaker is borne by Lord Brougham, who, after mentioning his constant study of the ancients, goes on to say: "His powers of composition were great; and he followed the true method of acquiring the faculty of debating as well as of excelling in oratory: he studied his speeches carefully, and frequently committed his thoughts to writing."

We reviewed his poems, Latin and English, in terms of high commendation on their first appearance,[1] and as a specimen of his prose writing, we may point to his character of Pitt published in this "Review" in December 1836.[2]

His first wife died in November 1816. His second marriage toook place in October 1825, during his Lord Lieutenancy, and was celebrated with semi-royal state. The lady being a Catholic, the ceremony was twofold, the Primate of Ireland

[1] "Quarterly Review," vol. lxv. (for March 1840). The poems, printed for private circulation, are entitled "Primitiæ et Reliquiæ." London, 1840.

[2] "Quarterly Review," vol. lvii. It was in the shape of a letter to a friend (Mr. Croker) and written with a view to insertion.

officiating at one solemnization and the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin at the other. She was a widow, Mrs. Patterson, an American by birth, daughter of Mr. Caton of Baltimore, and granddaughter of the celebrated American patriot, Carrol of Carrolstown, who signed the Declaration of Independence. She was a beautiful woman of most fascinating address, fully capable of fixing the volatile affections of an adorer and husband of sixty-five, which was Lord Wellesley's age when he married her. On the flyleaf of a copy of his Poems, which he presented to her when qualified to speak from experience, he wrote (from Dryden's Fables):

> "All of a tenour was their after life,
> No day discolor'd with domestic strife,
> No jealousy, but mutual truth believed,
> Secure repose and kindness undeceived."

To return to the relations between the brothers, *par nobile fratrum*.—In India and in Spain, where each had his appropriate sphere, where their departments were distinct, they cordially co-operated. It was in domestic legislation, throughout almost its entire range (Catholic Emancipation, Reform, Free Trade, etc.), that their views differed widely, that they clashed. We were therefore not surprised to hear that, long prior to their open disagreement, Lord Wellesley told the late Lord Combermere: "Arthur is a great soldier, but he will never make a statesman." That a great soldier implies a great administrator, no one knew better than Lord Wellesley, who was himself a great war administrator. Even if there had been no kindlier feeling at work, a reconciliation must sooner or later have been brought about by the memory of the great things they had done to-

gether, and which neither could have done single-handed; for the statesmanship laid the train for the victories, and the victories were the consummation of the statesmanship. But they were powerfully attracted by mutual affection and esteem. Lord Wellesley's despatches abound in warm tributes to the eminent qualities of the Duke, and there is extant a letter from the Duke, saying that "amidst all the distinctions of his life he had never forgotten the honour of being Lord Wellesley's brother." Their intimacy was resumed during the concluding years of Lord Wellesley's life; and a picture of the Duke, painted for the Marquis in early days, and given by him to the late Duchess of Wellington, was by his desire returned to him.[1]

He wrote the Latin inscription for the statue of the Duke erected by the citizens of London opposite the Royal Exchange:

"Conservata tuis Asia atque Europa triumphis
Invictum bello Te coluere Ducem,
Nunc umbrata geris Civili tempora Quercâ
Ut desit famæ gloria nulla Tuæ."

The translation is also by him:

"Europe and Asia saved by thee proclaim
Invincible in war thy deathless name,
Now round thy brows the civic oak we twine
That every earthly glory may be thine."

The epitaph on Lord Wellesley's tomb in Eton College Chapel was written by him:

"Fortunæ rerumque vagis exercitus undis,
In gremium redeo serus, Etona, tuum.

[1] In a private letter to the most trusted of his friends (still living), Lord Wellesley writes, May 14th, 1838: "I write one word to inform you of a very extraordinary and happy event: a complete, full, and cordial reconciliation between Arthur and me. He came here on Saturday, and nothing could be more satisfactory. This has nothing to do with politics. I write to Brougham to communicate this to him."

Magna sequi, et summæ mirari culmina famæ,
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar,
Auspice te didici puer; atque in limine vitæ
Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias.
Siqua meum vitæ decursæ gloria nomen
Auxerit, aut aliquis nobilitârit honor,
Muneris, alma, tui est. Altrix da terra sepulcrum,
Supremam lacrymam da, memoremque mei."

The translation is by the late Earl of Derby:

"Long tost on Fortune's waves, I come to rest,
Eton, once more on thy maternal breast.
On loftiest deeds to fix the aspiring gaze,
To seek the purer lights of ancient days,
To love the simple paths of manly truth,—
These were thy lessons to my opening youth.
If on my later life some glory shine,
Some honours grace my name, the meed is thine!
My Boyhood's nurse, my aged dust receive,
And one last tear of kind remembrance give!"

Count D'Orsay was engaged on his portrait of the Duke when Lord Wellesley died, September 26, 1842. The day after, the Duke presented himself at the Count's studio in Gower House as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, and took his accustomed seat with the remark: "You have heard of the Marquess of Wellesley's death: a very agreeable man—when he had his own way." Who can tell how much genuine emotion lay hidden under the cold hard manner which the Iron Duke habitually assumed?

On the publication (1837) of the first series of Lord Wellesley's Despatches, the Court of Proprietors ordered a number of copies to be distributed in the Presidencies, giving as their reason that they "felt it a duty to diffuse widely the means of consulting a work unfolding the principles upon which the supremacy of Britain in India was

successfully manifested and enlarged, under a combination of circumstances in the highest degree critical and difficult."

About the same time they voted him a donation of 20,000*l.*, and the following resolution was passed by the Court of Directors on the 17th March, 1841, the year before his death:

"Resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that, referring to the important services of the Most Noble the Marquis Wellesley, in establishing and consolidating the British dominion in India upon a basis of security which it never before possessed, a statue of his Lordship be placed in the general court-room of this house as a PUBLIC, CONSPICUOUS, and PERMANENT MARK of the ADMIRATION and GRATITUDE of the EAST INDIA COMPANY."

Considering how the same Company treated him on his return from India, we are forcibly reminded of Johnson's fine couplet:

> "See nations slowly wise, and meanly just
> To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

Better late than never: the reparation, although tardy, was complete: if, indeed, anything can completely repair an injustice by which a brilliant career is blighted, by which the falcon, towering in its pride of place, is suddenly arrested in its flight. Lord Wellesley has suffered in reputation from another cause, which he would have been the last to deprecate—from being constantly contrasted with the hero of a Hundred Battles. It was said of Comte de Mirabeau, the elder brother of the renowned Vicomte, that he would have been deemed a wit and a *roué* in any family but his own. It might be said with equal truth that the elder brother would have been regarded as the chief ornament and pride of any family but the

Wellesleys. It is idle to talk of arms giving way to the gown — *cedant arma togæ* — the popular voice invariably assigns the second place to civil virtue: glory and gunpowder throw the boasted triumphs of diplomacy and statesmanship into the shade:

"Whilst History's muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers were the annals that blotted the leaves.
But, oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write, with a pencil of light,
That illumed all the volume, her Wellington's name."

When the Muse of History shall have fulfilled her high vocation, the Genius of Erin will be gladdened, and not surprised, to see another name, another yet the same, blended in the brightest pages of the volume with her Wellington's—to find the associate name of Wellesley, receiving and reflecting lustre, indelibly enrolled amongst those of the noblest, greatest, most accomplished, most eloquent, most honoured of her sons.

END OF VOL. I.

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